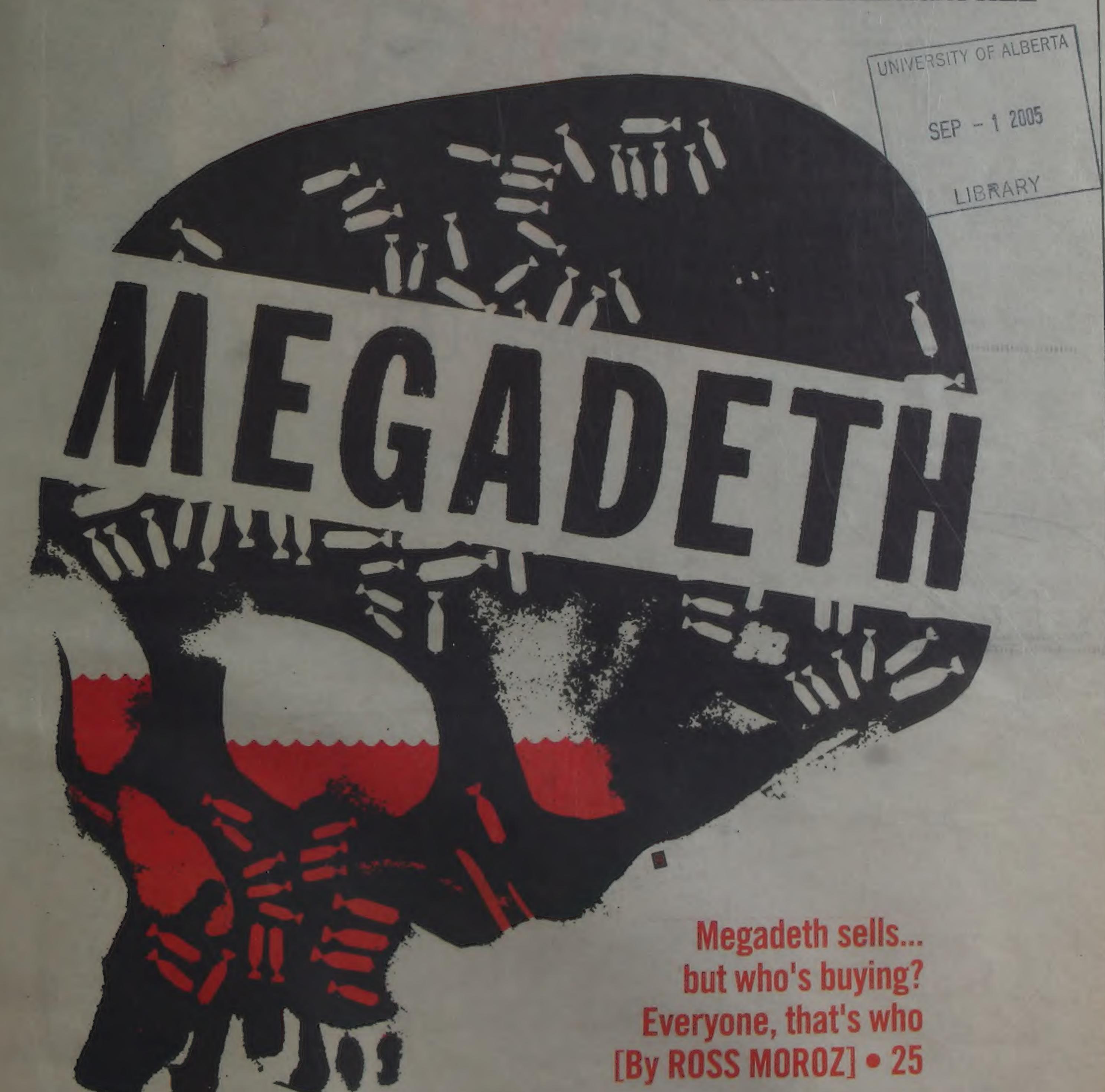
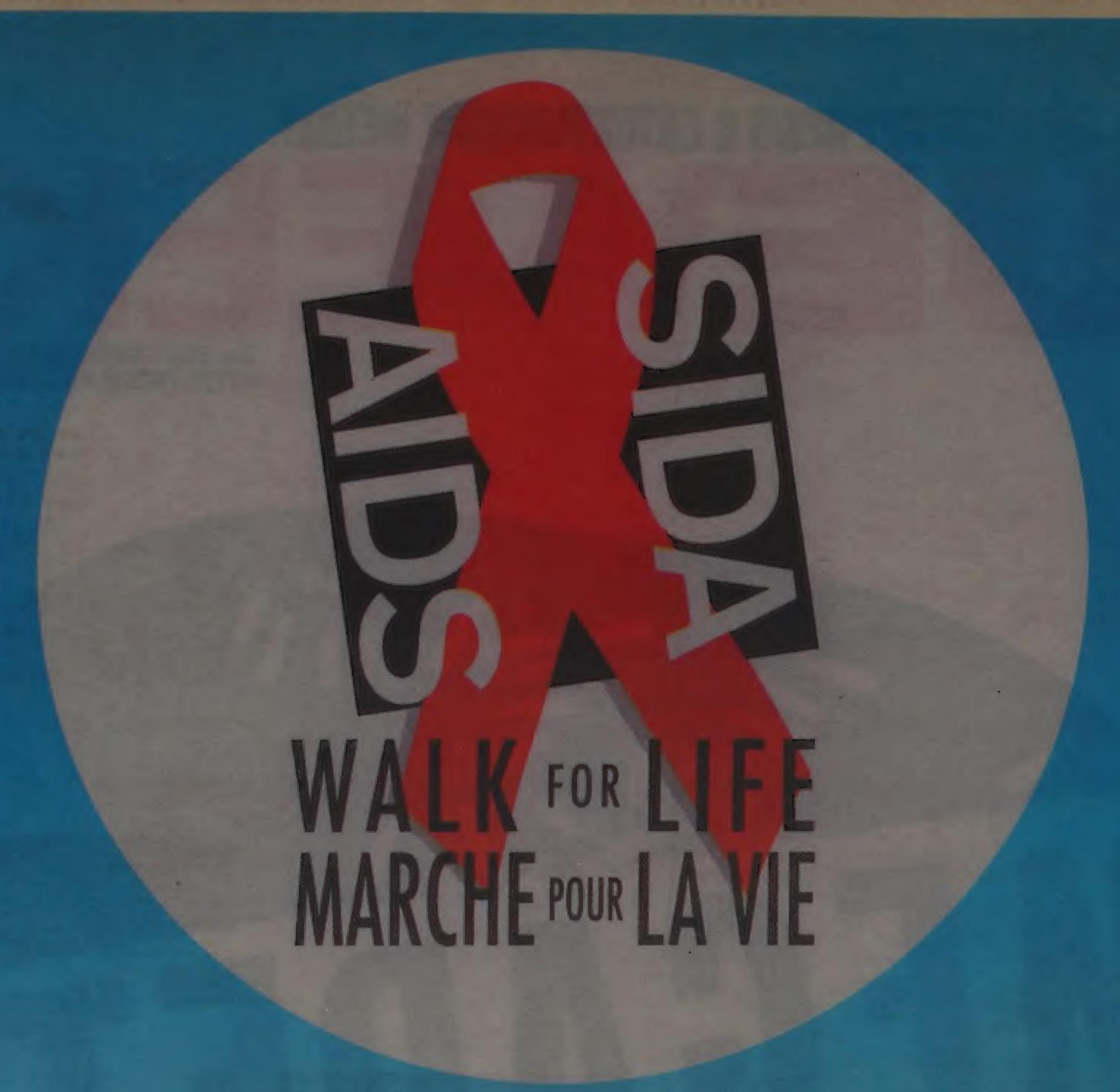
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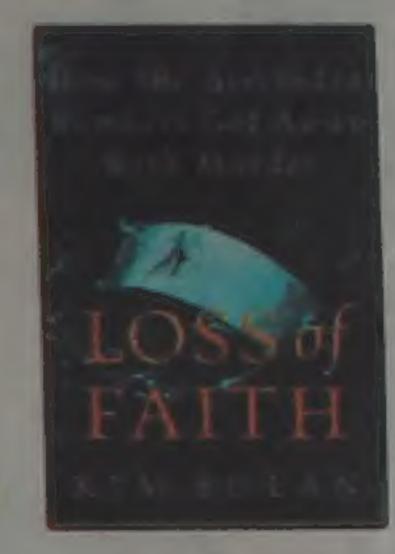
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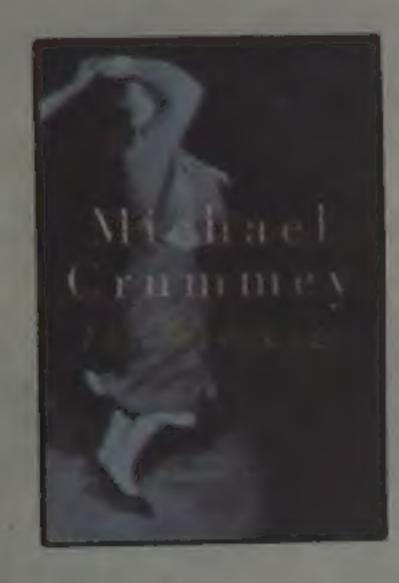
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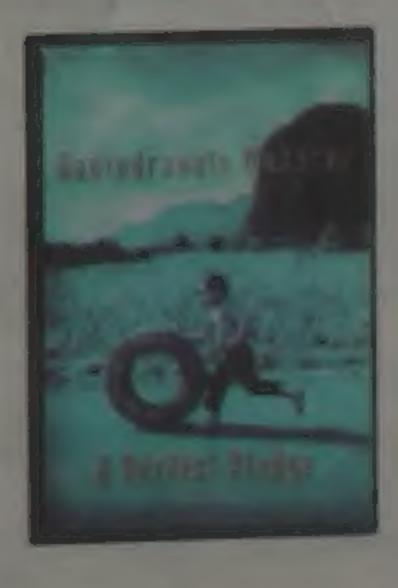
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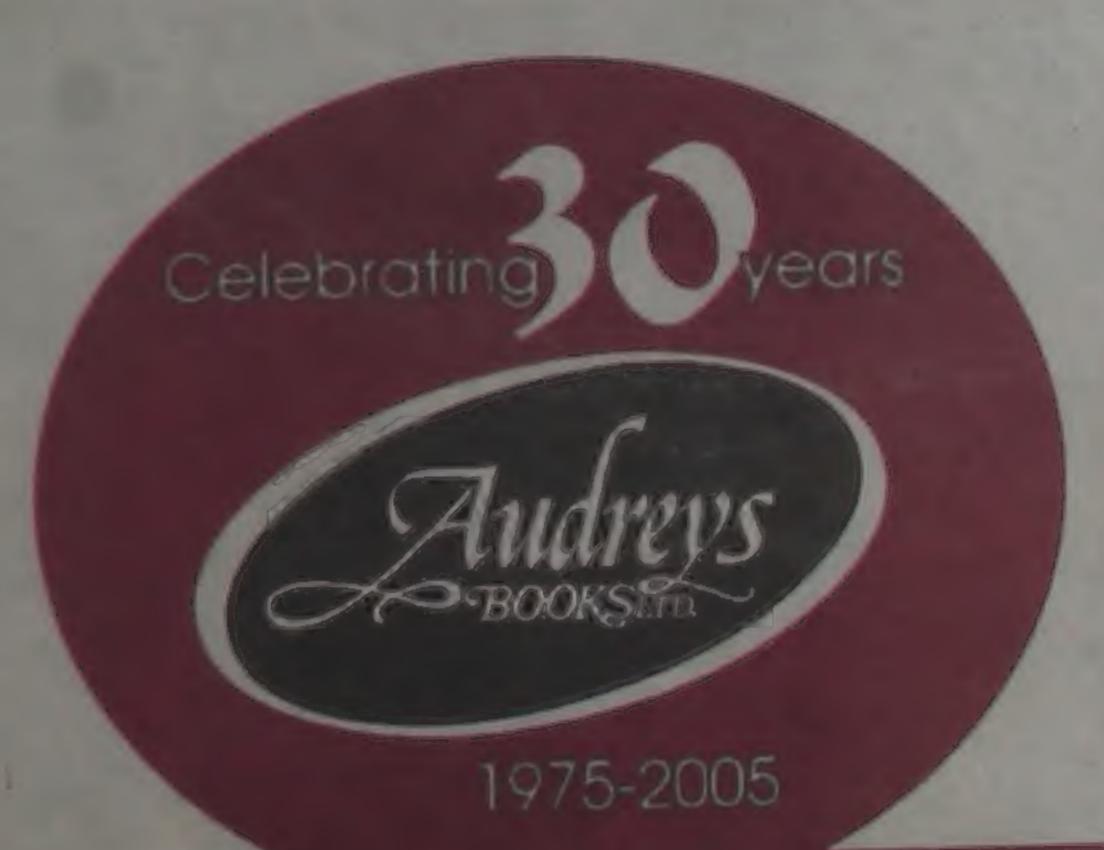
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In case you haven't figured it out from all the giant metal shows blowing through town of late, arena rock is back in a big way. And where there's an arena waiting to be rocked, you can be sure seminal heavy-metal group Megadeth is somewhere nearby priming their repertoire of apocalyptic tunes about the impending and selfinflicted downfall of mankind. Why? Because that's what they do. Guitarist Glen Drover explains • 25

Minister Faust surveys a Palestinian refugee camp • 7



Save the Green Planet: Korean cinema continues being crazy • 36



Saskia Aarts chronicles immigrant communities with A Family Story • 40



VOUF WUL

Hell hath no fury like a Wide Mouth Mason fan scorned...

I'm not the standard "letter-writing" type, but after reading Ross Moroz's review of Wide Mouth Mason's Shot Down Satellites I had to take action. I personally enjoy your publication, and often turn to it for insight on the local and regional music scene, but I have to admit Ross has really put me off.

I'm all for personal opinions, and I read reviews as such, but I think it's irresponsible as a journalist to slag something with inaccurate facts. I also think it's irresponsible as a publication to allow such behaviour go unchecked.

Wide Mouth Mason's last release was NOT Stew in 2000. They released Rained Out Parade in 2002. They also only released one greatest hits package through Warner China, not two as his review states. A simple three-second visit to widemouthmason.com would have revealed that. After reading his review, it's obvious that he's operating on preconceived notions and did zero homework. To me that makes a lousy review.

I'd also like to add that Ross' obvious disdain for the Chinese is something that you as a publication should keep in check. His bigotry is so apparent that I'm led to believe he knows NOTHING about being Canadian, let alone Canadian rock.

As I said before, I'm all for people speaking their mind, but such irresponsible reviewing belongs on BLOGS and forums, not a public newspaper. I think Ross owes an apology to the band and about a billion people across the pacific. Not only that but I think he should

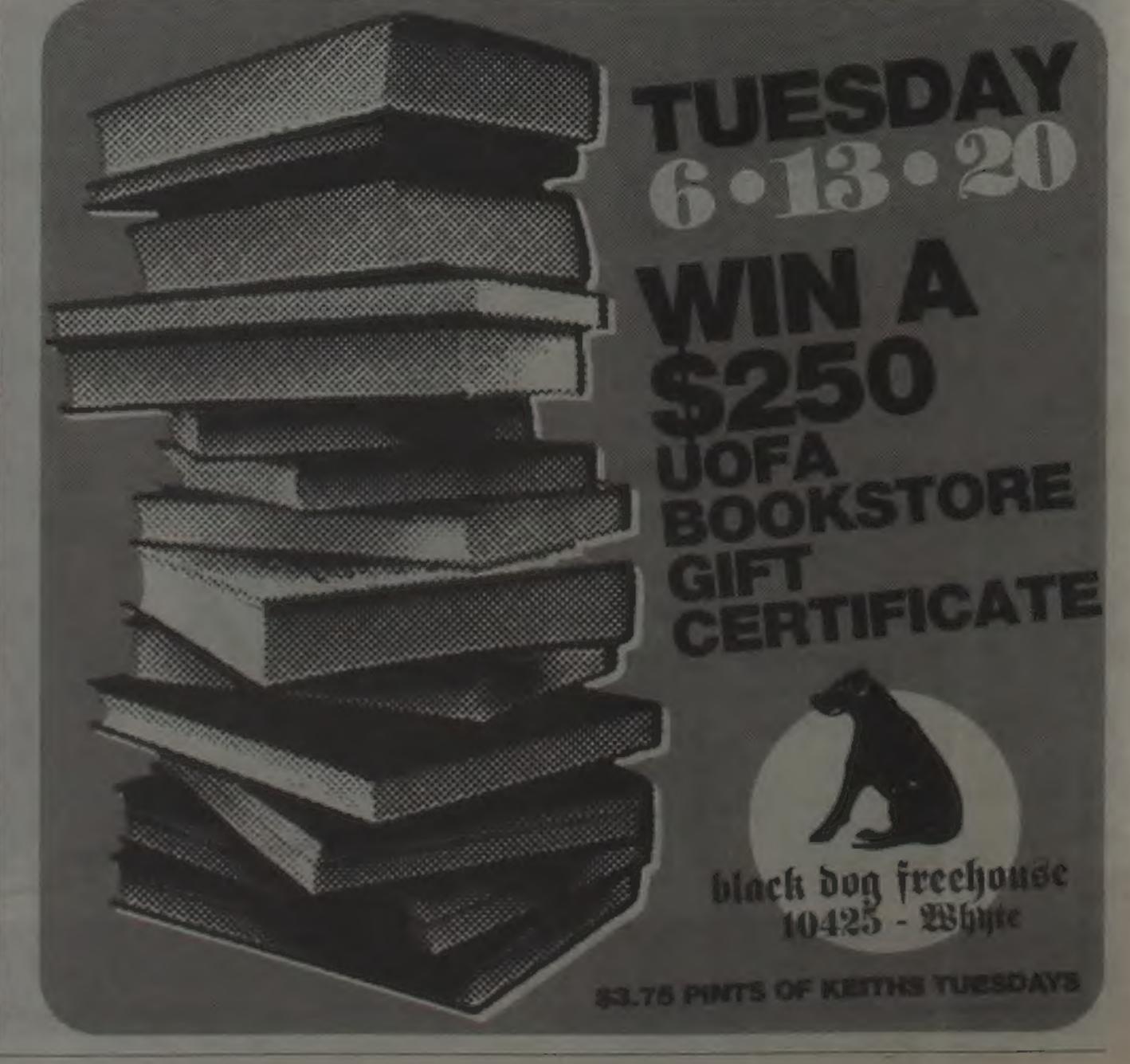
be made to pay the \$11.99 for the disc that was undoubtedly provided for him free of charge. Then, this "crap" can sit in his collection and constantly remind him of his insolence.

An Extremely Disappointed Reader, -KELLY CROMWELL, EDMONTON, AB

I just finished reading Ross Moroz's review of Wide Mouth mason's newest album, Shot Down Satellites (New Sounds, August 25-31), and as a devoted fan I have a real problem with it. Not only is his research incorrect (Stew was NOT their last album released in Canada, Rained Out Parade was. Also they have only released one greatest hits, and that was ONLY for release in china), but I find his review is in bad taste.

SEE PAGE 13







BY RICHARD BURNETT

Screeners and dustjackets

You've finished all of your beach reading and most blockbuster movies this summer have absolutely sucked. And, if you're like me, you refuse to plunk down \$12 to see anything with Tom Cruise in it. That's why it's time to roll out some fab books and DVDs to get you through your autumn blues because—it's gonna pain you to hear it and it's gonna pain me to say it—summer is over.

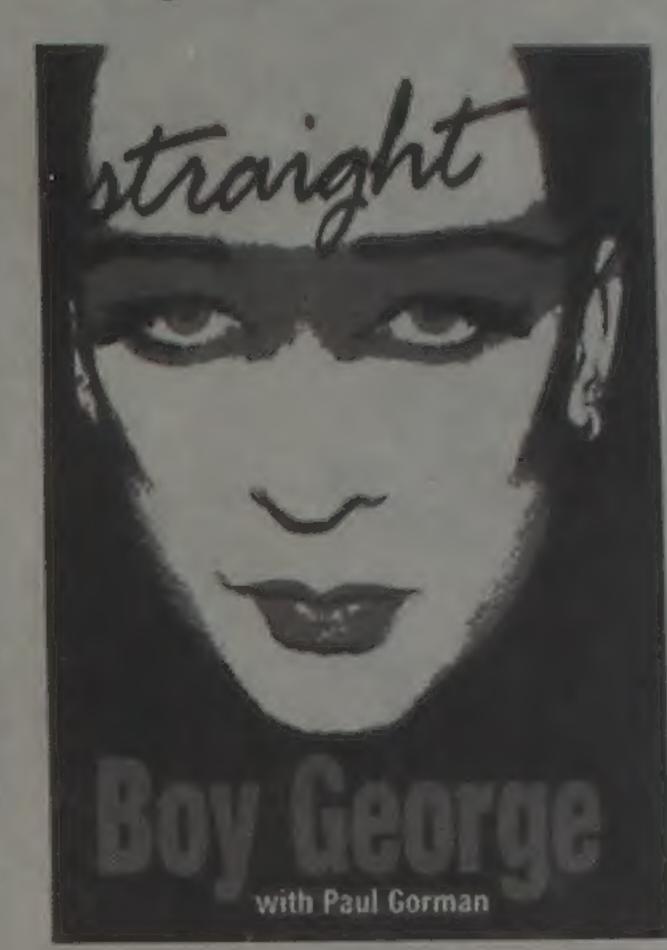
If you've read any Boy George interviews this year, in which he has trashed everyone from George Michael to Madonna, you know the bitch is always entertaining. That's why the Boy's just-published second memoirs, Straight (Century Books), is a must-read. In one memorable anecdote a NYC club kid asks our dolled-up icon if he really is Boy George. "No," George replied. "I'm Gloria Fucking Swanson."

Another must-read is the muchanticipated bio Center Square: The Paul Lynde Story (Alyson Books) by Steve Wilson and Joe Florenski. While Lynde died in 1982 while fucking a hustler, he

will always be remembered for his classic impromptu one-liners on Hollywood Squares. Once, host Peter Marshall asked, "Paul, why do Hell's Angels wear leather?"

Lynde replied, "Because chiffon wrinkles too easily."

One book that will interest
Americans more than Canadians
(unless you're from Alberta) is Ottawabased author Stuart Chambers' The
Moral Minority (General Store
Publishing House) which analyzes the
controversy over same-sex marriage by
rebutting such household names as,



among others, insufferable National Post columnist (and George Dubya's former speech writer) David Frum, Stockwell Day, Jerry Falwell, Dr. Laura Schlessinger and my good friend (and gay marriage opponent) Dr. Margaret

Somerville who founded The McGill University Centre for Medicine, Ethics and Law.

If you're more into pictures, you may want to pick up the gay erotica cartoon series Sticky (Fantagraphics) by Chicago-based Dale Lazarov and his Tokyo-based Canadian partner Steve MacIsaacs. They're pricey at \$7.95 each, and this isn't quite Tom of Finland or Vancouver-based cartoonist Patrick Fillion, a friend of this column, whose cum-splattered Naked Justice redefined the superhero. Still, if you like naked guys in cartoons, this may get you off. Surf to www.lastgasp.com.

Top of my list of new DVDs is the memorable CTV docu-drama *Prom Queen* (Seville Pictures) about 17-year-old Canadian schoolboy Marc Hall's battle to bring his boyfriend to his high school prom back in 2002. When the flick screened on CTV last year, Marc told me, "I wish the legal battle was over and done with because I'm anxious to hear the final answer. But I have no regrets. This was worth it in the long run."

In June, Marc asked the Ontario Superior Court to drop his rights challenge against his former principal, Michael Bowers, and the Durham Catholic School Board because he wants to focus on his studies and doesn't have the money to pursue the case. In contrast, the movie portrays Marc at a time when he captured the hearts of Canadians coast to coast.

Two documentaries that will tug at your heartstrings are Before

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Issue Number 515

September 1-7, 2005

available at over 1,400 locations

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We Woekly is available free of charge at well over 1,400 locations throughout Edmonton. We are funded solely through the support of our advantagers. We Weekly is a division of 783783 Alberta Ltd. and is published every Thursday.

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Canada Post Canadian Publications Ltd.
Publications Mail Agreement No. 40022989
Return undeliverable Canadian andresses to 10302-108 St.,
Edmoster, All., TSJ 117
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BY CHRIS BOUTET

ADULTERY: OKAY!

If you're stuck in a loveless, dead-end marriage and the urge to cheat is starting to get a little overwhelming, hey, go ahead—just as long as it's done the gay way. At least that seemed to be the message sent by BC Supreme Court Justice Nicole Garson, whose earlier ruling that homosexual relations don't count as adultery under Canadian law will be contested this week by 44-year-old Vancouver resident Shelly Pickering.

According to a report (presumably by some filthy scab) from the CBC on Tuesday, Pickering had been married nearly 17 years until October of last year, when she discovered her husband was having an affair with a younger man. Under Canada's Divorce Law, couples must typically endure a one-year separation period before filing for divorce, though admitted or confirmed adultery is grounds for the immediate nullification of a marriage. But once Pickering obtained a signed affadavit from her husband acknowledging the adultery and filed for immediate divorce in February of this year, Justice Garson refused her request on the grounds that the definitions of adultery in common law does not include homosexual relations. The judge went on the say that she would hear the case again if a lawyer would argue why the definition should be broadened to include same-sex adultery.

According to Pickering's newlyattained lawyer, barbara findlay (who is apparently so awesome that she doesn't

even need to use capital letters), Canada's definition of adultery, which dates back to the church-based courts of England, is "penetrative sexual contact between a man and a woman not married to each other and one of whom is married to someone else." findlay feels that in light of the definition of marriage having been changed to encompass unions of two people, regardless of gender, divorce law has got to catch up. "The grounds for divorce should be interpreted in a way which is consistent with the views of the Supreme Court of Canada about the purpose of marriage," findlay told the CBC, before going on to state that she will also launch a constitutional challenge based on the Charter of Rights and Freedoms, arguing that the definition of adultery discriminates against gays and lesbians by making divorce less accessible to them than to heterosexuals.

CANADA: VIGILANT!

Despite no shortage of hollering from both Canadian and American politicians alike over the past year or so, it seems that Americans don't consider Canada to really be all that much of a haven for terrorist activity, a new federal study suggests.

According to a report from the Canadian Press, the study, conducted by Ekos Research Associates for Public Safety and Emergency Preparedness Canada, surveyed 16 focus groups across Canada and two in Washington, D.C. comprised of what it called "informed US citizens of higher-than-average socio-economic status" (or, as they're more commonly referred to as, "the kind that don't buy Toby Keith records"). Americans think Canada is doing a fine job with the whole terrorism thing, instead feeling that most terrorists operating in the States are either home-grown or entering through Mexico.

"While there was very limited awareness of what Canada has been doing in the national security front,

participants did not share the same views as some American media... that Canada is a safe haven for terrorists," said the report, going on to note that some Americans did express concern that Canadian immigration laws may be too lax and that there isn't enough support for the military.

Pff. Whatever. That's because the Canadian military sucks. Hey? Am I right? WHOO!

DISPUTE: ONGOING!

Any hopes that the seemingly endless dispute between Canada and the US over softwood lumber would have finally been brought to resolution by last month's NAFTA ruling which found the States to be out of line in imposing billions of dollars in duties on lumber exports were dashed Tuesday, as an interim ruling from the World Trade Organization came back saying pretty much the opposite.

The WTO's ruling that the US did not contravene international law flies in the face of the August 10 ruling handed down by the NAFTA review board in Canada's favour, and which opened the door for Canada to seek reimbursement of the more than \$5 billion in duties collected over the years by the US. While the Americans have been touting the WTO ruling as a major victory, observers are skeptical of the US's newfound devotion to the WTO, seeing as they've tended to completely ignore them in the past.

As well, it's widely accepted that NAFTA decisions supersede WTO rulings in these matters, and as such Canadian politicians are vowing to continue to pursuing the matter of all that ill-gotten duty money. "We are naturally disappointed," said Trade Minister Jim Peterson in an interview with the CP. "We would have liked to have won, but overall our thrust remains: the U.S. has to live up to NAFTA."

Unless, you know, they just don't feel like it.



vuepoint

BY KRIS MEEN

Red leader, do you copy?

The summertime Iull in Canadian politics received something of a jolt this past week with what appears to be some jockeying for position in the race for the eventual helm of the federal Liberals. Canadian voters seem as-yet unwilling to hand the reins of the country over to either the NDP or the Conservatives, so in the absence of an actual change of political par- ties, the emergence of these two relative outsiders to the Liberals - former NDP Ontario premier Bob Rae, and human rights intellectual Michael Ignatieff - should be received as a breath of fresh air. Neither were involved in the Chrétien/Martin struggle, so we could possibly put completely behind us this longstanding, pathetic standoff of egos. Only one of these two has a serious chance in the long term, however.

Ignatieff has been touted as a sort of Trudeau II, due to his intelligence, charisma and good looks, but one needn't look much beyond these superficial similarities to see that Ignatieff is a political non-starter. However high his cheekbones, most voters these days like to see some measure of what is considered hardheaded practicality-some sort of common sense coming from what people understand as real life experience. Business counts—take Martin and his shipping business—as does grassroots political experience, like lack Layton's time on Toronto city council. Academia, sadly, does not, and Ignatieff is going to be too easily dismissed as a lifetime egghead holed up in an Ivory Tower.

Add to that his publicly stated support for America's War in Iraqhighly unpopular in Canada—and it seems unlikely that Ignatieff will get through Liberal machinery looking for a marketable leader.

Rae, meanwhile, comes with some baggage: the debacle of his early '90s Ontario premiership. Recent polls seem to show that many voters have either forgiven, forgotten or both, however, and a shift to the political centre has made Rae more palatable to the political and media establishment. Conditions appear ripe for Rae to make a solid run.

If he does, let's hope Rae is upfront about how far to the right he has moved. Chrétien/Martin ran on platforms emphasizing a balance between fiscal responsibility and good government, then promptly forgot the latter while actually governing. If debt reduction is now Rae's top priority, he should say so, early. If Rae does eventually win, let's hope he brings an end not only to Chrétien/Martin-era politics dominated by personal ambition, but to the politics of smoke and mirrors, too. •

The pull-out method

With the world media focusing on the plight of relocated Israelites, the continued suffering of Palestinians has fallen even more to the wayside

BY MINISTER FAUST

Intil a month ago, I'd never stepped foot inside a refugee camp, and I hadn't thought I ever would. I'd imagined refugee camps as vast fields of tents and sod houses, treeless and barren. It had never occurred to me a camp could be a super-slum inside a city, in which hundreds of thousands of people had been held as virtual prisoners for three generations of stateless misery.

In my capacity as volunteer for an Edmontonbased NGO assisting Palestinian refugees, I recently visited the Ain Al-Hilweh refugee camp in the Lebanese city of Sidon. As a typical middle-class Canadian, I'd always associated the word "camp" with the countryside, tents and a certain adventurist spirit of "roughing it." So I was unprepared for what I found: the crushing density of 70,000 people stuffed into an area far smaller than Edmonton's Fringe grounds; a cobbled-together canopy of power lines that would induce a panic attack in a fire marshal; multiple generations of stateless refugees without rights to education, work or movement; thin, exposed pipes on the shattered

ground carrying impure water that causes suffering as much as alleviating it; a pistol-toting PLO commander who's a look-alike

for Gil Scott Heron sipping a small 7UP from a see a real hostility to them and that none of these green glass bottle, while I accept a Pepsi from his Kalashnikov-bearing guard; endless streams of children playing in summer heat—as children would—as if their material conditions were normal; the incongruity of a slurpee machine sloshing three flavours of syrup-ice across from the flylounge of butchered animal carcasses in a meat shop; a withered old woman in black who still possesses the key to her home in Palestine, a home from which she was exiled decades ago and which neither she nor her children will likely ever see gain, assuming it even exists.

Now with Israel's exit from most of Gaza, even ewer ears are trained on the suffering of Palestiniens. 8,500 Israeli settlers are being forced to leave Gaza; while living among 1.3 million Palestinians n Gaza, and while only making up about half a per cent of the population, the Israelis occupied 40 per cent of Gaza and took half its water. Most of them have "settled" for compensation between

\$100,000 and \$400,000 US.

HAILED BY CORPORATE MEDIA as an historic moment for peace and justice, the Israeli withdrawal of military forces and colonists from 38 vears of Gaza occupation is seen through the pain of Israelis forcibly relocated and the schism the relocation has caused in their society. According to the August 19 edition of Democracy Now!, antirelocation demonstrators in Gaza "hurled acid and dirt bombs at unarmed rlot police on the second day of the forcible evacuation of the occupied Palestinian territory. Protesters set fire to abandoned buildings and screamed abuse at troops as settlers screaming in despair and anger were dragged from their homes and synagogues in other diehard communities of the Gaza Strip Thursday.... A West Bank settler arrested for gunning down four Palestinians on the first day of the evacuation told reporters: 'I am not sorry for what I have

done. I wanted to stop the pullout and I hope someone murders Sharon as well."

Despite being a long-time critic of Israel's occupation, Dr. Alvin Finkel, Professor of History at Athabasca University and himself a Jewish-Canadian, has compassion for those removed by their own armed forces from their homes. "I do have some sympathy for [the settlers]," he says, "because they were following. Israeli policy to create colonies in the Gaza and the West Bank, and these people were really instruments of that policy. And now they're told that the policy is changed and their lives are going to be turned inside out. But nonetheless, for once [regarding occupation], the Israeli government has done the right thing."

Finkel notes that many critics of Israel are silent about human rights abuses committed by the state's neighbours, even while holding sensitive microphones to every crime committed internally or internationally by Israel. "Israel is the only country in the Middle East that can make any claim to being a democracy," he says.

"I don't think the Israeli state is a model of anything, but the Israeli people, when they look at the rest of the Arab world,

states is democratic. These are all governments run by tyrants that think nothing of killing tens of thousands of their own people, so why would they be any less punishing in their dealings with the Israelis?"

In Canada and the United States, it's common to hear left-activists insist that China leave Tibet and that Israel leave Gaza and the West Bank as a simple matter of justice—and if settlers don't like it, too bad for them. But it was a European Invasion, later abetted by people from everywhere else, which seized the entirety of Canada from the First Nations. How many Canadians would cheerfully evacuate their homes and land, even if compensated, regardless of the brutality of the original conquest that took the land or the oppression that followed? How different is the sense of entitlement held by settler-Canadians from that of Chinese in Tibet or Israelis in Gaza? "All that's different," says Finkel, "is the question of how long the occupation has occurred and therefore how legitimate it becomes in the eyes of the occupiers."

LEGITIMATE OR NOT, the differences between Israelis and Palestinians removed from their homes are substantial and staggering, as well as the conditions that allowed for each. According to an August 16 report from Democracy Now!, while compensation packages for Israeli colonists reached as high as \$400,000 US, no Palestinian has ever received compensation for exile or lost property. Then there's state funding: from 1947 until 2000, Israel received around \$91 billion US. The only nuclear power in the Middle East, Israel is the leading recipient of American funding, out of which \$1.8 billion is military aid, including \$40 million for armored personnel carriers and \$360 million for Apache helicopters. By contrast, US aid

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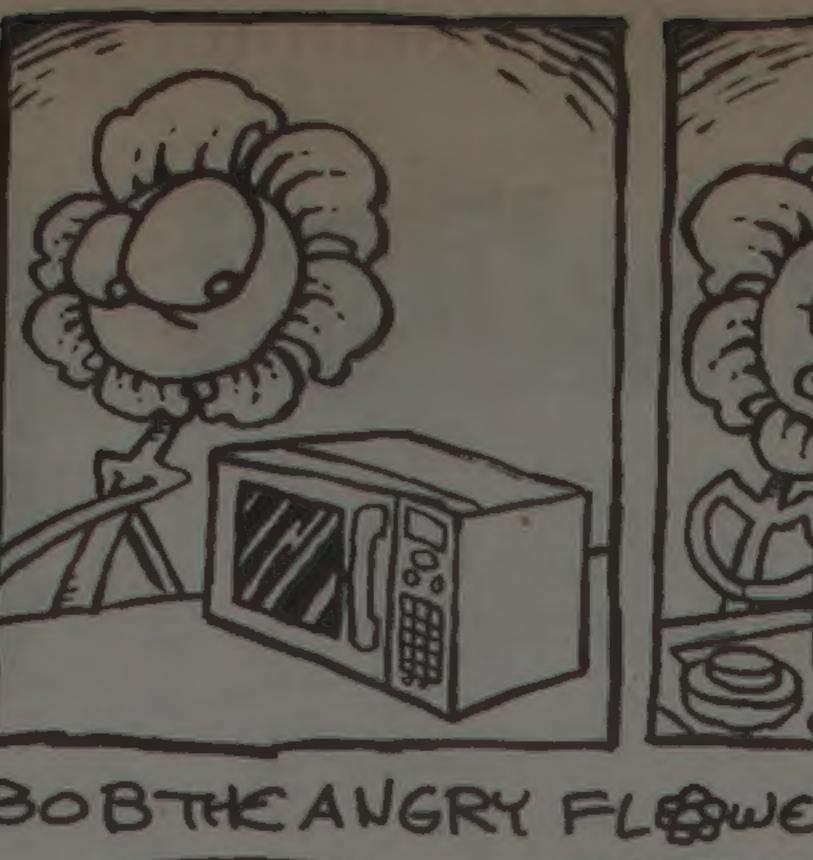
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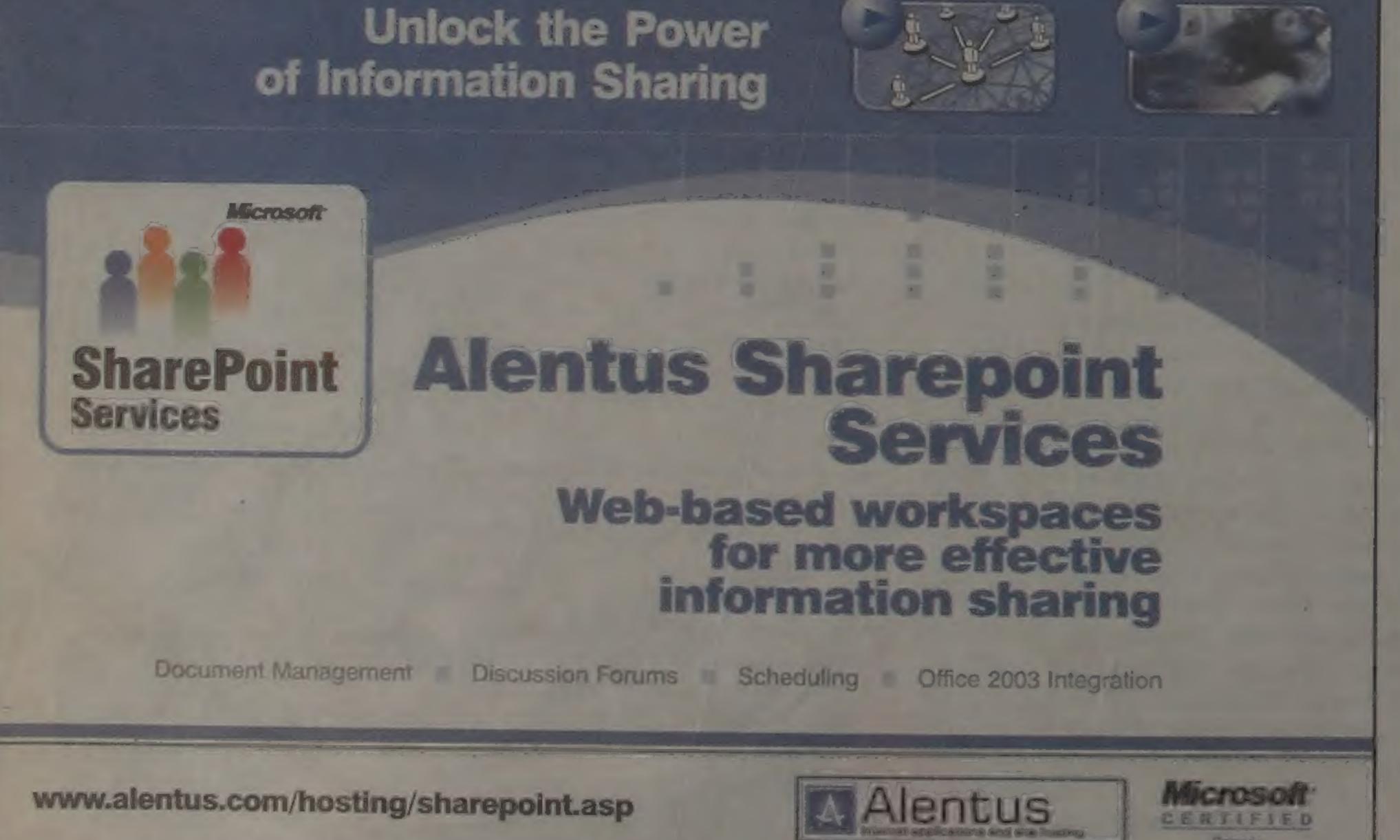


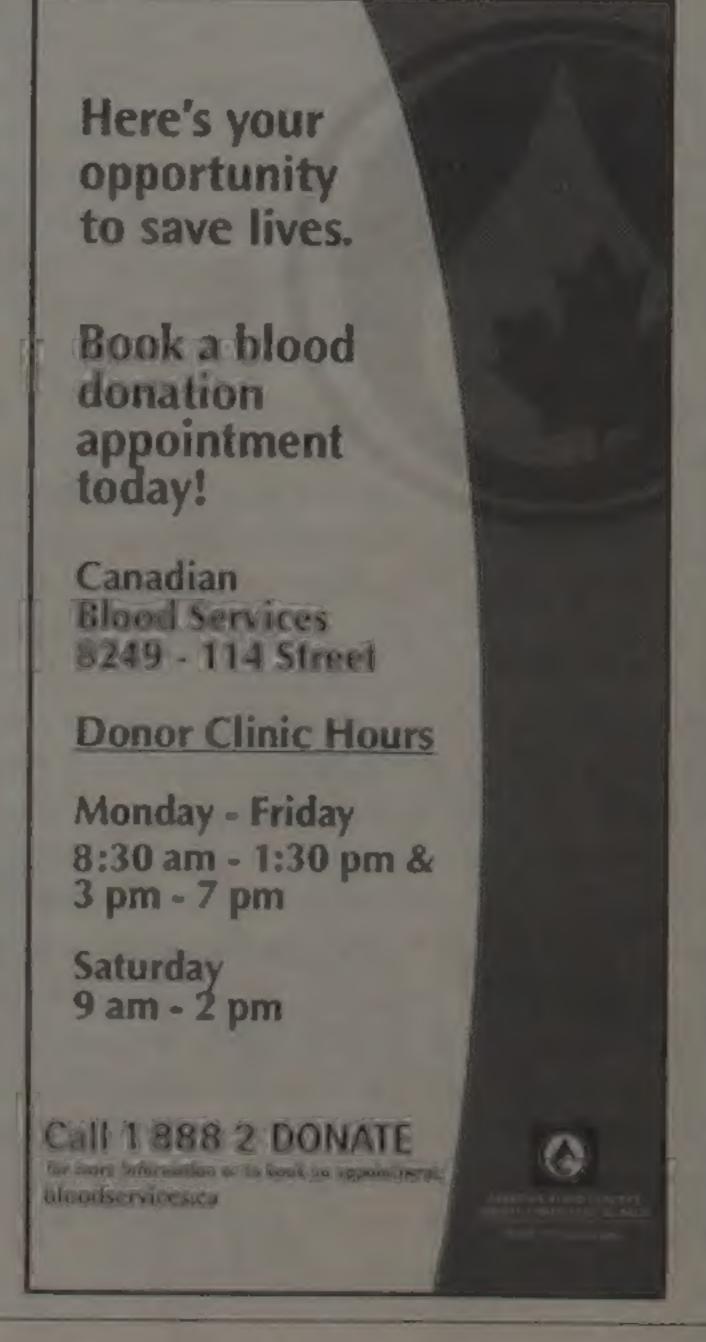
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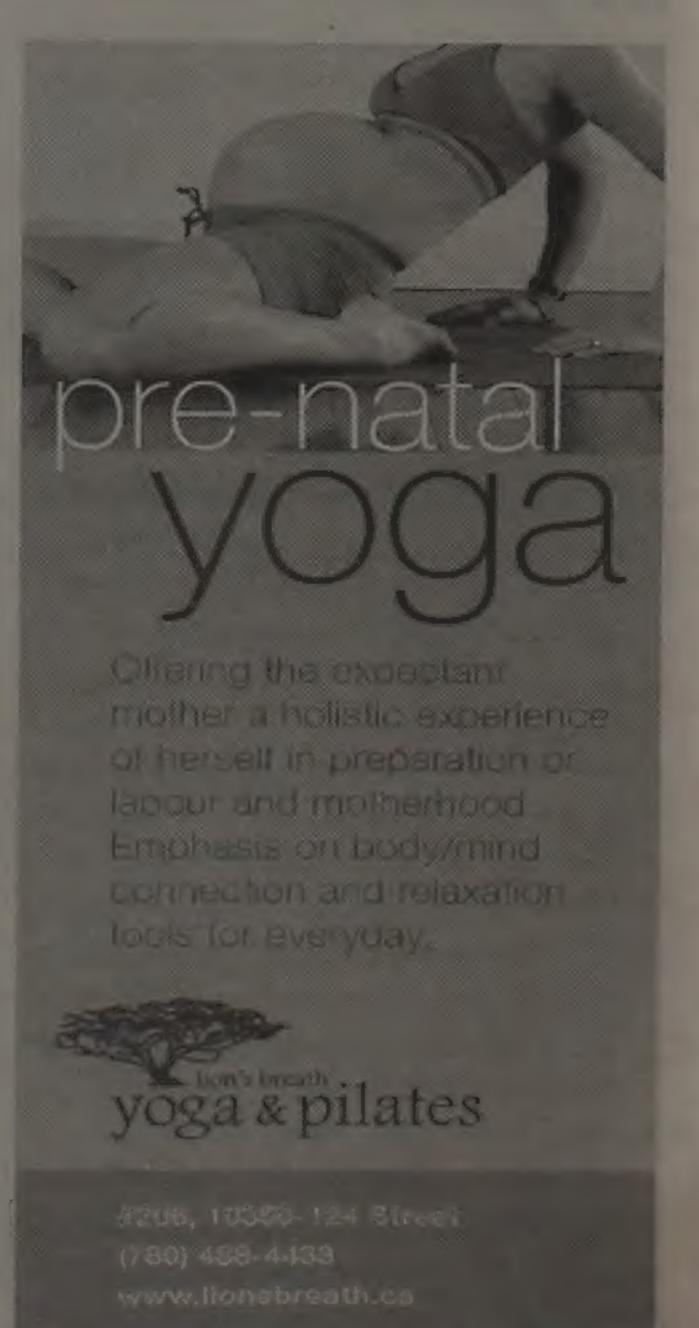














after gretzky

BY CHRIS BOUTET

Oiled up and ready to go

"Florida has hurricanes, Kelowna's got forest fires," said one of the sullen, soccer-haired teens assembled at this obvious makeout point overlooking the waters of Lake Okanagan—though the struggle against bra hooks and button flies had long since ground to a halt so everyone could turn their attentions to the inferno blazing away on a mountainside near the town of Westbank across the lake. Besides that one remark, the assembled crowd watched in cautious, bemused silence what my girlfriend and I came out here to see: off in the distance, hectare after hectare of forestland close to the community of Rose Valley flared up like a book of matches, the billowing cloud of smoke glowing like a red paper lantern against an inky midnight sky.

Kelowna's got forest fires? Fuck kid, at least you've got that. If anything even half that interesting happened in Edmonton, we'd probably all die of the blood loss caused by the sudden onset of our gigantic, raging excitement boners before the flames got close enough to even make us hot. Not that I'm saying I'd particularly want our fair city to be swept clean by fire, of course, or that fires are even that awesome in general; we have, after all, had more than a few of those in the last couple years, courtesy of varying degrees of classically Edmontonian shoddy construction and faulty wiring. It's kind of tough to articulate why that kid's statement stuck with me, even made me a little jealous that Kelowna could boast some association with an interesting concept-even if it is that God keeps trying to burn their little spot of southern BC off the face of the earth.

When the world thinks of Edmonton, what comes to mind? "Edmonton has..." what? The Oilers? Possibly—but even there we're not talking about the team the Oilers; we're talking about the concept, that moment in time when we could wear the greatest hockey team in the world like badge of honour. As we're all so painfully aware, however, it's a time that has long since faded to little more than a dot on the horizon. Maybe people think of something more concrete, like, say, West Edmonton Mall... but Christ, I hope not. The Mall is such a lumbering dinosaur-monu-

Edmonton

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Family of

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Choirs

ment to the money-drunkenness brought on by the sudden onset of riches beyond actual needs that it's possibly the most embarrassing thing about our town-the civic equivalent of those plywood-palace mini-mansions oilworkers feel compelled to build on the outskirts of Fort MacMurray just because they don't know what the fuck else to do with their newfound financial deluge. It's not just a tributary to a time of nouveau-riche opulence; it's a constant reminder of our lack of imagination, our inability to think of something—anything-better to do with all that oil money than build a big, gross superwarehouse full of the same endlessly repeating five stores and a cobbledtogether amusement park.

And today, on the eve of its centennial year, Alberta finds itself standing once again on the cusp of a new oilmoney renaissance, as the price of crude continues to skyrocket thanks to the devastation brought on by an on-going war in the Middle East and the lucky occurrence of a Class Four Hurricane in America's South. Just this week, the Alberta government announced a projected \$2.8 billion surplus thanks to the rising cost of oil—and as long as people are stupid enough to keep buying, that price isn't going anywhere. In the decades ahead, it looks like we're only getting richer (if by "we" you mean the provincial government), and in preparation we've already started snarling at Ottawa like an insane leprechaun protecting its gold, warning that the rest of the country better not get too attached to the idea that this is "Canada's money." Because it's ours, fuckerfaces, and we're going to do with it what we see fit.

One can only hope it's something good, something other than continuing to sock it away in some rainy-day Heritage Fund that people for some reason think is actually a "plan for the future." What-when Alberta finally runs out of oil, are we going to fucking retire? Because I don't think provinces can do that. Hopefully, this time around, we'll have the foresight to see how desperately we need to diversify our industry, to strengthen social programs, to actually make the phrase "Alberta advantage" mean something other than a graciously embedded provincial tax and three cents off at the pumps compared to the rest of the country.

What this will mean to Edmonton in the coming years financially, one can only guess. But as long as we use it to do anything other than build a 200foot statue of Wayne Gretzky waving a cowboy hat while riding a giant oil derrick made of homeless people, it'll be a more tasteful start than we got off to last time. 0

Following this installment, Life After Gretzky will be on vacation, returning at a later but as yet unspecified date. Thanks for reading.

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BY DARREN ZENKO

Public gaming: this decade's breastfeeding

"There were people in the park, playing games in the dark"—LIONEL RICHIE

Damn, for a videogame column this thing's sure been unplugged lately; maybe I oughta replace that joystick graphic with a picture of, I dunno, a bowl of chips or something. Between the sin-simple pleasures of Carcassonne, the board-game-basedon-a-video-game-based-on-a-boardgame intricacies of Civilization and the majestic return of Dungeons & Dragons to my life, there hasn't been much call to fire up the consoles... though I did spend a big chunk of time with Nintendogs before I had a moment of clarity and sent that spooky pup simulator to live on a farm where it can be happy and have lots of space to run.

Part of the problem: summer sucks for games. It's part of the Christmascentred marketing tides of this sick industry and there's no way of getting around it. Yeah, there's always something to get into if you must, even if you have to force yourself to pretend you like a third-tier nothing like Fullmetal Alchemist (for example), but why go out of your way? Like, I got a package the other day, the first in weeks since the summer promotional stream is a dry creekbed, and in it, courtesy of Disney, was a stack of Kim Possible, Lizzie Maguire and That's So Raven GBA carts. I mean, fuck it; let's go out to the park and play board games.

I've always been a fan of gaming in public, bringing the hobby out from the basements and into the bars, you know? Some of my best gaming times have been in crowded campus drinkeries. Like this one time, my friend Thor and I were playing Monopoly in RATT when these two first-year girls from Lister came up and... and that's a story for another day. Today, we're talking about a hot, heavy day, clear as a bell and made more precious by its proximity to the chill of autumn. On a day like this, what is there for a bunch of game-crazy kids to do but drag a sofa and a coffee table out into the playground next door, pour a bunch of Lucky Lager into an iced-tea pitcher,

and settle down to a whipcrack game of ZOMBIES!!!

A trifle like ZOMBIES!!! is perfect for this kind of gaming. Importantly, it's damned simple... but it looks complicated; once you've built up the map a bit-it's an emergent board, players adding new map tiles on each turnyou'll have this very impressive city laid out, covered with dozens of little plastic zombie figures. Through this swarm of PVC undead your little dudes—the Shotgun Guys-must fight their way to the escape helicopter. Cards are played, dice are rolled, opposing players are fucked over... a decent afternoon of shouting "fuck you!" to be had. It's no masterpiece of game design—the event cards are shockingly unbalanced and the endgame can become a tired slog-but it does the job. .

As we play ZOMBIES!!!, our little outdoor living room becomes quite the party centre—we have a big ol' dawg with us, a chocolate lab, and that never hurts. People walking by give us the thumbs-up, dudes wander past and share their hash with us, pretty girls perch on the arm of the sofa and laugh like angels, two couples decide to break out the bocce balls... and down the street, the cops watch carefully. They don't know what to make of us, with our comfy couch and our huge coffeetable under the tree by the soccer net... is there a law against what we're doing? Watching them circle the block you can feel them wanting to move us along simply 'cause what we're doing is different and weird.

In the end, they decide not to hassle us-whether because the fuckin' Fringe gave them better things to do or because they figured nobody sitting on such a ridiculous heatscore as a Harvest Gold chesterfield in the middle of a soccer pitch would dare to break open-container and pot-possession rules, I guess I'll never know-but their attention illustrates the downside of public gaming. It's unusual, and unusual things puzzle people, and puzzled people get angry. Spread out a boardgame on a coffeeshop table, and unless it's an accepted parlor game like cribbage you're gonna get looks, folks are going to demand to know what you're doing. They may insult you; before I got totally, heterosexually laid as a direct result of that RATT Monopoly game, I think I was called "fag" thrice by the chiefs at the next table.

I'll keep at it though; this is a fight we can win, public gamers! We're where breastfeeding was, like, 10 years ago; as long as we keep rolling dice and laying down cards, making ourselves known in public spaces, we'll be the norm rather than the exception, and we'll never have to hide in the basement again. •



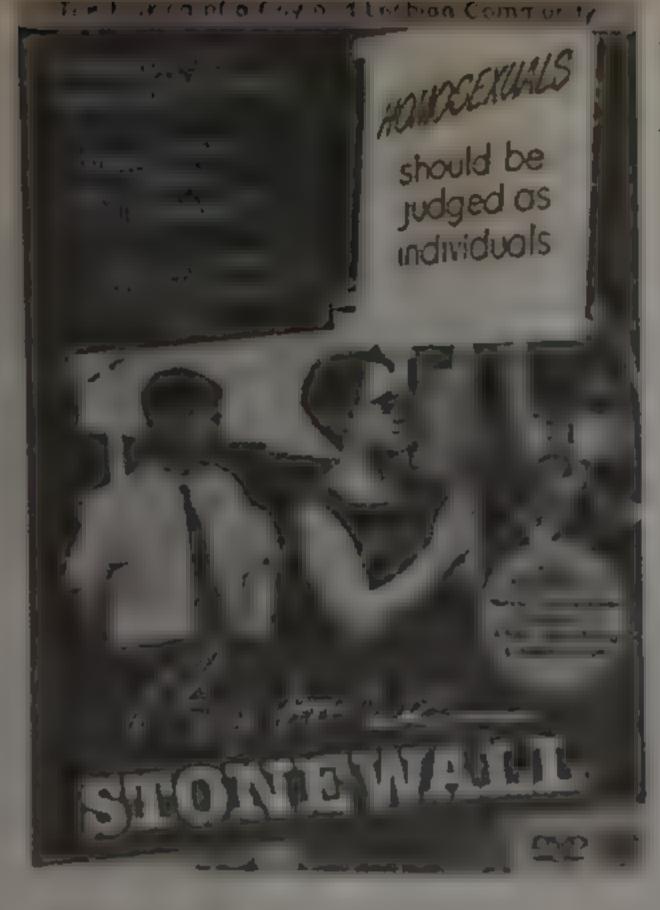
Three Dollar Bill

Continued from page 5

Stonewall and its sequel After Stonewall (First Run Features), both narrated by Melissa Etheridge. (Surf towww.firstrunfeatures.com for a great selection of gay and lesbian DVDs.) By the by, of Canada's ongoing love affair with Etheridge, Melissa herself told me last autumn before successfully battling back from breast cancer, "The [Montreal] Forum was the first arena show I ever did. Montreal was the biggest response. It was huge. I played for 10,000 and I was so overwhelmed, but delighted, that it took me hours to come down."

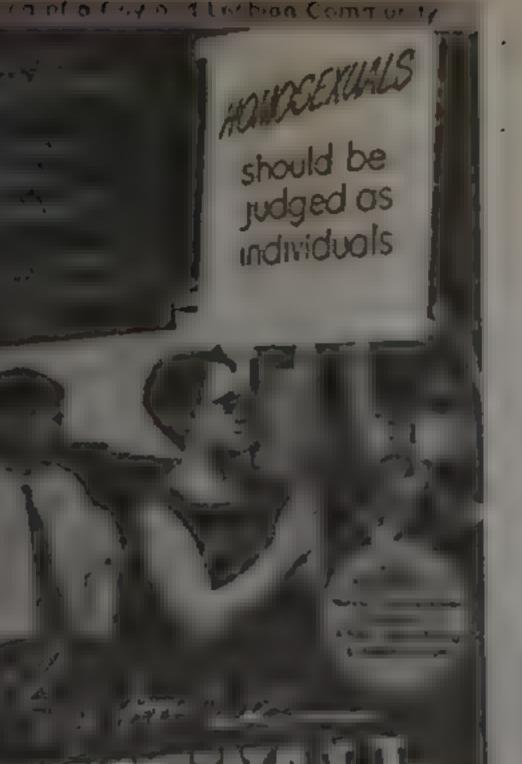
I watched both docs with my parents-my father grew up in London during World War II and my mother grew up in apartheid-era Africa – and they raised me to respect all human rights. After all, they repeat, what are gay civil rights if they aren't part of the growing mosaic that is human rights? As my mom said, "The gay liberation movement couldn't have happened without the women's and black-civil rights movements before

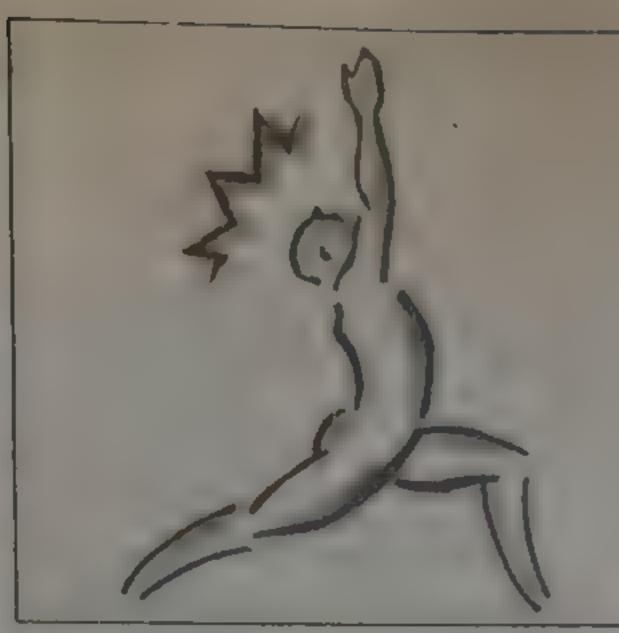
Before Stonewall's horrifying montage of the carnage in the wake of Anita Bryant's 1970s anti-gay Save Our Children crusade—the murders and lynchings, the corpses found in torched bars and churches, not to mention the November 27, 1978, assassinations of Harvey Milk and San Francisco Mayor George Moscone—brings me to tears every time I screen it.



"My dad was a local boy who made good and opened the doors of the city to create a powerbase that reflected all the citizens of the city-Mexicans, Chinese, blacks and gays," Jonathon Moscone (who happens to be gay) told me on the 25th anniversary of his father's assassination. "They never held office and my dad was elected by those people and gave them a voice. He said we must fight for the rights of people who can't fight for themselves. That is the role of a democracy. That's what my dad did. He succeeded because of it, and he died for it."

I know I wouldn't be doing what I do if it weren't for all those activists in Canada and around the world who laid the groundwork before us. We're all connected. Now it's my turn. And yours. O





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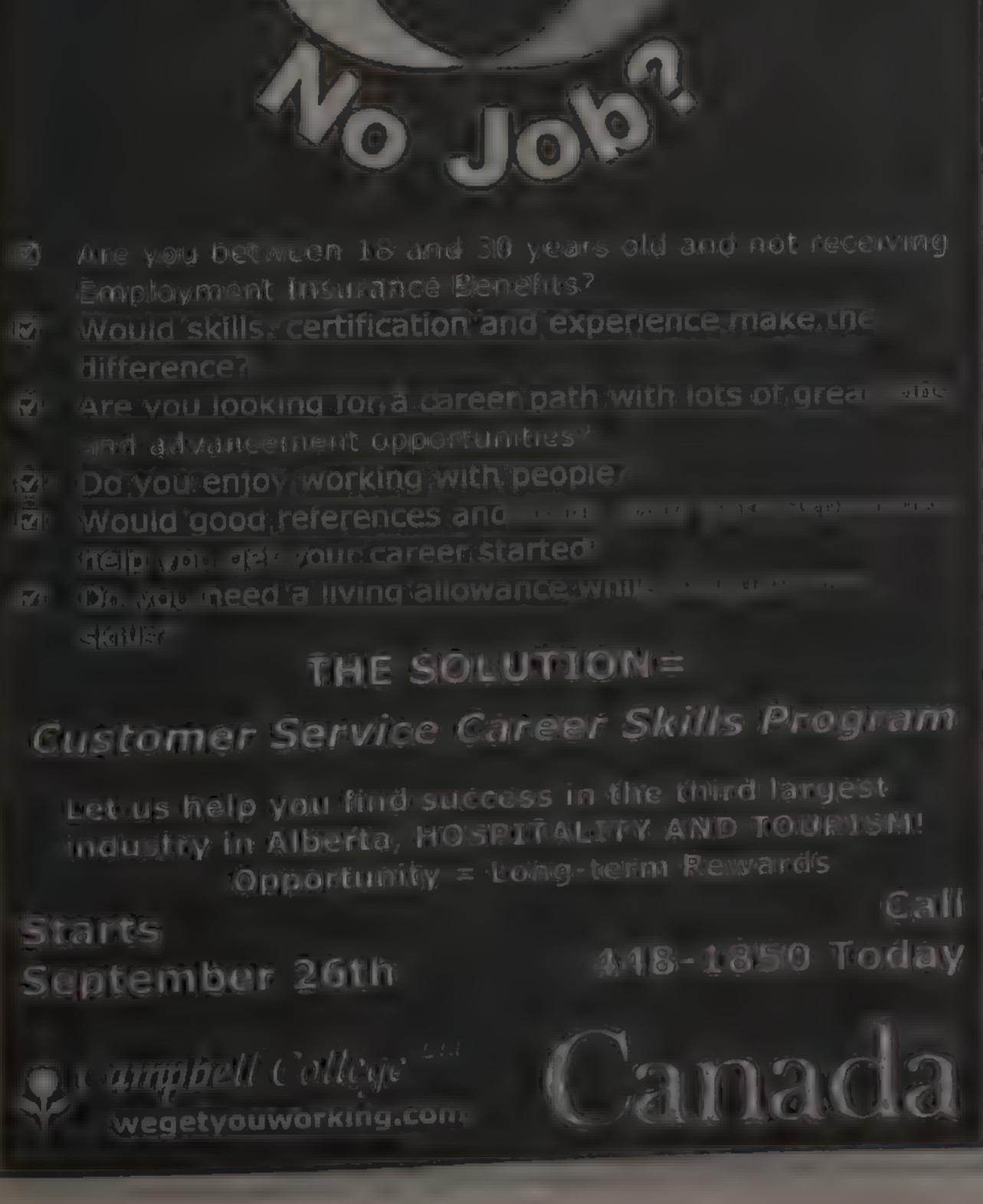
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University soldier

Recent grad Laird
Herbert doesn't like
the way universities
work these days—so
he's starting his own

BY DAVID BERRY

recent experience with postsecondary education in this country—whether firsthand or through paying for someone else to attend—know that the situation is less than ideal. Thanks to a decade or so of budget cuts and rising demands for degrees, universities and colleges are struggling to meet the demands of today's post-secondary students: class sizes continue to rise, there is less and less money to pay quality instructors, financial burdens force more and more people to skip postsecondary altogether, and the list goes on.

But despite all the hand-wringing and issue-trumpeting that has gone on of late, there is a surprising lack of fresh ideas of just how to fix those problems. Most revolve around throwing more money at schools, either in the form of government lobbying, which has been only marginally effective, or from corporate sources, which are all too happy to fund universities for name recognition on campuses, a trend many find more distasteful than the original problem. Rarely, though, does someone suggest an entirely different way of looking postsecondary education.

Enter recent university grad

Laird Herbert. Herbert and his group have seen the problems in Canada's post-secondary system, and have decided to take matters into their own hands, and their own university. The result is the New University project, an attempt to found a different type of university in Canada, one based on principles of affordability and social and environmental justice.

NEWS

"I had been hopping around different universities over the past few years," says Herbert, who spent his undergrad between a regional college in Newfoundland, Bishop's University in Quebec and Waterloo's Wilfrid Laurier before taking a tour of different universities after he graduated with a degree in global studies. "And my friends and I have been talking about this idea for a while, to start up a different kind of university that was affordable and based on good values."

Herbert says he found numerous problems in Canada's post-secondary system that led him towards where he stands today. "The first, for me, is that [post-secondary] caters to those who are already privileged, just in terms of being able to afford to attend," he explains. "Secondly is that university is very career-oriented; I think the majority of people who go to school these days go in order to get a degree so that they can have a career at the end of it, and as a result, I don't think it focuses too much on teaching people. Also, it's not a holistic education—it's very

much specified."

THE SOLUTION, then, is a university based on several models around the world, most notably Schumacher College in the UK and Goddard College in the States, but non-existent in Canada: one that focuses on educating people and teaching them to live in the world around them, not just train for a job. The initial focus for Herbert and his group are issues relating to environmental sustainability, with plans to expand as the project grows.

However, for now, the idea is mostly in the planning stages, with the first major conference regarding the project having recently wrapped up this past weekend. And though the project is only in its baby steps, Herbert is more than encouraged by early reaction.



"There has been a lot of interest so far: I got 50 e-mails a day when I first sent out postings about the university and the conference," Herbert says excitedly. What's even more exciting for him is that it isn't just wide-eyed youth interested in the project, either: people from all walks of academia have expressed interest.

"We had about 30 people registered for the conference, and it was about half academics and half students, which is a really good thing,"

he explains. "We were worried that it would be more students, and we might not end up with as solid a result, just because students are less—well, they don't have the experience with these things that a professor would. They might be very visionary and idealistic, but it's the people in the system who know how to work it."

And that type of response is what's driving Herbert and others to push the project further. Though he

readily admits that the actual university is a few years off at the very least, Herbert is confident that it will happen. In fact, his only real worries at this point are how he's going to keep things affordable without corporate sponsorship.

"Financing is always a tricky one, for sure. I guess we'll have to talk about it," he says with a laugh "We're going to need to do some pretty creative financing things, I think."

Your Yue

Continued from page 4

I'm fine with the fact he may not have enjoyed their album; I'm sure not everyone will, because they have a unique sound and draw from many different musical influences including blues, funk, and rock. However, when I listen to something for the first time, I try and find out as much as I can, perhaps check the WEBSITE or BIO, pick out good points and bad, influences, and base my opinion on that.

Also, the "captive billions" will hardly have this album "crammed down their gullets" as if he knew ANY-THING about Wide Mouth Mason, he would know they are a hard-working, hard-touring band who has worked very hard to keep a small but loyal following, they have never enjoyed a large

amount of commercial success, and hardly get played on the radio or MuchMusic. if ever. They have never "ruled the airwaves," nor will they ever.

Nevertheless, their fans appreciate their dedication to creating diverse, unique and inspiring music that has been a soundtrack to our lives. And if he considers them "Can-Rock giants" and puts them in the same category as a tool such as Edwin, who never once wrote a tolerable song—if he ever wrote one at all—then he should really try listening to them again, or failing that, listening to ANYTHING with open ears.

Seriously. —HEATHER ARABSKY, WIN-

In regards to Ross Moroz's review of the new Wide Mouth Mason album, I would tend to believe that he didn't take the 30 seconds to read any information on the band readily available on their official site, based on the incorrect facts.

I would also tend to believe he didn't actually listen to the album, which is fantastic, and that he would do well to remove the large stick from his ass. If he wants to critique the Canadian music scene, he should do so in a separate article and not drag it into a review—especially one that is so terribly written.

17 Wide Mouth Mason shows and counting, —HOLLY POKLITAR, WINNIPEG, MB

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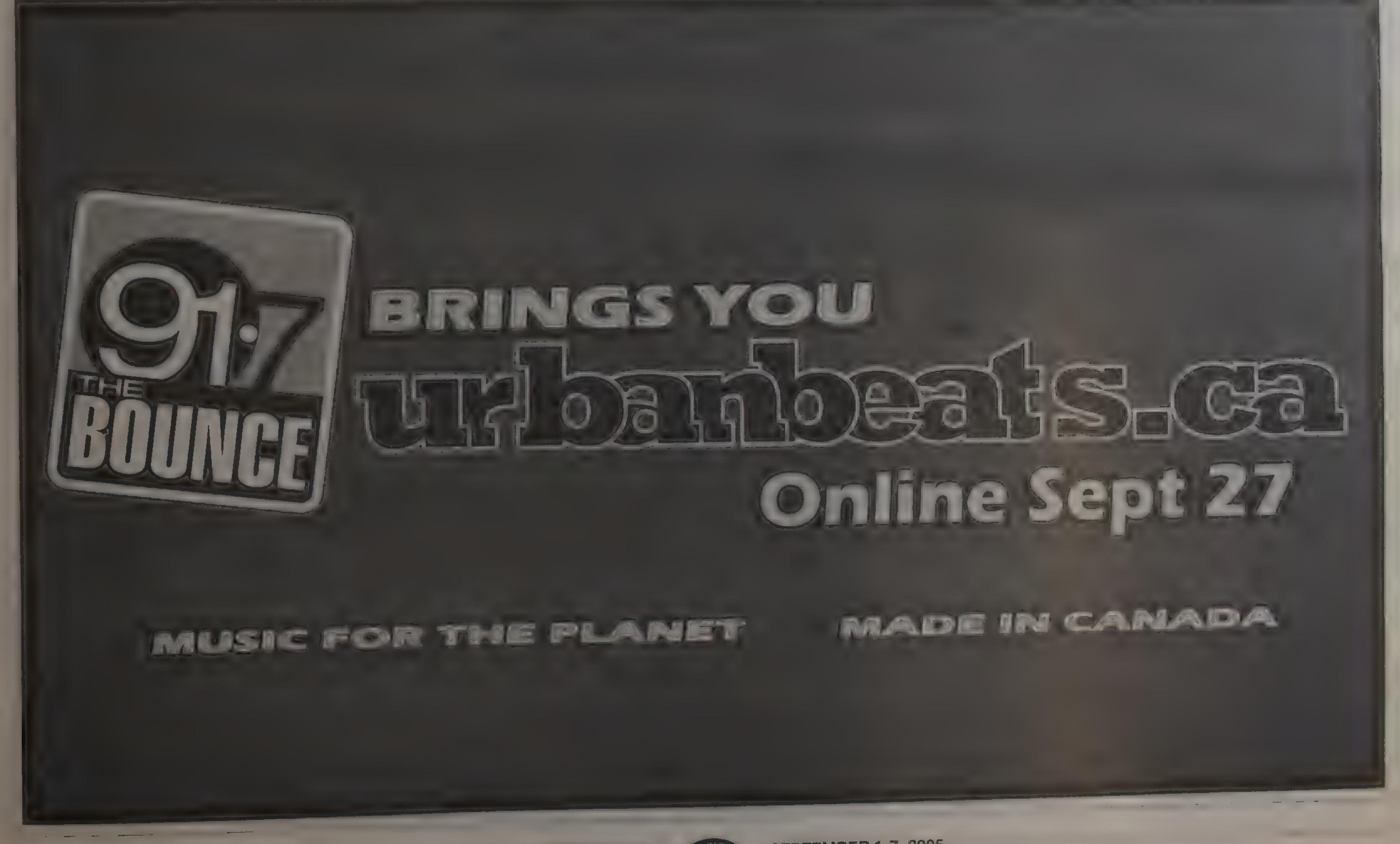
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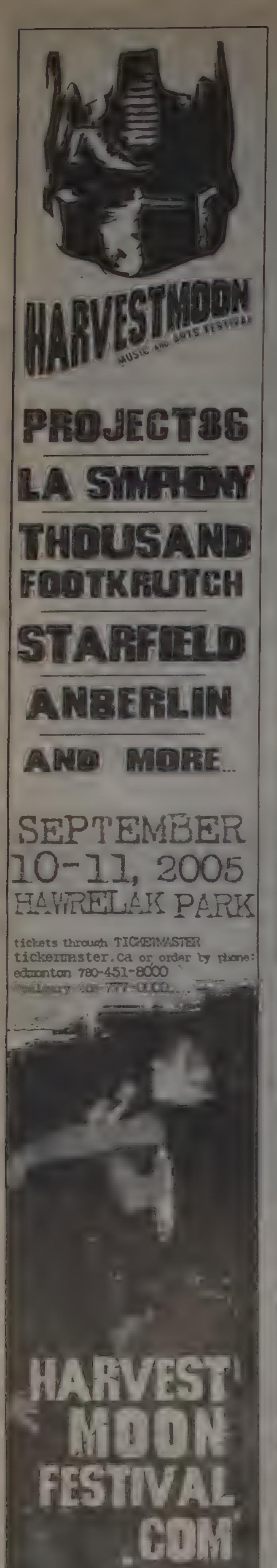
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Refunces

Continued from page 7

\$100 million US, or around three per cent of its aid to Israel, and is directed mostly to economic and infrastructure needs. And then there's the difference in security and mortality. According to the Washington Report on Middle East Affairs, 987 Israelis were killed between September 30, 2000 and June 11 of this year. During the same period, 3660 Palestinians were killed, a ratio of almost four to one.

Though described in some US news as "neighbourhoods," the colonial settlements in Gaza and the West Bank are illegal under international law, and always have been. Article 49 of the Geneva Convention states clearly, "The Occupying Power shall not deport or transfer parts of its own civilian population into the territory it occupies." Even the manner in which these settlements were

built was oppressive.

ACCORDING TO Dr. Yasmeen Abu-Laban, Associate Professor of Political Science at the University of Alberta and herself a Palestinian-Canadian, "In a lot of cases, settlements were built by bulldozing out existing Palestinian homes." Furthermore, says Abu-Laban, "This situation of Israeli settlers in the Gaza Strip and the West Bank is very different from that of Palestinians, who do not have the freedom of mobility within the Occupied Territories or into Israel-proper. In fact, their mobility has decreased since Oslo (a peace accord between Israel and Palestine) was signed in the early 1990s." That mobility has decreased further due to Tel Aviv's construction of the Israel Wall, the seven-metrehigh wall interspersed with gun towers erected around the West Bank, denounced as a land-grab device by critics and deemed illegal at the Hague. As a result, says Abu-Laban, "The economic situation of Palestinians has deteriorated. About 80 per

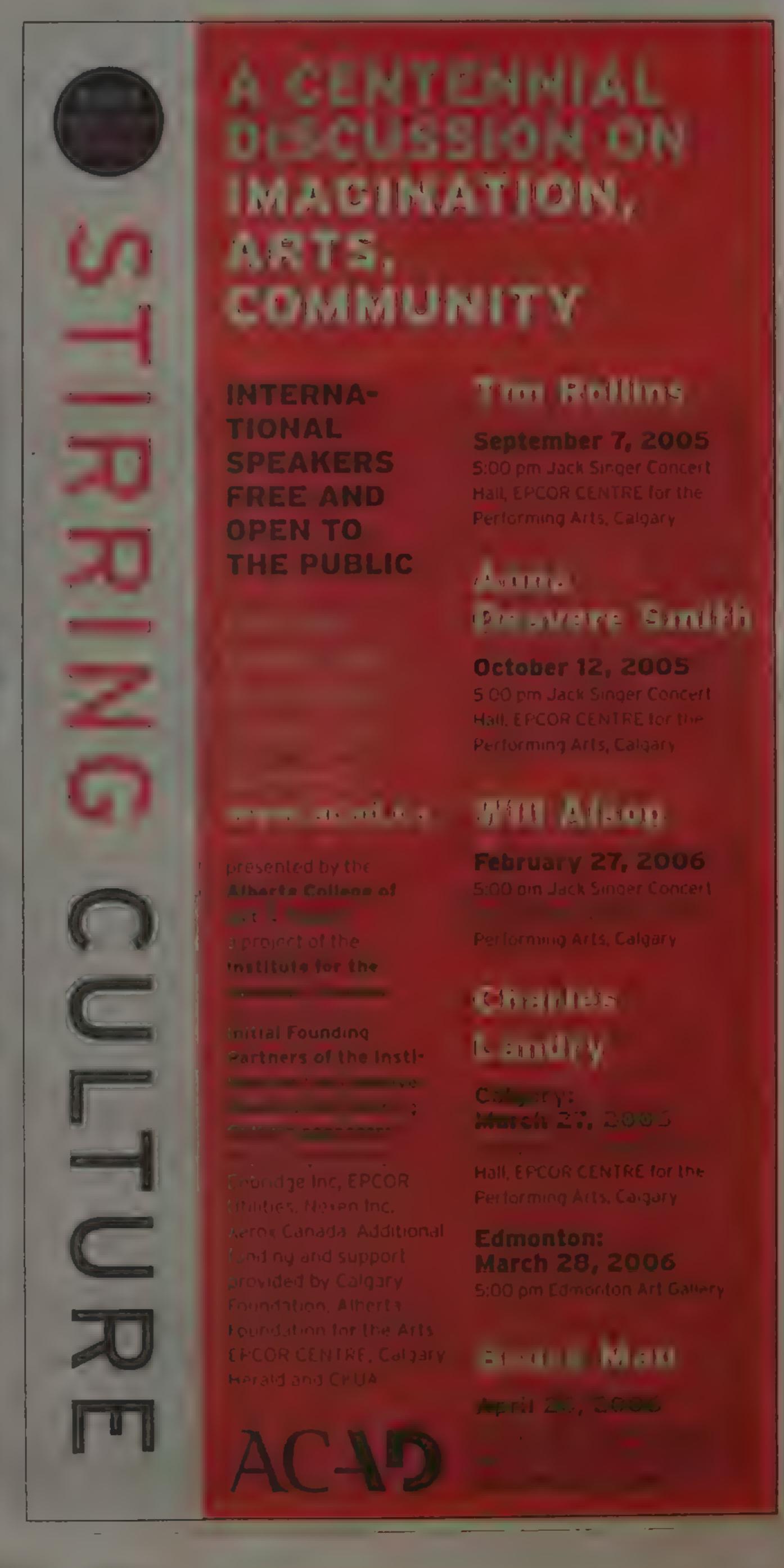
cent of Palestinians are unemployed in Gaza. Since the year 2000, average Palestinian income has declined about one-third according to a 2004 World Bank study. Around half of Palestinians are living below the poverty line, which is about two dollars a day." About 80 per cent are unemployed.

By and large, Palestinians live in misery and poverty in their native land, but also abroad. Economics professor Paul Sullivan at the American University in Cairo estimates that 2.4 million live in Jordan alone. In Lebanon, they number around 387,000—about nine per cent of the population of Lebanon. Mostly Muslim, they're denied Lebanese citizenship partly to avoid tipping the slight Christian majority of Lebanon towards a slight Muslim majority. Given that Lebanon only emerged from its 15-year, multi-faction, interreligious civil war in 1990, tension over religious affiliation remains high; stateless, Palestinian refugees cannot work most jobs, cannot travel, have little access to education and virtually

none to social services. Generations have been born into the overcrowded super-slum Ain Al-Hilweh at Sidon, Lebanon; some elderly people still possess keys to their ancestral homes which they will never see again, assuming the homes even still exist.

The situation for Palestinians in Palestine has improved little since the pull-out. On August 26, Israeli forces raided a West Bank refugee camp and killed five Palestinians. Three of them were unarmed teenagers. And according to Democracy Now! on August 25, "Just hours after it said it had completed its withdrawal operations from Gaza and the West Bank, Israel issued orders to seize Palestinian land to build a massive weaponized separation barrier in a plan that would essentially annex the West Bank's largest Jewish settlement to Jerusalem." While Big Media focus on the losses of Israeli colonists, they shed no tears for the ongoing confiscation of Palestinian land-what little of it remains. O







The elegant Mangiamo's Trattoria serves up a feast fit for a family-sized mob

BY CHRISTOPHER THRALL

theard about the Family-Style Feast at Mangiamo's Trattoria a few weeks ago and loving the idea of

sharing a three-course Italian meal between friends for \$16.50 each, I waited impatiently for them to reopen after an August vacation. On their third night back in business,

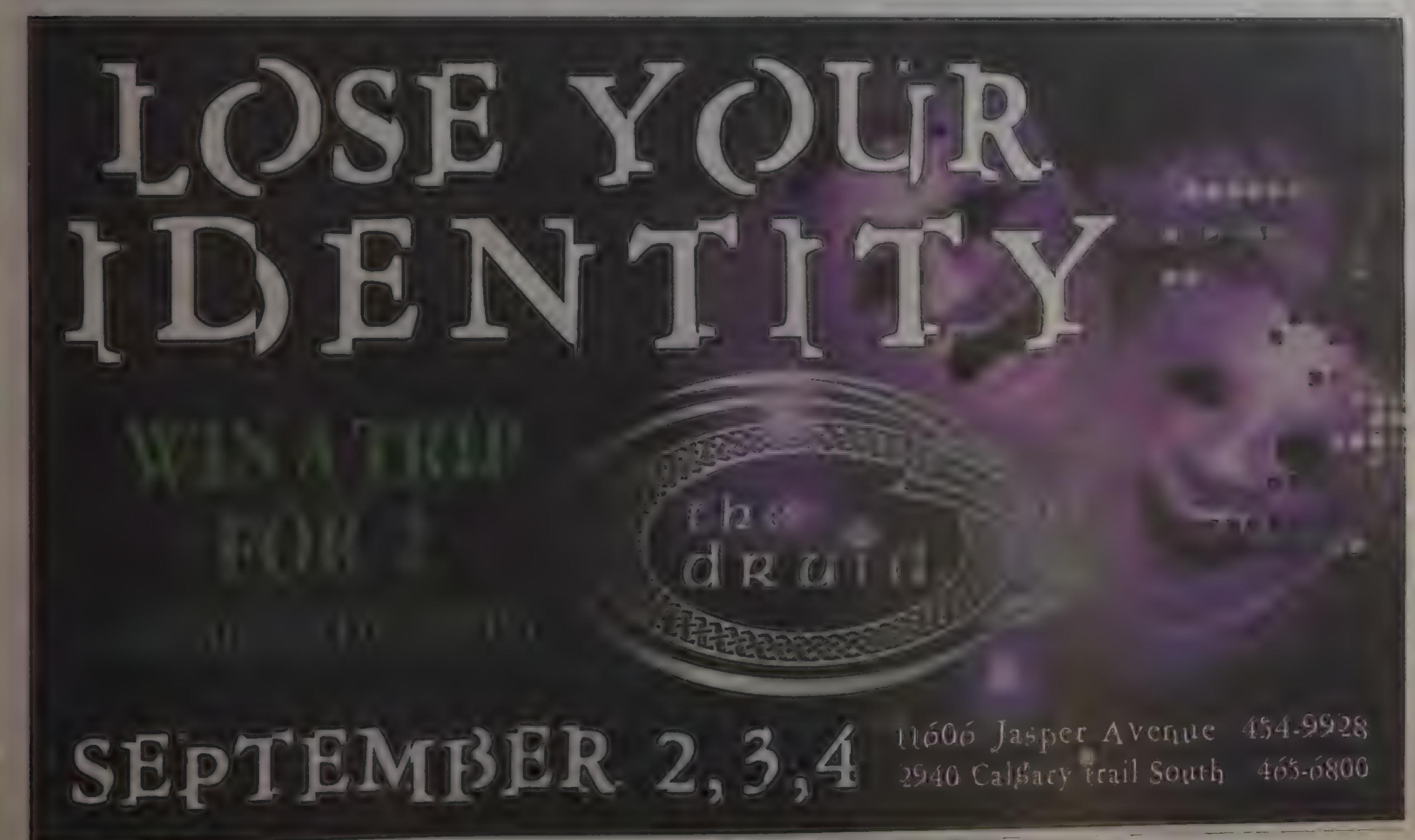
my wife and child and I, along with a few friends of ours, went to see if the place whose names translates into "Let's eat!" really meant it.

My first impression of Man-

giamo's Trattoria was one of pure elegance. Servers were dressed in basic black to match the chairs and linen tablecloths. A dark wood bar at the back of the room stood out against light mocha walls. Every touch, from the delicate glassware to wrought iron light fixtures and art on the walls, spoke of careful attention to detail. This boded well for the meal we were about to enjoy, but called into question our decision to

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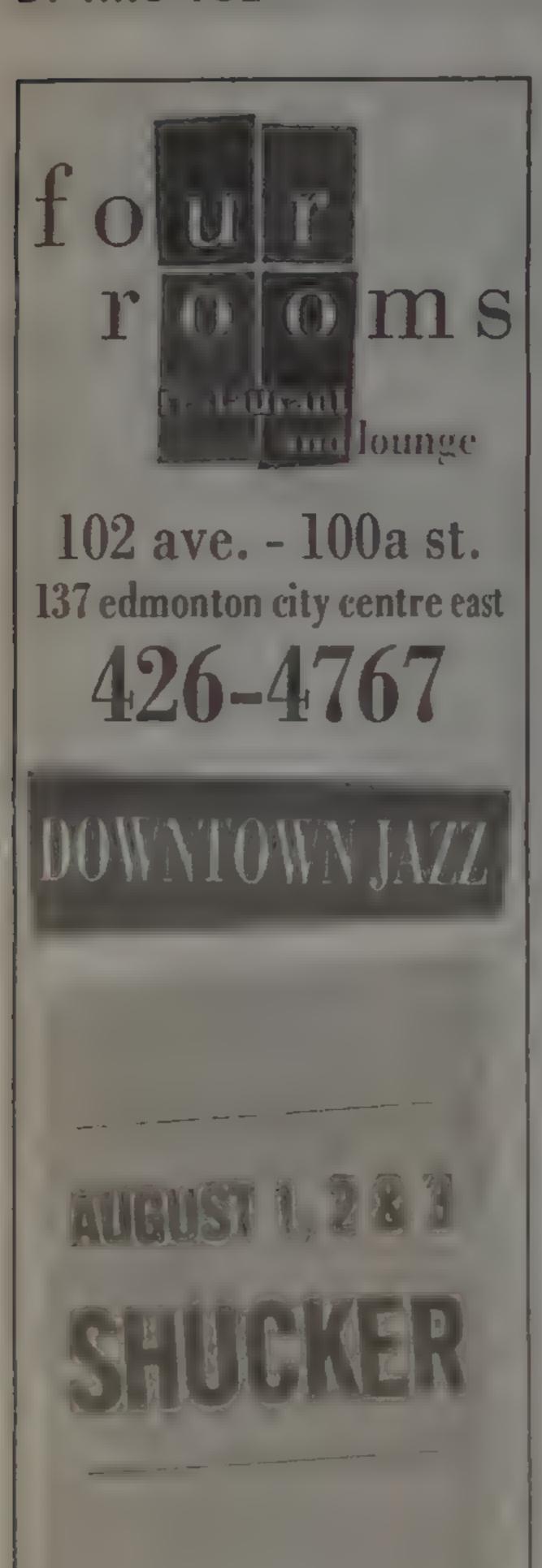




A dinner most fowl

One culinary showoff's tale of taking on the fabled turducken

BY IRIS TSE



"No one can conceive the variety of feelings which bore me onwards, like a hurticane, in the first enthusiasm of success. ... A new species would bless me as its creator and source; many happy and excellent natures would owe their being to me." — Dr. Frankenstein

without deboning my fingers in the process, I realized this must have been what the mad doctor himself must have felt like when he was assembling his monster. The boneless carcasses of a chicken and a duck waited patiently for me to reanimate them; I knew I was creating a monster.

Or, more accurately, I knew I was creating a turducken: a single poultry entity consisting of a deboned chicken stuffed within a deboned duck and then all stuffed within a

deboned turkey. The fowl equivalent of Neapolitan ice cream, turducken boasts a reputation of being both utterly delicious and utterly difficult to make.

I had declared my intentions to make a turducken for a friend's going-away party, though why I thought it wise to attempt to assem-

COOKING

ble this avian chimera is unclear. In hindsight, it looked like a misguided attempt to cement my stature as the undisputed Iron Chef of our circle of friends. Throughout the process I was overcome by bouts of anxiety, but I knew there was no turning back.

First step, the recipe. Just by looking at the 11-page monstrosity,

it was clear that the turducken would be the most complicated dish that I've ever prepared. Upon closer examination, however, it wasn't too bad. In all, a turducken was probably just as manageable as any thanksgiving meal—albeit an entire thanksgiving meal crammed into a turkey.

Just like any normal turkey, a turducken requires stuffing. Knowing that I'd spend the majority of my time deboning the birds, I decided to make my stuffing a day ahead. In addition to a smoked oyster and sausage stuffing to go between the turkey and the duck, I also made a simple breadcrumb stuffing to go between the duck and the chicken. Had I followed the recipe, the latter would have been a sweet cornbread stuffing, but the lack of cornbread purveyors in the city meant that I

would have to make my own cornbread so I could crumble it up in order to make the stuffing. Which sounded hard, so I didn't.

THE MOST labour-intensive part came the next day when the birds were deboned. The chicken was the first to go since it was meant for the innermost layer. Though this was not as daunting as I expected, it still involved a lot of cursing and uninhibited rage as I yanked bones and smashed joints. The duck and the turkey came apart easier due to their larger size but the obscenities and anger were no less palpable. In the end, I was quite happy to discover the entire deboning process took less than two hours. But my pride was quickly replaced by dread when

SEE NEXT PAGE





Mangiamo's Trattoria

Continued from page 15

make this a family outing. My second impression was of how extraordinarily busy it was on a Thursday evening downtown.

Glancing over the menu, its brief selection covered the Italian essentials. Most appealing were the pasta courses for under \$15, but the exquisitely described entrées were tempting for a few dollars more. Our server offered a sweet smile as we ordered the Feast, confirming the six-person minimum could be waived for our group of five-plusthree-offspring. We each chose a soup, then our group debated our three pasta dishes. A tempting potato bacon soup of the day left the minestrone with no takers, and the server jotted down our pasta choices before leaving to get our first course. She returned quickly, to our hungry delight. I dove into my steaming bowl, surprised to find it much thinner than the chowder I was expecting. It lost none of its creaminess, however, and the salty bacon flavour was very popular around the table.

Soon after we cleaned our bowls,

two heaping platters of salad made their appearance. The Feast included both a creamy Caesar salad and one of the best mixed greens salad I had ever tasted! Tart vinaigrette sat lightly on fresh, crisp spinach leaves while crushed walnuts and sweet dried cranberries enhanced every bite. My scoop of Caesar salad was piled high with grated parmesan and huge croutons; its dressing was creamy and subtle, with a garlic wallop that didn't hit me until after I was done.

THERE WAS A BIT OF A DELAY between the salads and our entrées. I assumed that the meal was paced for our group to open the next bottle of wine before the main course. We were looking around for bread that never came by the time our server staggered to our table under the weight of pasta plenty. While the sight of the dishes was stunning, the aromas that accompanied them were enough to erase the wait from our memories.

Serving spoons flashed into action and I went immediately for the gnocchi ordered by one of our friends. She had never tried potato pasta before, but I don't think I left her many of the bite-sized morsels steeped in a delicious pesto cream

sauce. I somewhat regretfully moved on to the tortellini choice, but my regret was short-lived. The tender pockets were stuffed with a delicious three-cheese blend that had me devouring them just as enthusiastically. My own selection of bucatini all'amatriciana (I always tend towards the most exotic name on the menu) was spaghetti-length pasta tubes simmered in a lush combination of succulent stewed tomatoes and cheese. While I had difficulty choosing a favourite, I'll admit to swiping more than my fair share of the gnocchi.

None of us were up for dessert after the abundant Family Feast and we settled the bill quickly. For just over \$20 each, we each enjoyed a filling evening of elegance and lunches in take-out containers. I'll remember a couple of things for my next visit: (1) order some wine to help the time pass merrily, and (2) leave the kids at home. Two rambunctious blonde toddlers and a baby boy asked me to apologize to our fellow diners for any inconvenience and thank the Mangiamo's staff for their warm, Italian hospitality. O

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think of stuffing a chicken into a

Turducken

Continued from previous page

I brought out the stuffing and discovered that the general unattractiveness of day-old oyster stuffing was second only to anything containing durian fruit. There was this unpleasant scent that resembled a heavily polluted beach, and it didn't look too appetizing either, the limp pieces of oyster bits undistinguishable from lumps of breadcrumbs. I hesitated to slather this concoction onto my painstakingly deboned turkey, but the recipe insisted that this would go perfectly with the turducken, so I used it.

After I layered the duck and chicken above the oyster stuffing with a layer of the breadcrumb stuffing between those two, the entire thing resembled a giant meat sandwich, ready for me to pull together and sew up. Surprisingly, this, not the deboning of three birds, was the hardest part of my turducken experience as the turkey was extremely uncooperative with containing its contents. But I somehow managed to haphazardly bundle it together and cram it into the roasting pan.

THE BIRD LOOKS mighty delicious after seven hours in the oven and diligent basting gave it a nice golden sheen. It resembled a normal roasted turkey from above, hardly betraying the veritable zoo within it, and it looked even better after I sliced it open to reveal the rainbow of meat beneath the crispy skin. The turducken was, without a doubt, a success. Tentative tasting of the Frankenbird by the initially skeptical guests quickly resulted in enthusiastic approval. We all marveled at the flavour explosion. The normally bland white meat of the turkey tasted meatier after it had been bathing in duck juice, and the duck benefited as well, gaining a

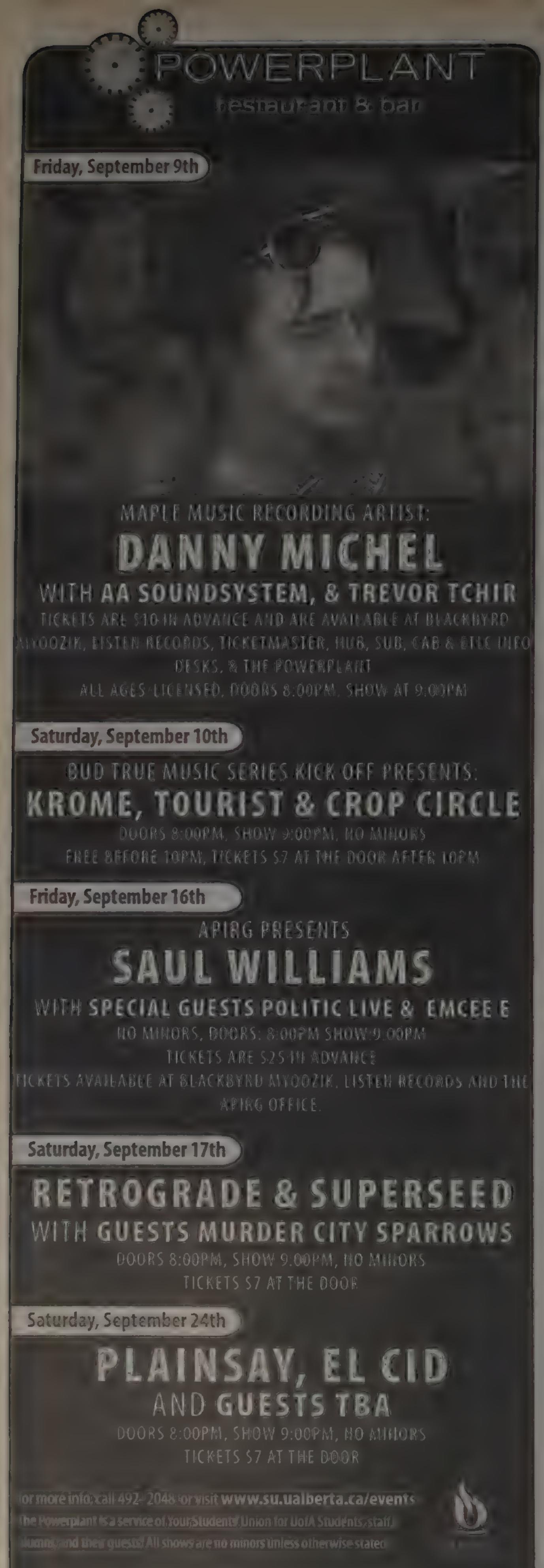
milder flavour. Even the aforemen-Most of us agreed that the tur-

ducken must have been the result of some reckless culinary oneupmanship; only someone with a gluttonous imagination would











Field of Streams

Nickelas Johnson expounds on robots, *Mario Kart* and taking Field & Stream to the next level

BY TYSON KABAN

Field & Stream was merely a twinkle in his eye, guitarist Nickelas Johnson was just another outsider youth living in Fort McMurray, writing and singing alone in his bedroom. "I wasn't really comfortable playing outside of my basement," Johnson claims. "I was never in bands because I was never very good at playing instruments and all of my friends in Fort McMurray were technically proficient; I was a real amateur."

Johnson finally crawled out of the basement, and after playing a couple of (terrible) shows on his own up north, he made the trek down to Edmonton and re-envisioned himself as Field & Stream. Described as a communal effort between different artists, Johnson gets his friends to join him on stage whenever they have time, adding drums, bass, keys, banjo or another guitar to the mix. Depending on the night, Field & Stream could have as many as seven members, but ever since Johnson crossed paths with keyboardist Bradley Sime, Field & Stream will always, at least, be a duo.

"We met awhile back when we worked at A&B Sound. We were both putting out the same kind of music and Brad was wearing a Kenny Rogers shirt," Johnson says. "We clicked immediately and we both have the same determination and desire to take this band to the next level."

Both Johnson and Sime are starv-



ing artists—they've had separate art shows at Café Mosaics and Sime has a comic strip for a Boston-based paper—but lately, the success and growth of Field & Stream has been their top priority, even if it isn't for their drummer Dave Swanson and bassist/father-to-be Brent Oliver.

"Our regular bass player is going to be a dad, probably sometime this week, and has like five jobs," says Johnson. "Obviously he won't have that much time to play with us in the future. But our drummer... he doesn't have a life and he's still not going to commit to the band. Brad and I don't really have lives either, but right now the band's all we've got and all we want to do."

"Then there's Jason," Sime adds, arriving at our table at the Black Dog in the middle of the conversation.

"But he's kind of an asshole."

Johnson clarifies. "He's a robot. We met him in an antique mall, fixed him up and took him home. He decides to work like every fifth show and the rest of the time he just stares at us blankly and there's this uncomfortable silence on stage."

while Players and Robots may come and go, Johnson and Sime are in this for the long run. Without consistent day jobs, the guys pay for the band's costs out of their own pockets. Even their upcoming 7" release was financed by Johnson's bank, who he says "stupidly preapproved me for a loan based on money I don't have."

They're both determined to make this a career, either establishing Field & Stream as a staple on the Edmonton music scene or even one day having a video on MuchMusic. But even if they're stuck in their basement for the next little while, writing and recording, they'd still be content living in a certain level of poverty, as long as they have their band. "We'd be doing it either way, even if it meant playing for our own enjoyment," Sime says. "It might sound cheesy, but Field & Stream's is slowly evolving into our heart and soul."

"Each show is like inviting people into our basement," Johnson adds. "We play shows down there anyway and, of course, alcohol's involved. Then instead of hanging out at the bar or club after our set, we would just play a round of Mario Kart with everyone."

"Yeah, I guess Mario Kart's the difference between playing an actual show and just staying at home," Sime says. "That and the money. We still need to eat." O

FIELD EISTREAM

With Champion, Alberta and the Cape May • Sidetrack Café • Sat, Sep 3 (8 pm)



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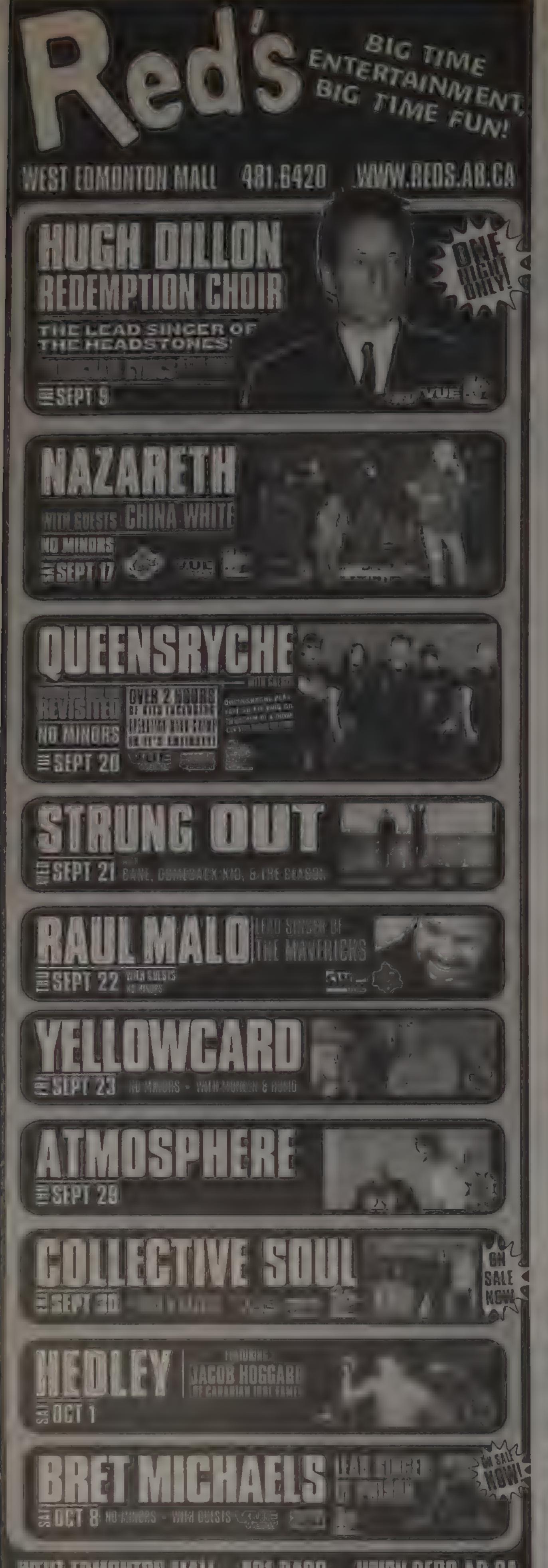
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*or 16" each. Oler and include multiple disc packages and applies to featured items only.

White Album

Venere Liveral MADNE and the Fermi

□ 1962-1966





music

Champion, Alberta . With Field & Stream, The Cape May . Sidetrack Café • Sat, Sep 3 (8 pm) The adage tells us not to judge a book by its cover, but we've all judged a band by its name, and for good reason. Simply put, a great band name equals a great band—think the Rolling Stones, the Clash, and so on—while a crummy band name—say, Rainbow Butt Monkeys or Finger Eleven, who are, somewhat unbelievably, the same bloody band---invariably guarantees a teethgrindingly awful musical experience. So when a new act emerged on the local scene a few years ago calling themselves the Tom Cruise Missile, listeners appreciated the inherent sardonic wit, even though there really wasn't any, at least according to the group's frontman.

"It felt wrong putting such an ironic moniker to music that is not at all tongue-in-cheek or irreverent, because there's nothing like that in our music; it's all very miserable," explains Rob Wood, guitarist and vocalist of Champion, Alberta, the band formerly known as the Tom Cruise Missile. "I think when people saw that name on paper, they kind of thought 'wow, the Tom Cruise Missile! They must be 16 and the must wear costumes or play the theme from *Top Gun* every night!"

According to Wood, the change of appellation, which came in late 2003, was primarily motivated by the band's desire to bring their music to a wider audience. "Everybody here was sort of in on the joke, so it wasn't such a huge problem in Edmonton, but when it came time to play in other places we sort of realized we needed to come up with something a little better," says

Wood, who, funnily enough, isn't exactly thrilled with his group's current handle, either.

"The funny thing is we sort of got duped into taking a name that I think is equally ridiculous," he laughs, adding that Champion, Alberta's fans are somewhat ambivalent about the switch as well. "I guess it's sort of like the difference between coffee and tea: some people really like one and some people really like the other, but they're both, um, good drinks."

Of course, what Edmonton music fans think of Champion, Alberta has been largely irrelevant for the last little while, as the group hasn't played a local gig in almost a year. In the meantime, the band has been toiling away on their first full-length album with local producer (and Floor guitarist) Graham Lessard, and although the record likely won't see the light of day until later in the fall Wood is already getting excited about the reception the disc will receive from listeners.

"I think people will be really surprised, because I feel like this album could appeal to a bunch of different types of listeners," says Wood, who describes the album as "a bit of a departure." For Wood, the new musical direction, like the change of name, could make listeners rethink their preconceptions about Champion, Alberta. "I think people might be shocked," he postulates, "because they might not have liked us so much before, but after hearing this CD they might, regardless of what we're called."

The Morrellos • With Southside Riots, London Disturbance Force and Red Medicine • Queen Alex Hali • Fri, Sep 2 (all ages) All good bands must come to an end, but in the case of Edmonton's the Morrellos, who play their final show this weekend, the breakup was less about the rock standbys—drug abuse, "creative conflicts," thrown Jack Daniels bottles—than about the process of growing up and moving on.

"We just decided it was time for us

to move on," says Morrellos guitarist Eamon McGrath, who started the group nearly four years ago to play the type of music he and his friends admired at the time.

"When we started it was all about straight-up rock 'n' roll—we're all huge fans of bands like the Clash and the Replacements, and what we saw in those bands was such an urgent sense of honesty, and when the Morrellos started we wanted to kind of portray that honesty," he says. "Unfortunately, you can only take that kind of initiative so far, and after four years of playing the same four chords it kind of gets boring no matter how fast you play them or how much honesty you're putting into it."

For McGrath, the point at which he knew he was ready to move on was ironically one of the pinnacles of his band's career: on the night the Morrellos opened for Vancouver punk icons the Evaporators (led by MuchMusic's Narduar the Human Serviette), McGrath couldn't help but feel a little bit underwhelmed by his own band's musical direction.

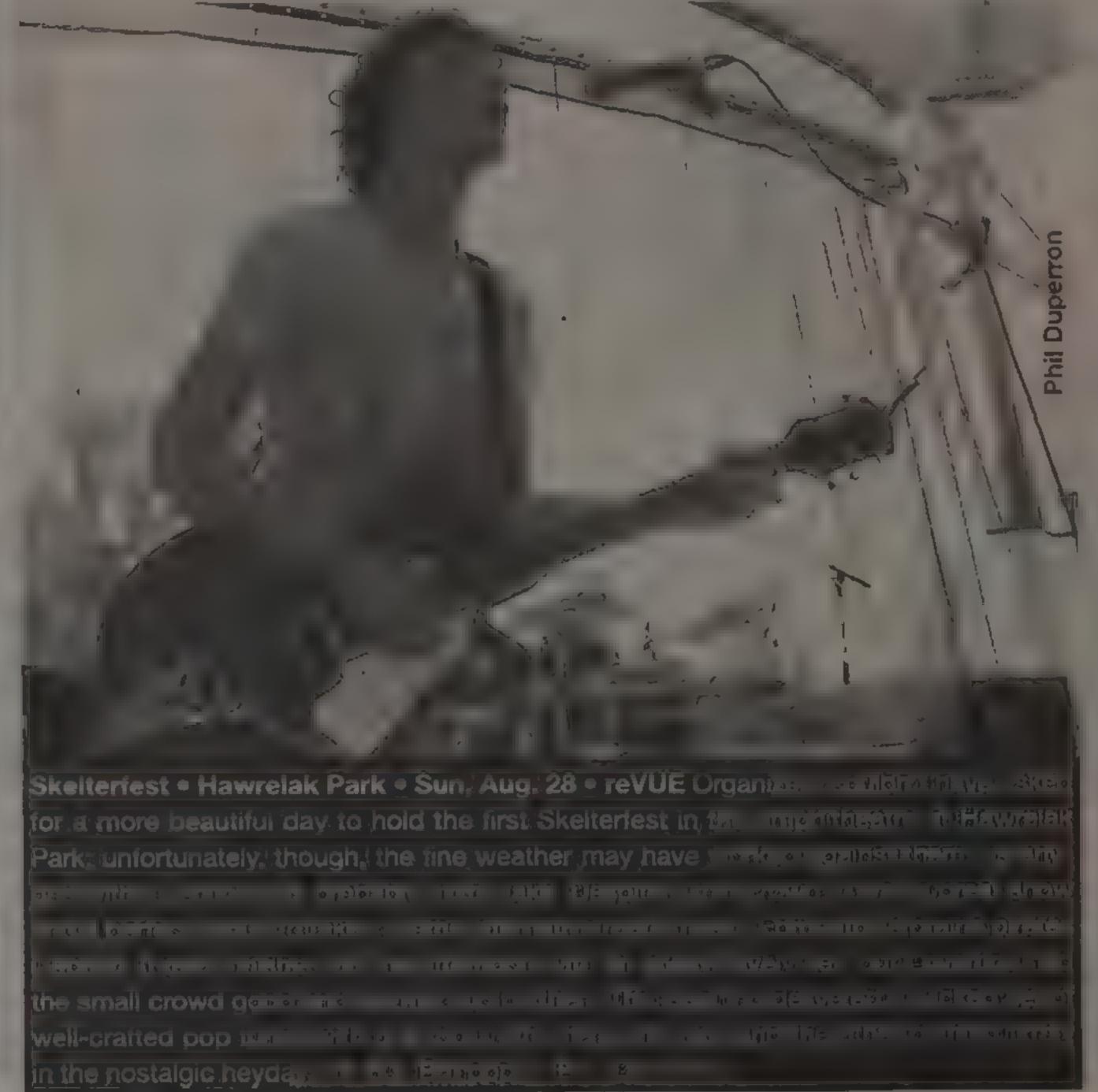
"I remember being on stage and feeling like a robot," he admits. "We'd been playing these songs for so long we didn't even have to think about them anymore, and when you get to that point as a band you know it's not going to get any better.

"We all think that music is about evolution, and we realized we weren't evolving anymore, and after that, I felt like continuing to be in a punk band was being sort of dishonest," he continues, explaining that his philosophy about the music he was playing led him to want to explore other musical pursuits. "The way I always thought of punk rock was as just an entry point into something else. So many people start out playing punk rock and then go on to do completely different things."

So McGrath has launched a new project, the Explosions in the Sky-style Red Menace, while bandmates Mason Wilson (who also plays in the surf-punk Southside Riots) and Alex Wychopen both have new things on the go after the Morrellos say goodbye this weekend. "We figured instead of trying to change we should just let it go entirely," McGrath concludes, "but it's been fun, definitely."

Sidetrack Café • Wed, Sep 7 (8 pm) To middle-class Edmontonians, the beach town of Kelowna in BC's southern interior has become some kind of cut-rate, de facto Hawaii, with thousands of Albertans flocking to the shores of Lake Okanagan every summer for fun in the sun. To visitors, Kelowna seems like an all-day party, full of bronzed beach babes and hunks (and politicians) on jet skis, but as it turns out growing up there is a bit of a bummer.

"It's pretty boring; that's why everyone just stays in their rooms playing
guitar," reveals Naban Ruthnum, guitarist of the Kelowna-raised but Vancouver-based Bend Sinister. According to
Ruthnum, the boys in Bend Sinister
aren't the only rockers who have traded
in the yuppie wineries of Kelowna for
the yuppie sushi joints of Van City.
"Most of the guys in Vancouver bands
are actually from Kelowna," he reports,



explaining how this makes Vancouver's indie rock scene a lot more homey than an outsider would think.

"The scene here is pretty enclosed," he continues. "Everybody spends a lot of time hanging out with each other, probably because we all came from smaller places."

This might also explain the surprisingly retro-sounding music coming out of such a modern cosmopolitan city. While bands in Toronto and Vancouver (and, hell, Edmonton) are falling all over themselves to be more post-modern and ironic than each other, Vancouver bands seem to be content to make proggy, hazy eight-track-worthy jam rock. Whether this has anything to do with the abundance of good pot on the left coast remains to be seen, but while Ruthnum acknowledges the similarities between his band and fellow Vancouverites Black Mountain-or, say, Pink Floyd—he feels there are some things that set his band apart.

"A lot of the prog bands these days focus on sheer musicianship and completely ignore songwriting, where as we really try to emphasize the songwriting," he insists. "We try to stay away from that really seventies prog sound, because we want our music to sound extremely progressive even by today's standards. Our main goal is to write really great songs that sound likes they came from tomorrow."

Another goal of Bend Sinister is to finally crack the lucrative American market. Long a pipe dream for small Canadian acts, the land of the free and home of the brave has become far more willing to take notice of Can-rock in recent years, thanks in no small part to the like of Hot Hot Heat and the Arcade Fire.

"It is really heartening to see bands that play something other than overproduced bar rock getting some success and some American recognition," enthuses Ruthnum, who, while appreciative of American interest, wishes US music writers would invest in a North American atlas. "I think it's great that American critics are really perking up to Canada these days," he laughs, "even if they do think we're all from Montreal."

Shark Tanked Music Notes doesn't really attend too many all-ages shows (we don't like kids), but upon hearing of the startlingly sudden demise of the Shark Tank, Edmonton's only dedicated all-ages music venue, we felt there were a few questions which begged to be answered. Such as, um, why?

"We have an opportunity to go care-take at an apartment building in BC, and there's a family connection there, too," says James Kuczmarski, who has operated the Tank along with girlfriend Tracy Suter since its inception in the fall of 2002. According to Kuczmarski, while the left-coast business opportunity triggered the shutdown, there were invariably other considerations in play.

"[Our moving] is pretty much the main reason, but it's also that this is a lot of work for just two people, and I guess I always thought that maybe it could be more of a collective effort, but I haven't really had much success in getting people involved in a big way other than just volunteering to help out at shows," he admits, quickly adding that financial problems are not to blame for the Tank's disappearance.

"Last year we had some struggles, but this year we started off pretty strong, and even though we had some spotty gigs in the summer we've been able to hold our own—from a financial standpoint, we could have continued on indefinitely," Kuczmarski insists. "I guess we kind of realized that everything has its time, and combined with getting the offer from BC and how tired we are these days, it just seemed like the time was right."

More surprising than the timing of the Tank's closure, however, is the manner in which it has shut its doors. Instead of the customary thanks-for-allthe-memories last show bash, the Shark Tank bid goodbye to Edmonton with a hastily promoted final show last which had long ago been planned as just another gig. In fact, the Tank had scheduled shows for this weekend and next, leaving some fans and bands less than impressed by the Shark Tank's argues that this was not his intent.

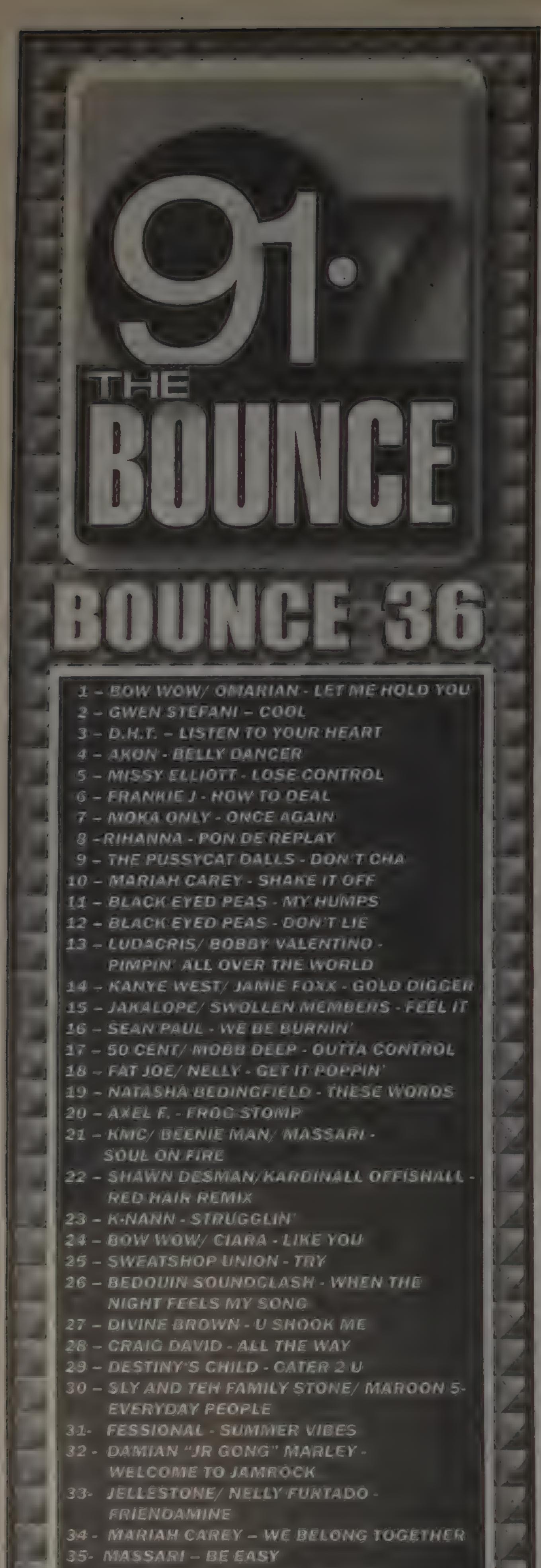
"I don't want to get too into this, but we've had some 'complications' with our landlord," he reveals. "We were planning on going out with a big bang on our final weekend, but we basically decided we were better off getting out of our landlord's hair sooner rather than later."

Not that Kuczmarski doesn't sympathize somewhat with his landlady's concerns. "There's a lot of different things for your neighbours to complain about-noise, traffic, drinking, drugs, all that sort of stuff-but for the most part we'd been pretty lucky with our location, even if it was a little seedy," he say, acknowledging the Tank's lessthan-austere surroundings on 97 Street, in the heart of Edmonton's charming porno-shop and dirty needle district. Still, Kuczmarski looks back on his experiences at the Tank wistfully.

"Tracey and I have already decided to write a book about it," he reports,







36 - PRETTY RICKY - GRIND WITH ME



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THE MUSIC

GILL Duff Robison

Open stage

BLUE CHAIR Jim Hepler; 7pm

CEILI'S Screech; 9pm

PUB Open stage hosted by Alberta Crude; 6-10pm

DUSTER'S PUB Jam hosted by Brian Petch FOUR ROOMS Shucker

GRINDER Thursday jam night

J AND R BAR AND GRILL
Open stage with The Poster
Boys (pop/rock/blues);
8:30pm-12:30am

JUBILEE AUDITORIUM
Alberta Spirit Gala

LOUNGE Big John Bates and the Voodoo Doliz, The Squareheads, Juke Box Shock

SIDETRACK CAFÉ
Careworn (ex-Nothing at All), The Flatliners, Perfect Blue; 9pm; \$8 (door)

(CD release party), Cold
Spot

CLASSICAL

Symphony Under the Sky; Edmonton Symphony Orchestra with Ian Tyson; \$25-\$35 at Winspear box office

012

ARMOURY Vintage
Thursdays: retro rock, dance
and old school hip hop

Animation Station: trip hop, drum 'n' bass with MC Deadly, Gundam, Dale Force

BILLY BOB'S LOUNGE Escapack Entertainment

BLACK DOG FREEHOUSE
Thump: intronica with the
DDK Soundsystem

BUDDY'S NIGHTCLUB
DJ Squiggles

DECADANCE Soul Heaven with Sweetz, T-Bass, Rezidnt Funk

Thursday Ladies Night: Top 40, R&B, retro with Urban Metropolis

Rock Bingo with DJ S.W.A.G

GAS PUMP Ladies Nite: Top 40/dance with DJ Christian

GUILTY MARTINI Urban Substance Thursdays: urban with Urban Substance Sound Crew, Invinceable, Spincycle, J-Money, Shortround, Echo; no minors

KAS BAR Urban House: with DJ Mark Stevens; 9pm

GRILL Students Night Hip Hop with DJ Odin

LOUNGE Rub-a-Dub: with Jebus and Anarchy Adam

TAPROOM SOUTH Retro to New: classic rock, R&B, urban and dance with DJ Mikee; 9pm-2am; no cover

RED STAR Underground
Hip Hop Night; with DJ
Mumps, DJ Dusty Kratez, DJ

shows: Sticky's open stage and the Weakest Link game with Dj Jazzy second and last Thursday; \$1 (member)/\$4 (non-member)

AND LOUNGE Funkdafied
Thursday: funk with DJ
Leanne Fong

SAVOY Funk and downtempo with Ben Jamin

STOLLI'S ON WHYTE Top 40 dance, R&B

VICTORY LOUNGE NRMLS
WLCM Thursdays: electro,
disco-punk, hip hop with DJ
Nik7 and guests; no minors;
9pm (door); \$4

WUNDERBAR Up and Down Thursdays: with DJs Loopin' the 3rd, Big Slice



GILL Duff Robison

BELLA BEANS COFFEE CAFÉ Acoustic open stage; 7:30-10pm

Colleen Rae and
Cornerstone (country/rock)

Cornerstone (country/rock

Madison Drive

(country/rock)

CEILI'S The Kick It Bros;

9pm

DUSTER'S PUB SlowBurn

(blues); 9:30pm-1:30am

FOUR ROOMS Shucker
JEFFREYS CAFE AND

Wine BAR Bruce and Lorr Mohacsy (jazz trio); \$5 JUBILEE AUDITORIUM

Clockwerk (classic rock); no

Randy Travis, Charlie Major

SIDETRACK CAFÉ Souljah

Fyah; 9pm; \$10 (door)

STARLITE ROOM Thenon,

Red Tide, Death Toll Rising; no minors; 8pm (door), 9pm (show); \$20 at TicketMaster, Megatunes, Blackbyrd, FS (WEM), Listen

Osmonds

UNION HALL Calico Drive, guests; 9pm (door); \$5 (door)

ZENARI'S The Centennial Jazz Series with the North Edmonton Trio; 8-11pm

CLASSICAL

Symphony Under the Sky with the Edmonton Symphony Orchestra, Timothy Vernon (conductor), Anton Kuerti (piano); \$15-\$25 at Winspear box office

nu

Fridays: Top 40 downstairs/retro 80 upstairs

CLUB Top 40 with Latin band and DJ Papi

MEDICAR LETTIN NUGHT

Escapack Entertainment

BOOTS Retro Disco: retro

BUILTINY"STRANGHATICHUS

dance

CALIENTE Funktion Fridays:
urban with DJ Invinceable;
10pm (door); no minors

DANTE'S BISTRO DJ Johnny Sky

DECADANCE Ladies Night sexy house with Smoov, quests

Hypnotiq Fridays

GAS PUMP Top 40/dance with DJ Christian

HALO Mod Club: '60s with DJ Blue Jay, DJ Trav VD; \$5

IRON HORSE Urban dance

NEW CITY LINWID

Meeting: with Jebus and Adam

NEW COLVENIES

Trasheteria: Punk, classics, electro, new with DJ Texas Chainsaw Mascara and New City Crue

ONE ON WHYTE Retro, top 40, R&B with.DJ Crownroyal

New: classic rock, R&B, urban and dance with DJ Mikee; 9pm-2am; no cover

Blitz: best new European music with DJ Outtawak Downstairs: DJ Jazzy; \$4 (member)/\$6 (non-member)

RUM JUNGLE Peoples Dj Spinning

AND LOUNGE Deep House:
with Friday resident D) Luke
Morrison

Morrison

SAVOY DJ Busy B; no cover

SIDETRACK CAFÉ
Southerly, The Conversation,
Old Seed, 7pm (early show),
\$8 (door); The Mocking
Shadows, 9pm, \$10 (door)

AND ROLLER DISCO Top
40 request, mix of retro and
disco; 7pm-12am

STANDARD All New Q107 Fridays: hosted by Harman B and DJ Kwake, live to air

with DJ Tysin

House/breaks/garage with Smoov, Dane, T-Bass, Rezidnt Funk, Vinny Vo, Dusty Grooves, Sweetz; Tam-Bam

VICTORY LOUNGE Cherry Fridays: alternative dance

with DJ Jason; no cover; 9pm; \$4

WUNDERBAR Sergio Georgini's Friday Wind Down: with DJ Calibar

Y AFTERHOUSE

Foundation
house/breaks/garage with
Anthony Donahue, Nestor
Delano, Dragon, Ryan Wade,
Roofio, Bree, Nic-E; 1am-

S ATT

ALLEGRO Terry Jorden (piano); 7-10pm

GILL Duff Robison

BLACK DOG FREEHOUSE The Blunt Skulls

Casiko Edidoki Cos Colleen Rae and Cornerstone (country/rock)

Madison Drive (country/rock)

The Shufflehound with "Uptown" Freddy Brown (blues/roots); 4-7pm

DUSTER'S PUB Slow8um (blues); 9:30pm-1:30am

FIRST CITY Rubim de Toledo Trio (jazz)

FOUR ROOMS Shucker

JUBILEE AUDITORIUM
Wayne Brady

Clockwerk (classic rock); no cover

RENDEZVOUS The Crooks, The Intended, The Frustrated Apples, The Sellouts

SIDETRACK CAFÉ Field and Stream (7" release party), Champion Alberta, The Cape May; 8pm; \$8 (door)

Osmonds

Osmonds

CLASSICAL

Symphony Under the Sky

Symphony Orchestra featuring Hollywood Classics with the 501st Alberta Badlands Squadron; \$15-\$25 at Winspear box office

na 9

CLUB Top 40 with Latin band and DJ Papi

AZUCAR LATIN NIGHT-

BILLY BOB'S LOUNGE DI Escapade Entertainment

BOOTS Flashback Saturdays: retro dance, house with Derrick

BUDDY'S NIGHTCLUB DJ Arrowchaser

Johnny Sky

DECADANCE Static: house with LP and Tomek

Saturday Night House Party: with Urban Metropolis featuring Harman B and DJ Kwake

GAS PUMP Top 40/dance

with DJ Christian

GUILTY MARTINI Supreme Saturdays: urban with Invinceable, Big Sun, DJ Game; 9pm (door); no minors

HALO Those Who Know: house with DJ Jr. Brown, Winston Roberts, Remo; no cover

IRON HORSE Urban dance party

LOUNGE Ass Shakin' Funkwith Cool Curt and guests

Punk/ait/pop/dance with Blue Jay and Nikrofeelya

The Masses: retro, top 40, R&B with D) Crownroyal

New: classic rock, R&B, urban and dance with D) Mikee; 9pm-2am; no cover

RED STAR Indie rock, hip hop, rock, Brit pop with S Master F

THE ROOST Upstairs:

Monthly theme parties, new music with Dj Jazzy

Downstairs: Retro music with DJ Dan and Mike; \$4 (member)/\$6 (non-member)

RUM JUNGLE Rum Jungle legendary Saturdays: hip hop, old school and R&B

SAPPHIRE RESTAURANT
AND LOUNGE Unique
house beats with Saturday
resident DJ Tripswitch

SECRETS DJ Saturday with DJ (Naughty)

SPORTSWORLD INLINE
AND ROLLER DISCO Top
40 request, mix of retro and
disco; 7pm-12am

STANDARD Live to Air 96X

STONEHOUSE PUB Top 40

with DI Tysin

Hard house/trance/funky with Jeff Hillis, DTDR, Big Daddy, STX, Gryffin; 1am-

WUNDERBAR Soundcheck Saturdays: with DJ Shumba and guest

Y AFTERHOURS Release funky/sexy/hard house with Luke Morrison, Erin Eden, Donovan, Darcy Klein, Bryan Doyle; 1am-8am



ReClaim Sundays: Funky jazz hosted by Rubim Metha, Lane Arendt and guests; no

GRILL Carmen's Sunday live

SHOPPE Open stage with Bob Robichaud; 7-10pm

GLOBE Disposable Heroes

(Metallica Tribute Band); 8pm (door) NEWCASTLE PUB Open Stage with Willie James and

O'BYRNE'S Hedonism

ROSEBOWL Jam with the



STARLITE ROOM Broken Nose, The B Movies, The Hardtails, Edmonton Tattoo and Arts Festival Wrap Up Party: 9pm (door), \$10 (door)

CLASSICAL

HAWRELAK PARK Symphony Under the Sky with the Edmonton Symphony Orchestra featuring Teddy Bears Picnic in the day with Paul Hann; Lighter classics in the evening with Bridget Ryan (narrator), James Campbell; \$15-\$25 at

Winspear box office

BACKSTAGE TAP AND **GRILL** Industry Night: with Atomic Improve, Jameoki and DJ Tim

BUDDY'S NIGHTCLUB Sexy Sundays: all night and all request dance party with DJ Eddy Toonflash

CALIENTE Labour Day Bashment: reggae with Black Reaction, rock with DI Invinceable, Game, Weapon

DECADANCE Worship with Big Daddy, DTDR, guests; 10am-close

THE GRINDER Soul Sundays: with Rocko

NEW CITY LIKWID LOUNGE Retro Party: new wave, post-punk, goth with DJs Naz Nomad, Simon le Bondage

ONE ON WHYTE Sunday Hospitality House Party: with DJ Crownroyal

THE ROOST Hangover Clinic Show Beer Bash; with DJ Jazzy; \$2

RUM JUNGLE Service **Industry Night**

SAVOY French pop mixed with Deja DJ

STOLLI'S ON WHYTE House Arrest Sundays: with Johnny Dangerous, Andy

WUNDERBAR A Whole Lot of Shakin' Sundays: rockabil-W. Prycholine

VICTORY LOUNGE Self

Help Sundays: punk rock,

hip hop with D) Slipped Disc

Inertia

LIVE MUSIC

HONEST MUR'S BAR AND GRILL Open stage/jam every Monday hosted by the Retro Rockets Band; 8pmmidnight

L.B.'S PUB House band; 9:30pm-lam; no cover

REXALL PLACE Pearl Jam; 7.30pm; \$59.50 at TicketMaster

SIDETRACK CAFÉ Open stage Mondays,

hosted by Ben Spencer; 9pm; no cover

TAPHOUSE Monday Live: with Big Tickle; 8:30-11:30pm; no cover

CLASSICAL

HAWRELAK PARK Symphony Under the Sky with the Edmonton Symphony Orchestra, Martin Riseley, Colin Ryan, 20th Field Regiment of the Royal Canadian Artillery; \$15-\$25 at Winspear box office

BLACK DOG FREEHOUSE D) Pennytentiary

BUDDY'S HILL TO LUE Ashley Love and DJ Alvaro

FILTHY MCNASTY'S Metal Mondays: with DJ S.W.A.G.

NEW CITY LIKWID LOUNGE DI Dusty Grooves

O'BYRNE'S Hip Mondays: industry night with DI

Finnegan, live music SIDETRACK CAFÉ Open

Stage Mondays with host

LIVE MUSIC

Called the same of the control of

STOLLI'S ON WHYTE

B and DJ Kwake

Menderchuck

WUNDERBAR Rod

Manic Monday: old skool

Torklesons Armada: Reck

and Roll with Herman

R&B, hip hop with Harman

BLIND PIG PUB AND GRILL Open stage with Mark Ammar

DRUID (JASPER AVENUE) Open stage with Chris Wynters and quest

LEGENDS PUB Open jam hosted by Gary Thomas

O'BYRNE'S Celtic night with Shannon Johnson and friends; 9:30pm

SHAW CONFERENCE CENTRE Megadeth, Anthrax, Fear Factory, The Dillinger Escape Plan, Nevermore, Life of Agony, Symphony X, Dry Kill Logic, Bobaflex; all ages with licensed area; 4pm (door); \$55 at TicketMaster

SIDETRACK CAFÉ Painting Daisies (CD release party), Lorrie Matheson and the **Brass Tacks**

URBAN LOUNGE Salsa and the City; 9pm; Salsa dance lessons 8pm; \$5 (door)

BLACK DOG FREEHQUISE Yiva: with DJ Sean

BUDDY'S NIGHTCLUB Top 40 with DJ Stephan

CALIENTE Bashment Tuesdays: Reggae open mic with Elite Reggae Sounds, Bomb Squad, Q.8, Chrome Nine, Southside Sound

FILTHY McNASTY'S Twisted Trivia with DJ Whit-Ford

NEW CITY SUBURBS Bingo

with DJ Dildozer and MC Fistinyourface

NEW CITY LOUNGE Dominion with DI Scott and goth-metal guests

THE ROOST Flamingo Bingo: with DJ Janny; B-midnight, \$1 (member)/\$4 (non-member)

SAPPHIRE RESTAURANT AND LOUNGE Tapa Tuesday popular house

beats with DJ kevin Wong URBAN LOUNGE Salsa and the City; 9pm; Saisa dance lessons 8pm; \$\$ (door)

VICTORY LOUNGE The Youth Beat: hip-hop, electro, indie rock, dance punk, tunk with DJ Cadence Weapon; no minors, 9pm (door); \$2:

WUNDERBAR Tuesday Night Shakedown: Featuring Hug Patrol

PARTY LINES IN COLUMN

A SECTION OF THE PARTY OF THE P

ATLANTIC TRAP AND GILL Open mic; 8pm

O'BYRNE'S Chris Wynters and friends; 9:30pm

PLEASANTVIEW HALL Northern Bluegrass Circle Music Society bluegrass jam; 7:30pm

BOSSDALE COMMUNITY HALL Little Flower open stage hosted by Brian Gregg; 8pm

SIDETRACK CAFÉ Audio Squadron, Bend Sinister, Lane Arndt, Kelley Hunt; 7pm

ALBERTA COLLEGE Hom master class with Richard Sebring; 7pm; \$15

DJS

BACKBOOM VODKA BAR Wild Cherry: deep house/progressive/breaks

with Tripswitch and quests BLACK DOG FREEHOUSE Glitter Gulch: with DJ Buster

Friendly; no cover BUDDY'S NIGHTCLUB Punk rock, electroshock with OJ Eddy Toonflash

ESCAPE ULTRA LOUNGE THE THE PERSON NAMED IN THE

J.J.'S PUB Subculture Night: psychobilly, rockabilly, punk with DJ Kustom

LEGENDS PUB Hip-Hop/R&B with DJ Spincycle

NEW CITY LIKWID LOUNGE Glam, punk, Indie with DJ Skinny J, G-Wiz

RED STAR Funk 'n' Soulfunk, disco, soul with Junior Brown

THE ROOST Amateur Strip Weena Luv, Sticky Vicky with DJ Alvaro; \$1 (member)/\$4: (non-member)

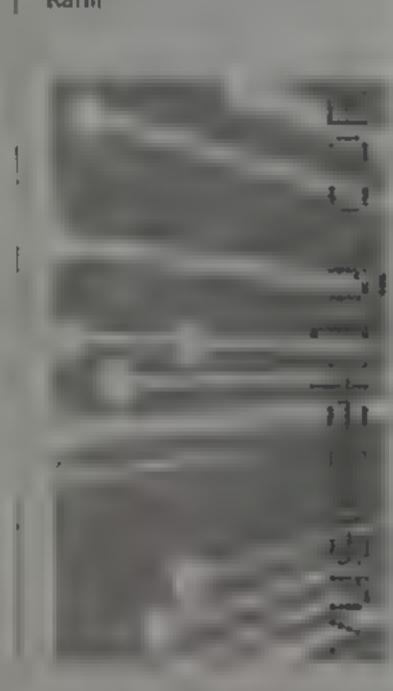
STANDARD Wednesday Gone Wild Feat: with DI Nestor Delano

STARLITE ROOM Lushious Wednesdays: retro alternative dance with DJ Jason; no minors; 9pm (door); \$4

STOLLI'S ON WHYTE Blue Velvet: urban electronica: with Derelict and Soulus

VICTORY LOUNGE Panic Wednesdays: 21st Century Electro Disco Rock Mashup with DJ David Stone; no minors; 9pm (door); \$4

WUNDERBAR Psycho Nite: with DJs Seizures, Jony Bologna, Take it to the Hill



ALBERTA COLLEGE 10050 MacDonald Dr, 423-6230

ALLECTO ITALIAN KITCHEN 10011-109 St. 424-6644

ARMOURY 10310-85 Ave, 702-1800

ATLANTIC TRAP AND GILL 7704-104 St, 432-4611 .

AZUCAR LATIN NIGHT-CLUB 11733-78 St, 479-7400

BACKROOM VODKA BAR 10324A-82 Ave, upstairs, 436-4418

BACKSTAGE TAP AND GRILL 12536-137 Ave, 457-5483

BILLY BOB'S LOUNGE Continental Inn, 16625

Stony Plain Rd, 484-7751 BLACK DOG FREE-HOUSE 10425-82 Ave,

439-1082 BLIND PIG PUB AND GRILL 32 St. Anne Street, St. Albert, 418-

BLUE CHAIR CAFÉ 9624-76 Ave, 989-2861

BOOTS 10242-106 St,

423-5014 BUDDY'S NIGHTCLUB

6332

11725B Jasper Ave, 488-6636

CALIENTE 10815 Jasper Ave, 425-0850

CASINO (EDMONTON) 7055 Argyll Rd, 463-9467

CASINO (YELLOW-HEAD) 12464-153 St, 463-9467

DANTE'S BISTRO 17328 Stony Plain Rd, 486-4448

DECADANCE 10018-105 St 990-1792

DRUID (JASPER AVE) 11606 Jasper Ave, 454-9929

DRUID (SOUTH) 2940 Calgary Trail, 465-6800

DUSTER'S PUB 6402-118 Ave, 474-5554

ESCAPE ULTRA LOUNGE WEM, 489-1330

FILTHY McNASTY'S 10511-82 Ave, 432-5224

FIRST CTTY 10136-100 St. 428-3399 FOUR ROOMS

Edmonton Centre, 102 Ave, 426-4767

GAS PUMP 10166-114

St, 488-4841 GLOBE 10045-109 St,

426-7111

GRINDER 10957-124 St. 453-1709

GUILLY PLARTURE 10338-81 Ave, 433-7183 HALO 10538 Jasper Ave,

423-HALO **HAWRELAK PARK 428-**

1414 HONEST MUR S BAR

AND GRILL 8937-82 Ave, 463-6397 IRON HORSE 8101

Gateway Blvd, 438-1907 J.J.'S PUB 13160-118

Ave, 489-7462 JEFFREY'S CAFÉ AND WINE BAR 9640-142 St,

451-8890 JUBILEE AUDITORIUM 11455-87 Ave

KAS BAR 10444-82 Ave, 433-6768

LEGENDS PUB 6104-172 St, 481-2786 NEWCASTLE PUB

6108-90 Ave, 490-1999 NEW CITY LIKWID LOUNGE 10081 Jasper Ave, 413-4578

10081 Jasper Ave, downstairs, 413-4578 O'BYRNE'S 10616-82 Ave, 414-6766

NEW CITY SUBURBS

ONE ON WHYTE 10544-82 Ave, 437-7699

OVERTIME ECHLER AND TAFROOM **SOUTH** Whitemud Crossing, 106 St, 485-

RED STAR 10534 Jasper Ave. 428-0825

RENDEZVOUS 10108-149 St, 444-1822 **REXALL PLACE 7424**

118 Ave, 471-7210 THE ROOST 10345-104

· St. 426-3150 **ROSEBOWL** 10111-117 St, 482-2589

ROSSDALE HALL 10135-96 Ave, 429-

RUM JUNGLE Phase 2, upper level, WEM, 486-9494

SAPPHINE RESTAURANT AND LOUNGE Whyte Ave, 437-0231/710-1625

438-0373 SECRETS 10345-106 St. 423-5592

SAVOY 10401-82 Ave,

SHAW CONFERENCE CENTRE 9797 Jasper Ave, 451-8000 SIDETRACK CAFE

SPORTSWORLD

10333-112 St, 421-1326

THUNE AND RULLER **DISCO** 13710-104 St. 472-6336

STANDARD 6107-104 St, 438-2582 STABLITE ROOM

10030-102 St, 428-1099 STOLLI'S ON WHYTE 201, 10368-82 Ave, 437-2293

STORE TOUSE PUE 11012 Jasper Ave, 420-0448 TAPHOUSE 9020

McKenny Ave, St. Albert, 458-0860 TICKETMASTER 451-

TIX ON THE SQUARE Interpretive Centre, Churchill Sq, 9930-102 Ave, 420-1757

TWHEIGHT AFTERHOURS 10018-105 St

UNION HALL Argyll, 99 St. 702-2582 URBAN LOUNGE 8111-

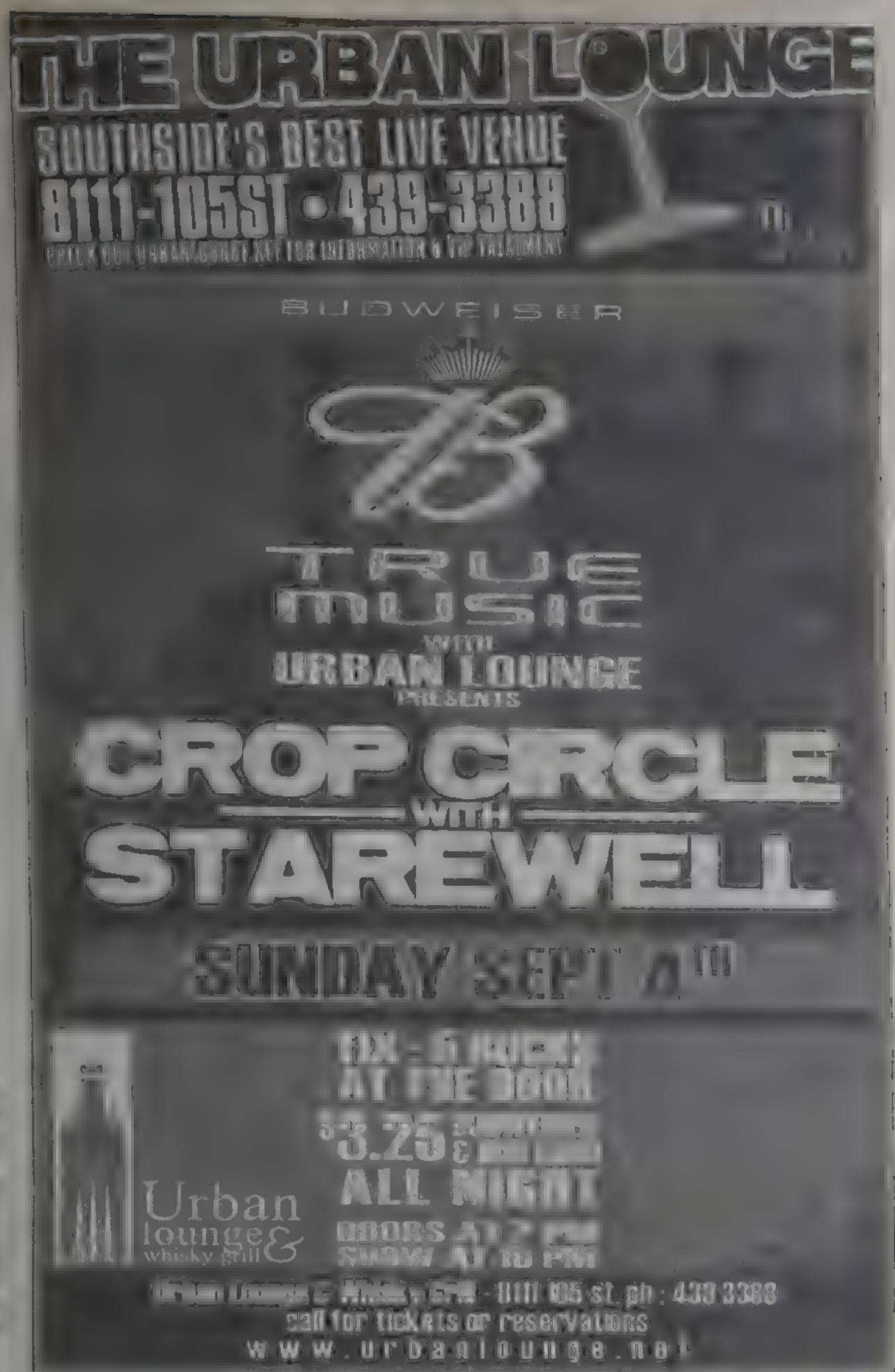
VICTORY LOUNGE 10030-102 St (downstairs), 428-1099

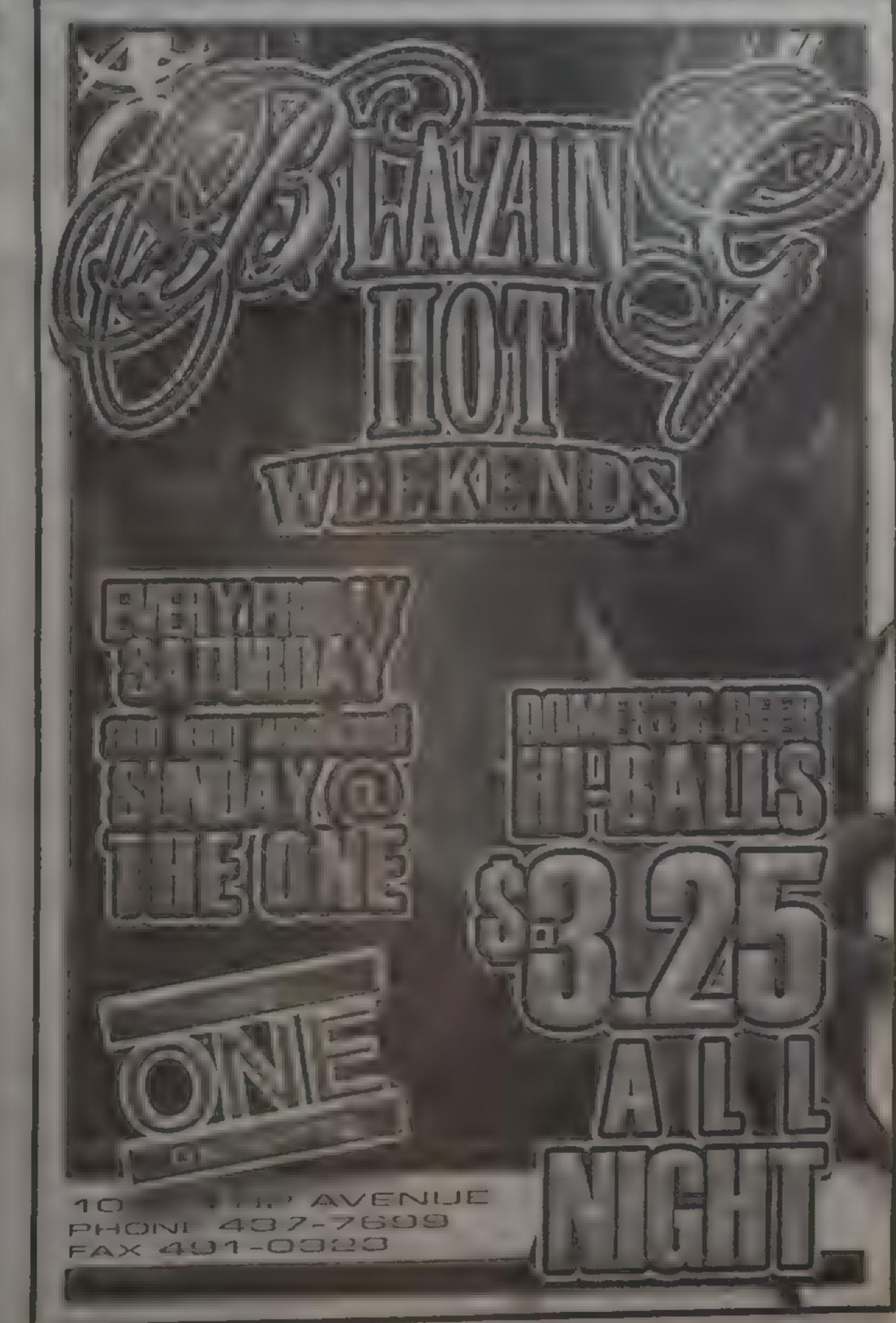
105 St. 439-3388

WUNDERBAR 8120-101 St, 436-2286 Y AFTERHOURS 10028

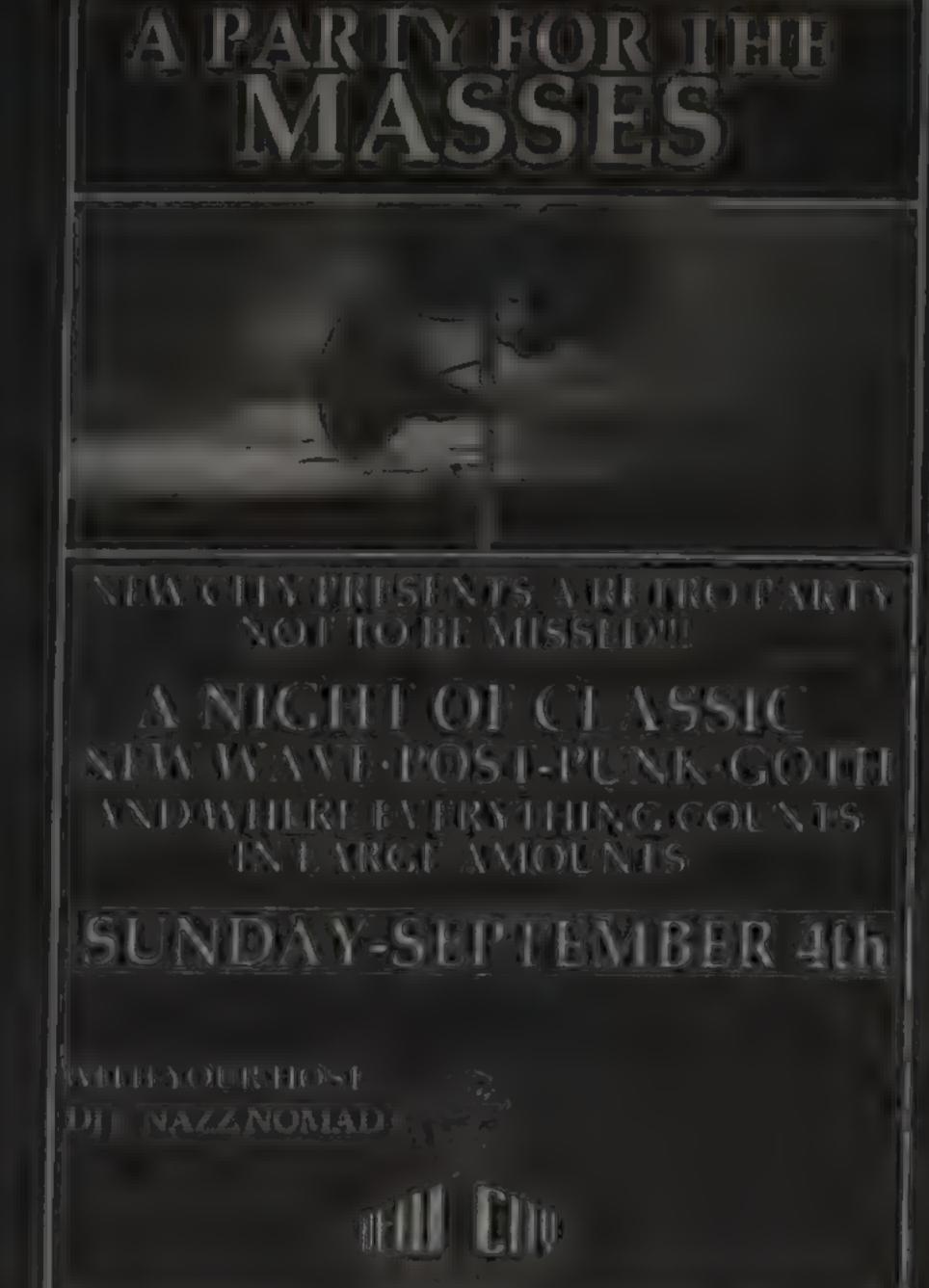
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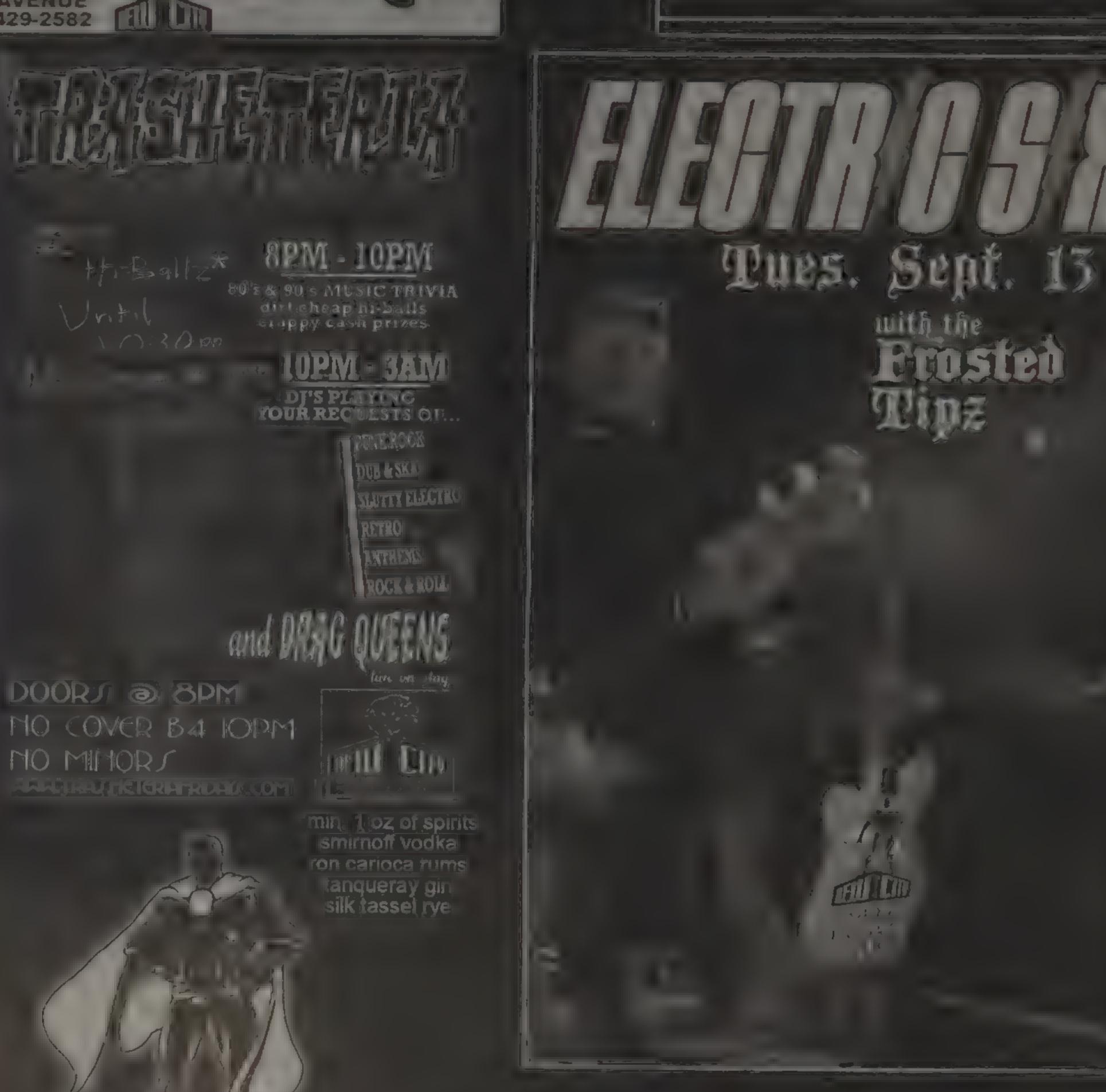
102 St











Sept 8 - The Inflation Kills (former Kitchens & Bathrooms)

Sept 21 - The Sights & Projektor

Sept 22 - DJ Peanut Butter Wolf

MONDAYS

LOUNGE DU Dusty Grooves

SUBURBS: Closed

TUESDAYS

SUBURBS: BINGO With a Didozer

and NIC Fishingounace

LOUNGE: Dominion with a Scott

& guests Goth-Metal

WEDNESDAYS

LOUNGE: DJ Skinny J& G Wiz

Glam Punk-Indie

SUBURBS: Closed unless there's a live show

THURSDAYS

LOUNGE: Jebus & Anarchy Adam - Rub-a-Dub

SUBURBS: Live Shows & Special Events

FRIDAYS

LOUNGE Jebus & Adam

SUBURBS Trashetena

Du Texas Chamsav Wascara and New City Crue

Punk, classies, new shit, electro, etc. etc.

SATURDAYS

LOUNGE: Cool Curt & Guests - Almosphere

SUBURBS: SATURDAY SUCKSI

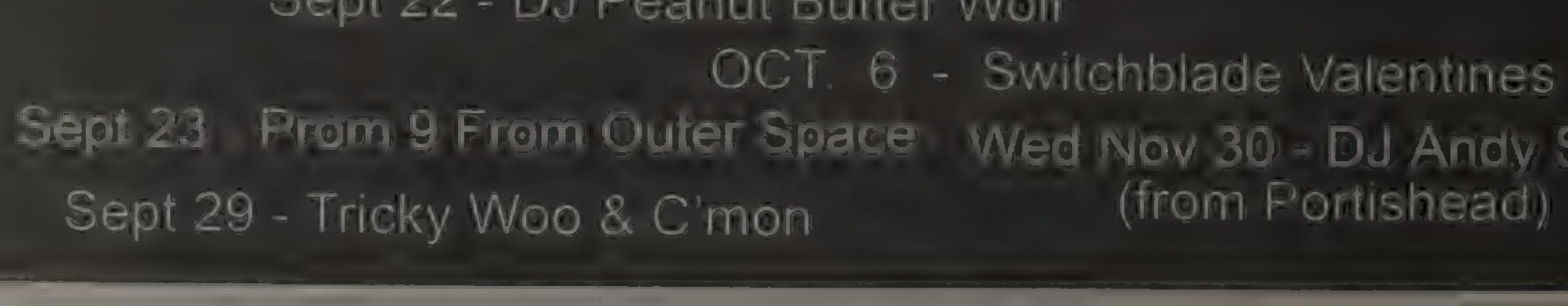
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SUNDAYS

Closed

Wed Nov 30 - DJ Andy Smith (from Portishead)

SUBURBS ODBI Jasper Ave. 29: 2582 for info



ON THE COVER

Metal night in Canada

Arena rock is back in a huge way, and that suits Megadeth's Glen Drover just fine

BY ROSS MOROZ

the fans. At some points, it even looked like it might be over for good. North American arenas have been silent for far too long, but this fall, after an excruciatingly prolonged absence, the symphony of destruction will be making its triumphant return to hockey rinks across the continent, and for a good Canadian boy who's toiled away in the minors for most of his career, the opportunity to step up and play with the big boys in front of a hometown crowd must be exhilarating.

"I'm very excited," agrees Mississauga and Calgary native Glen Drover, on the phone from the dressing room of the Nassau Coliseum on Long Island, New York. "It's obviously special to go back to your hometown and play—I mean, I remember watching hockey games at [Calgary's] the Corral when I was like 12 years old, and now I'm going to be playing there."

Of course, unlike his boyhood hockey idols, Drover probably won't make his debut at the Corral by removing his helmet and standing on guard for O Canada; actually, it's a pretty safe bet to assume the national anthem won't be heard at all, unless Drover himself decides to indulge some kind of Hendrix-ian urge. The fact is, for all his intensity, aggression, and power, Drover is a guitarist, not a smooth skating defenseman, and he plays not on the Calgary Flames but for another '80s institution which weathered some lean years in the late '90s to recently recapture some of their former glory.

"Being in Megadeth is a great thrill," gushes Drover, who joined the band along with his brother Shawn on drums in August of 2004. "It's amazing to be in a band that you grew up listening to. Even after all these shows it's not like that effect has worn off yet—it's still exciting."

DROVER ISN'T the only Megadeth fan excited to see the band back on the road. The band officially broke up in 2002, after founding frontman Dave Mustaine announced that an arm injury had forced him to give up guitar playing, leading Megadeth fans to assume the band was gone for good. But after intensive physical therapy, Mustaine has made a Mario Lemieux-esque comeback, releasing a new album (2004's The System Has

Failed) and embarking on an extensive world tour with his new band, made up of the Drover brothers and bassist James MacDonnough.

For Megadeth, the arm injury was just another contretemps in a career filled with more drama than a Stanley Cup playoff run. Mustaine started the group in 1983, after being fired from his first band, Metallica, reportedly because of sub-

mainstream success briefly with their multi-platinum 1992 release, Countdown to Extinction, which clumbed to second place on the Bill-board charts (hilariously, Billy Ray Cyrus's Achy Breaky Heart occupied the number one spot), and 1994's Youthanasia.

After the arm injury—and a period of general stagnation in the late '90s—Mustaine reformed the new involved, and an attitude and work ethic," he admits) although in a band like Megadeth, it's a given he can play a pretty mean guitar.

"It's challenging music, and that's what keeps it interesting. You definitely have to be on your toes, but that's part of the fun for me—it gets boring otherwise," he says, explaining that his job is even more challenging because of the multitude of

"Some people are really fond of a particular lineup, but I have to say it's been mostly positive. I'm stepping into a lot of big shoes, and for the most part people's reaction has been really great, which I've been really happy about."

Drover has also been pleasantly surprised by the composition of Megadeth's fanbase. Half expecting a Fubar-esque collection of aging



stance abuse issues. One year later, Combat Records signed Megadeth to a recording contract, giving the group \$8,000 to record a debut album. Killing Is My Business... And Business Is Good! was released in the spring of 1985 and sold well, although Combat was angry at the band for spending half the recording budget on drugs. Their second album, Peace Sells... But Who's Buying?, was released in 1986 and its success firmly established Megadeth as a dominant force in the thrash metal scene, alongside bands like Slayer, Anthrax and Metallica. The newly successful Megadeth soon signed with Capitol Records, and continued to tour and record successfully well into the grunge-saturated '90s in spite of numerous lineup changes and rumours of heavy drug use by the entire band. While Megadeth never achieved the pop-radio success of certain contemporaries in the '90s, they did taste

Megadeth from scratch, auditioning backup players and eventually finding the Drover brothers rather accidentally, after a fan emailed Megadeth's webmaster raving about this guitarist from Canada.

"I talked to [the Megadeth webmaster] for a couple of days before
he got me in touch with Dave [Mustaine], and it just went from there,"
explains Drover. "We went through
that whole process of getting to
know each other a bit: he was making sure I was on the same page as
he was and he had me send some
video and audio files of me playing
some stuff to check me out."

musicianship isn't all that eventually got him the gig ("It's a package deal—there's definitely an image

previous Megadeth guitarists whose work he had to become familiar with

"All the guitar players are quite different from each other, so it's been quite challenging to try to emulate those solos and feels," Drover explains. "I try to keep it pretty faithful to the album: I find most fans want to hear it like that and appreciate when you try to do it that way, and out of respect to them and to all the guitarists who have come before me I try to get as close as humanly possible to the original, although you have to allow your own personality into the music to a point, because otherwise you end up sounding like a robot."

So far, Drover thinks he's been able to strike the right balance, at least as far as Megadeth's fans are concerned. "You're always going to be compared to people from the past, and there are some pretty big guns there—Marty Friedman, Chris Poland, all of them," he concedes.

headbangers and mullet-sporting alcoholics. Drover is excited to see whole families at Megadeth's shows. "Our audience consists of everything from 16-year-olds to 46-year-olds, and it's great to see kids getting into us, whether their fathers or buddles or whoever exposed them to Megadeth," he raves, although one has to wonder if the boys in the band are all that positive of role models, considering Megadeth's sordid history of drugs and debauchery.

"We're so tame we're probably boring," Drover laughs, insisting Megadeth's more Behind the Music days are, um, behind them. "There's no crap at all—everyone gets along really well, and it's a real family vibe, which is really refreshing. The crazy part is what happens up onstage." O

MEGADETH

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VUEWEEKLY



SEPTEMBER 1-7, 2005



Pushing up Daisies

With Randy
Bachman at their
side, who knows
how far the Painting
Daisies can go?

BY LEAH COLLINS

ainting Daisies, it's one thing to leave your fans waiting five years for your next album. Your win on the CBC's Great Canadian Music Dream back in 2003 kept them happy, each episode a little teaser of the Led Zeppelin-style edge that was taking over what was once a folkroots combo. But some of those fans might be a little more "high-profile" than others. What about that Randy Bachman guy who likes you so much, jamming with you on your one-hour TV special, giving you shout-outs on his new CBC radio show? Surely there's something in some rock etiquette manual against leaving an elder statesman in anticipation; surely "Taking Care of Business" counts for something.

Daisies singer and multi-instrumentalist Daisy Blue Groff explains, making a fan of a rock legend has given the band a little sage guidance, and even an exceptional place to record

their latest record.

"We met Randy because we needed a guest for our CBC special [2003's The Painting Daisies: The Dream Team]," says Groff. "We had this hour-long thing going on, and you know, I really think it was [Edmonton musician] Paul Bellows who suggested Randy Bachman to me because he personifies rock in Canada. And Randy liked us; he was attracted to us because we'd been touring and slugging it out for seven

E ROCK

or eight years and he was really impressed by that. And then he guested on our show and he suggested that we record at his place on Saltspring Island."

at Bachman's west-coast studio, a modified barn filled with a guitar collection that makes Groff gush, and surrounded by the sort of lush landscape not found around your typical Edmonton recording den. "I've never been to a more beautiful setting for a studio," she says. "I mean, I watched an eagle build a nest while I tracked my guitar parts. Usually you're in a dank studio and you can't see anything, but this place is just beautiful because you're actually in a barn and you're upstairs

and there's all these windows and deer would walk by while we were recording." By some funny twist, while the Daisles were recording in the most serene surroundings imaginable, they were laying down the beginnings of the hardest, most guitar-heavy record they've made to date—though Groff insists the electric growls coming from the barn didn't scare off any of the fauna. In fact, she says, "They dug it."

AND THAT'S PRECISELY the reaction she expects the new record, Phonography, will get from human listeners. "I think we've made music that's supposed to be there on the radio, and is supposed to be heard widely, not just in certain pockets of underground music lovers or underground music appreciators," says Groff. "We're ready for the next big thing. We've written and we've made that album for that purpose."

While Groff and company wait for Phonography to be spun on stereos across the country, they can turn to their fan Bachman for help (he's been shopping the Daisies to the labels) or a little advice. "He's such a resource for music, and he's really great for guidance. That's the role he has for us," she says. "He'll do everything he can to help out younger musicians. He's really into helping us out and we'd go to him with questions—if I had questions about publishing or about labels or about a certain business situation I would go to him for sure. Musically, I think I'm a Burton Cummings fan," she laughs, "but Randy, he's a good role model."

And the long career he's enjoyed is something she hopes the Daisies can live up to. "We've achieved so much in the last seven years," she says. "So the things we've accomplished in that short time is pretty amazing. And the success that the Guess Who's had, that's just having longevity, you know; that's having a 30-year career. Everybody wants that, because that's when everything starts to roll for you.

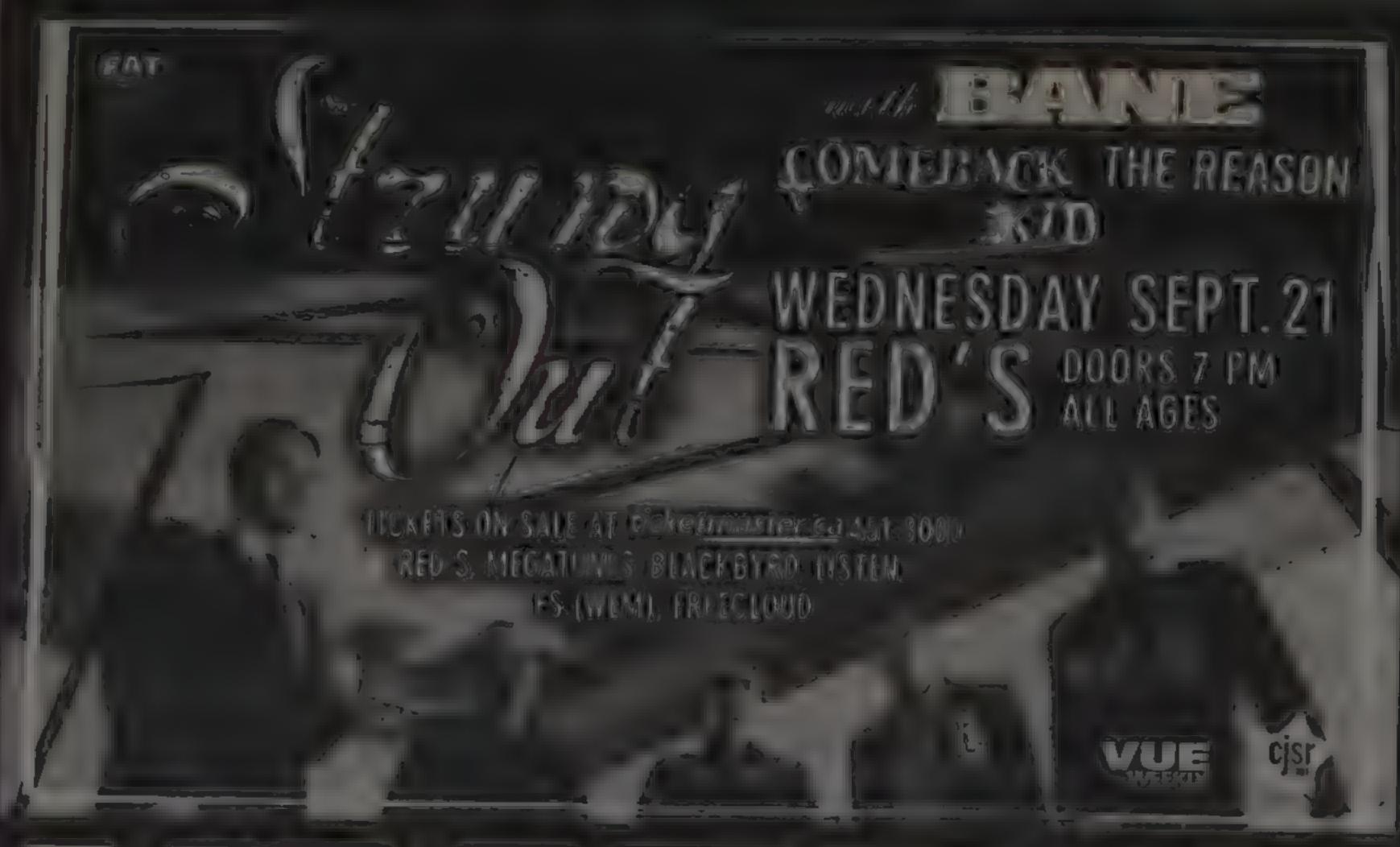
"I think there are certain milestones you hit in your career: your ten years, your 15 years of working, and then, things kind of piece together for you," she continues. "All the work that you've laid out, all the plans, all the work that you've done comes together at a certain point. Now I think we're just working on getting the other groundwork down. And I think Phonography will be the answer to making it to the next step." O

PAINTING DAISIES

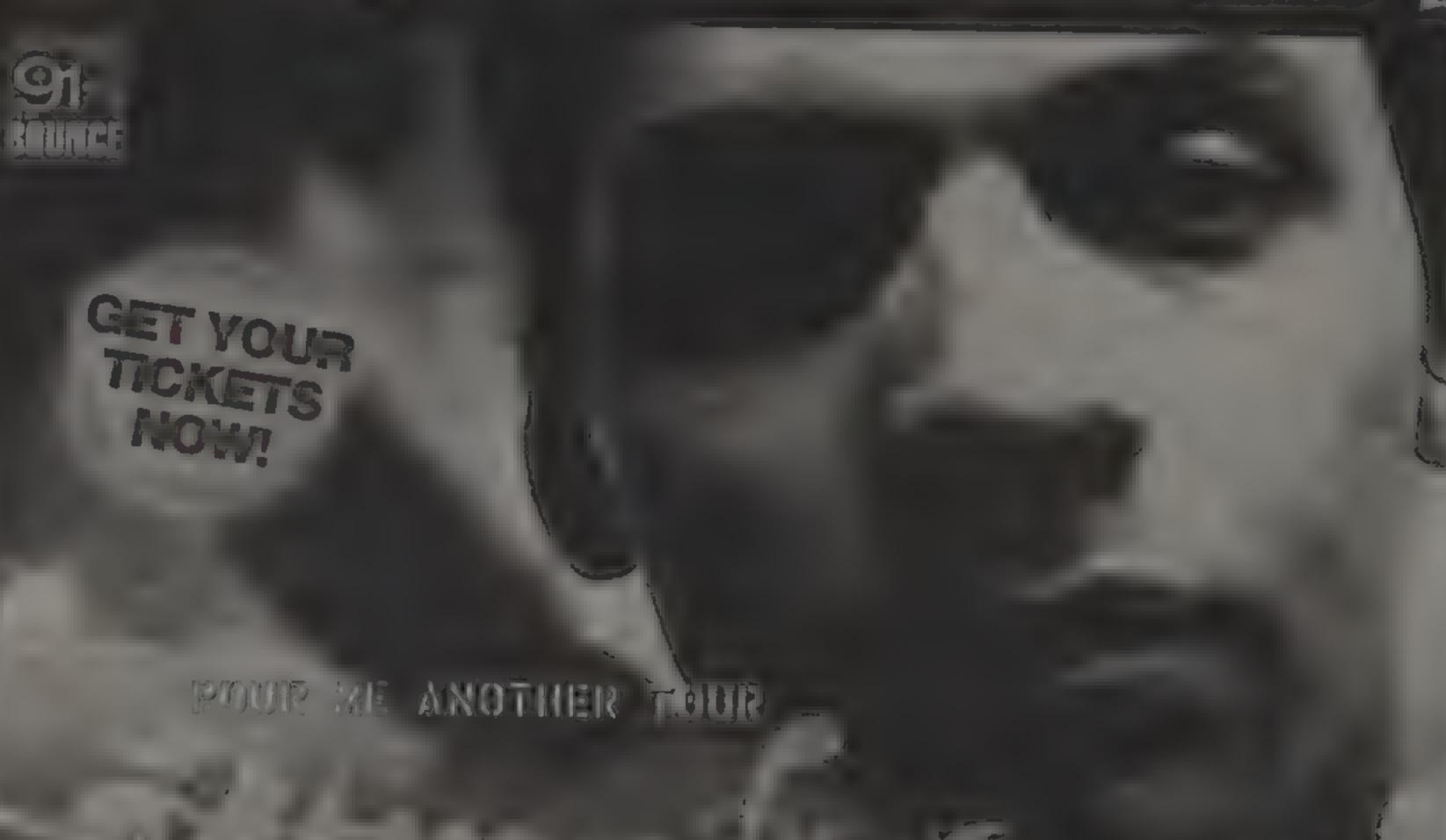
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VUEWEEKLY)



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VAVALUNIONEVENTS, LST



Twisted metal

Therion's unique brand of orchestral death metal took a while to catch on, but it's paying off now

BY PHIL DUPERRON

there these days claims to be cutting-edge, pushing some extreme boundary or another, few can back it up like Sweden's Therion. Instead of adding stage blood or louder and faster guitar solos to set themselves apart, Therion have been melding classical orchestral music and operatic vocals with blazing metal since the early '90s.

According to founding guitarist

Christofer Johnsson, it was a long, gradual progression, but Therion has always been out there on the fringes. "It's quite interesting what time does to music," he says. "We were never considered to be an ordinary death-metal band; we were kind of ploneers. When we started the band in '87 we were not even death metal; we were a mixture of noisy heavy metal and thrash metal-a little bit of Motorhead and a little bit early Metallica-quite noisy. Then in '88 we changed the style to death metal which was something brand new and very exciting back then."

Therion soon began adding female vocals and exotic instruments and scales to their music,

pushing the boundaries even farther. "I remember some people saying, 'Hey there's no future making melodic death metal," explains Johnsson. "It was the same thing when we started using keyboards; there were people calling us poseurs—but now every fucking black-metal band has a keyboard, so we were always in the front lines. Maybe too much in the front lines, because we always had too small of a budget for the type of stuff we wanted to do and we were always considered a weird band by the masses. The media loved us, we always had really good reviews but we never seemed to reach the public."

THE BAND'S STYLE kept evolving, and finally in '96 the world began to catch up with them with the release of their fifth album, Theli.

Although it's now considered their breakthrough record, Johnsson

at first thought they had gone too far with symphonic opera metal. "I thought that was going to be our final record, we were going to get fired from the record company," he says. "If they couldn't sell the regular stuff before, how the fuck could they sell that? Then out of pure luck we were right in time. People were fed up with grunge, and they thought death metal was getting thought death metal was getting the first and they thought death metal was getting the first and they thought death metal was getting the first and the first want to buy."

With a strong underground following in Europe, Therion was free to keep pushing the envelope and released a string of records that further blurred the lines between metal and symphony. In 2004 they

released their most ambitious project yet on Nuclear Blast Records, Sirius B and Lemuria, the first two parts of a planned trilogy which took nearly a year to record and featured 171 singers and musicians. To support these discs, Therion toured Europe and Latin America, using a standard four-piece metal setup and slx extra musicians to bring their unorthodox sound to life.

Although this will be the first time Therion has touted many parts

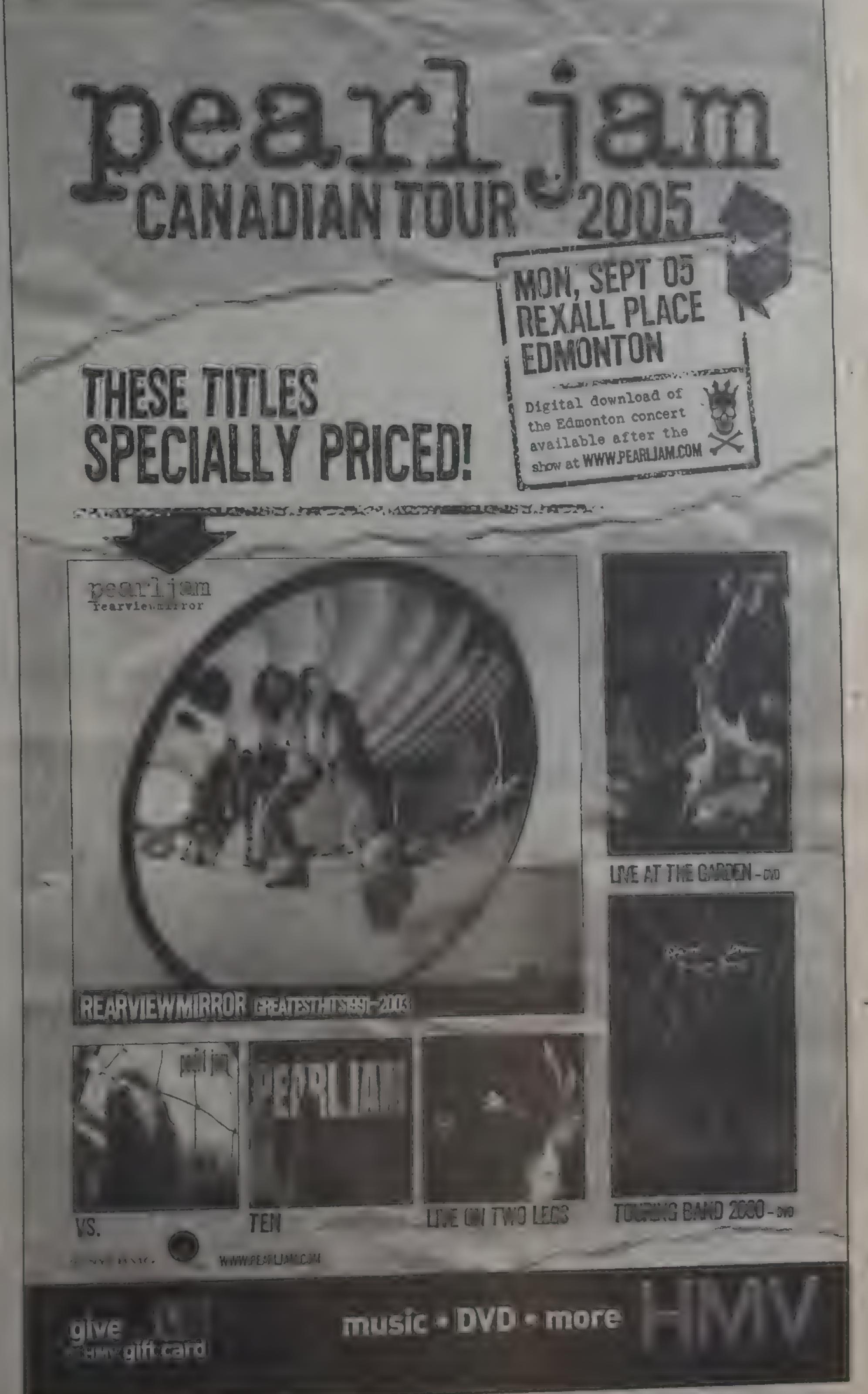
of North America, Johnsson knows at least in Mexico and Latin America they'll be able to pack the house. "We're totally rock stars in these countries," says Johnsson. "Some countries it's really, really huge—when we were in Bolivia, for instance, at the airport we needed an escort out of there. We couldn't leave the airport like ordinary people. It wasn't possible

"When we played El Salvador we were the first foreign band ever to play there; they were not wild—

"There was a guy climbing the light rig and stage-diving off. It was completely insane. You have to understand those people are listening to metal music and they think no one will ever come there and play, and all of a sudden bands are coming, and they can't believe it's true." O

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BY STEVEN SANDOR

THIS WEEK: Jody Glenham discusses Flona Apple's Tidal

Winnipeg-born Jody Glenham likes to call the music she plays "pop," but considering some of her unique song structures and arrangements, this is pretty close to

being a misnomer. And really, the same could be said about Fiona Apple, whose Tidal album is the one Glenham, who has called Edmonton home for a few years now, tabbed as having the most influence on her musical career.

Released in 1996, Tidal served as Apple's

introduction to music fans outside of her native New York City, where she had gained some notoriety as an up-and-coming pianist and singer/songwriter long before she was old enough to drive or vote. The album was cut when Apple was just 18, but this wasn't a case of a

record label rushing a fresh-faced teen into the studio so she could be the next pop sensation; Apple had been writing songs since she was just 12 years old.

And while Apple was marketed as a pop chanteuse, her material was dark, with haunting piano lines that made her an uneasy listen for people who were expecting something a little more saccharine. Apple's music was born out of her own personal hell; she started writing music after she was raped outside her parents' New York apartment—again, when she was just 12 years of age.

What struck Glenham, more than Apple's abstract take on pop music, was how her emotion and moody piano lines were tempered by producer Jon Brion. She gained an appreciation of how the producer can help shape

the sound and point the artist in the right direction. "It was in the discovery of this disc where I started to understand the role of 'producer," says Glenham. "I remember reading the CD jacket cover to cover, fascinated by every detail. It was the first time I encountered the bril-

liance that is Jon Brion.

"Brion moved on to produce Fiona Apple's next album and he still remains my end-all-be-ail dream producer," she continues. "The dreamy soundscape that was created on the aptly-titled Tidal was moving and seductive, all the

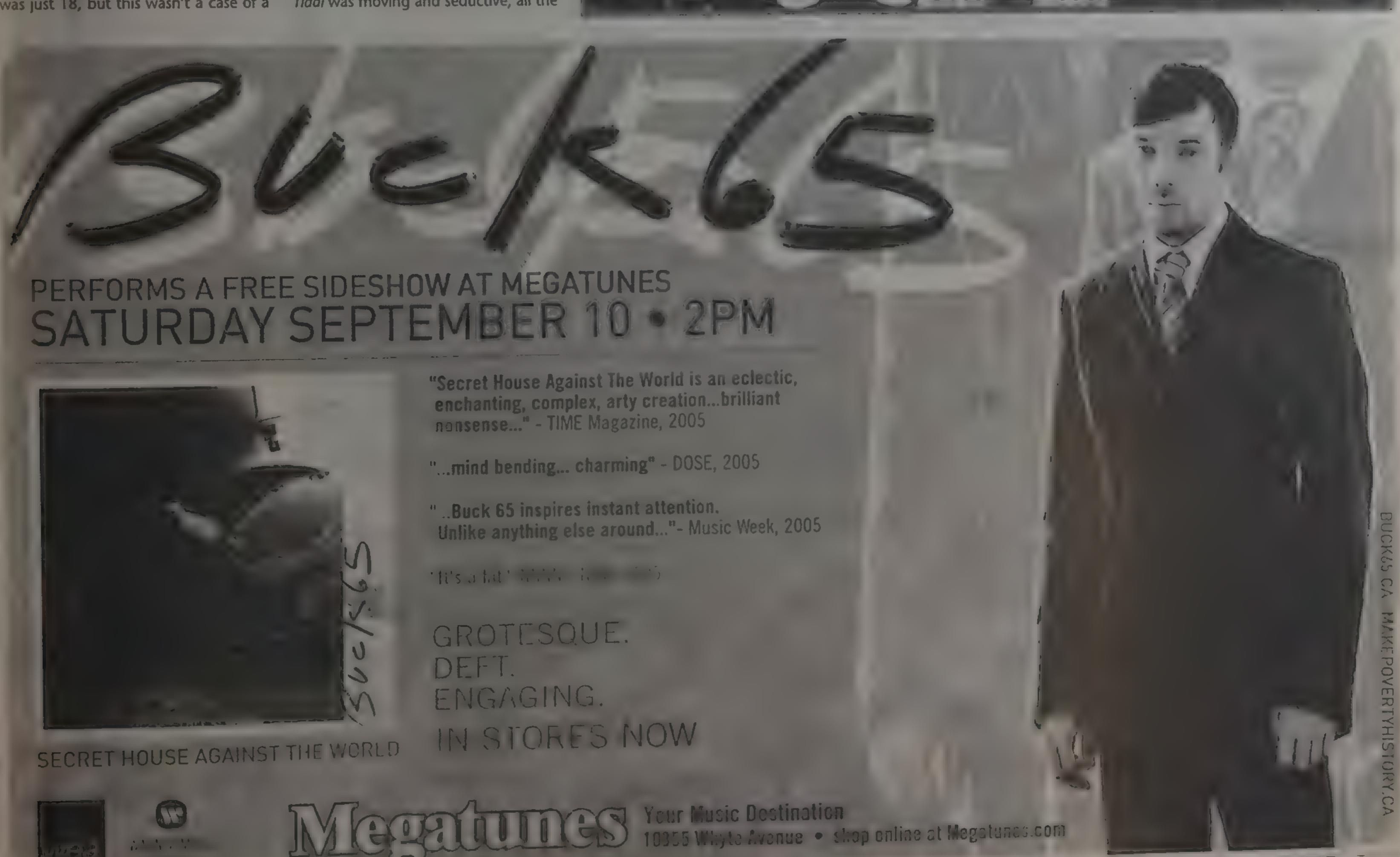
time pulling you under its spell."

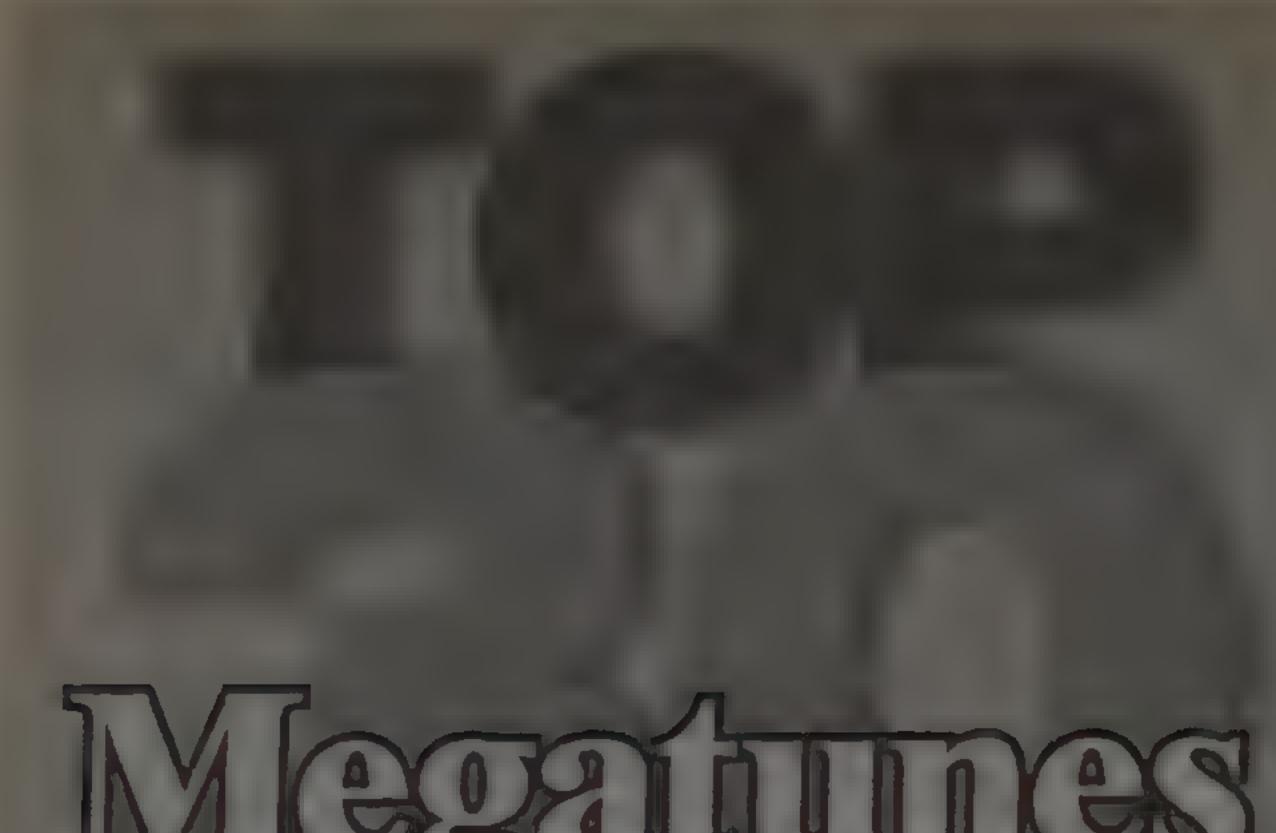
Glenham goes on to explains that Tidal showed her that pop music could be engaging (the album's lead single, "Shadowboxer," was a major hit) even when it was made in the most untraditional of manners. "It used arrangements that were unfamiliar to me at the time: the soulful sorrow in her voice combined with dirty jazz guitar lines, off-kilter piano parts, the soft sensitivity

of Matt Chamberlain on drums and that oh-so-juicy bass," says Glenham. "Fiona Apple was the first non-mainstream artist I ever listened to. I was amazed by the originality of someone who didn't try to squeeze six commercial hits from a 10-song disc. The depth in her complicated words made me realize there was more to lyric-writing then the 'here/near/fear' rhyme scheme I had previously been exposed to."

While Glenham's music has been exposed to Edmontonians through her various concerts in and around the city, a debut disc should be available in the winter. Glenham is in the process of working on the new album at the moment, which will be produced by Captain Tractor's Chris Wynters and local musician James Murdoch. Look for guest appearances by Danny Michel and Ken Tizzard of Thornley. ©







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The sky's the limit

Despite a few small changes, Symphony Under the Sky is back, howitzers and all

By JERRY OZIPKO

Tou'll know that the end of summer is near and autumn is fast Lapproaching soon after the final thunderous roars of the howitzers of the 20th Field Regiment of the Royal Canadian Artillery echo through the Heritage Amphitheatre at Hawrelak Park as the Edmonton Symphony Orchestra brings their annual performance of Peter Tschaikowsky's 1812

Overture to a rousing finish.

Now in its 11th year, Symphony Under the Sky, the brainchild of the ESO's former resident conductor David Hoyt, will be directed by guest conductor Timothy Vernon, and is an excellent opportunity for music fans who don't normally attend classical performances to check out what the

ESO is all about. "It gives everybody a taste of what they're going to expect during the season, especially if they're not regular symphony attenders," says ESO publicist Melayne Shankel. "They can come to our Saturday night 'Hollywood Classics' concert and get a little taste of our new 'Lighter Classics'

series or the 'Pops.' They can come to the Sunday family concerts and get a taste of what our 'Symphony for Kids' will be like. They can get a little taste of everything and see if they want to come for the entire season."

However, gone this year are some of the special extras that used to generate a true sense of community among audience members during the festival, such as the guest artist workshops and recitals. The beer tent is also no more and because of the first concert falling on the night of the Alberta Centennial Celebrations, there will be none of the spectacular fireworks that have closed the opening night of "Symphony Under the Sky" in past years in order to defer to the province's special production.

THE ESO HAS INVITED Ian Tyson as their special opening night guest artist to help celebrate Alberta's 100th Birthday with a special blend of country music in a lush orchestral setting. Other featured soloists during the series include Canadian concert pianist Anton Kuerti, popular children's entertainer Jack Grunsky, A-Channel's Bridget Ryan (as narrator for Peter and the Wolf), ESO Concert Master Martin Riseley and Principal Cellist Colin Ryan, and clarinetist James Campbell.

This trip is a homecoming of sorts for Leduc native Campbell. While growing up, he was strongly influenced by his father's big band jazz recordings of Benny Goodman, Artie Shaw and Count Basie, among others. Drawn to the clarinet while in junior high, his skills grew rapidly and under the guidance of former ESO Principal Clarinetist Ernest Dalwood he soon matured into a promising artist.

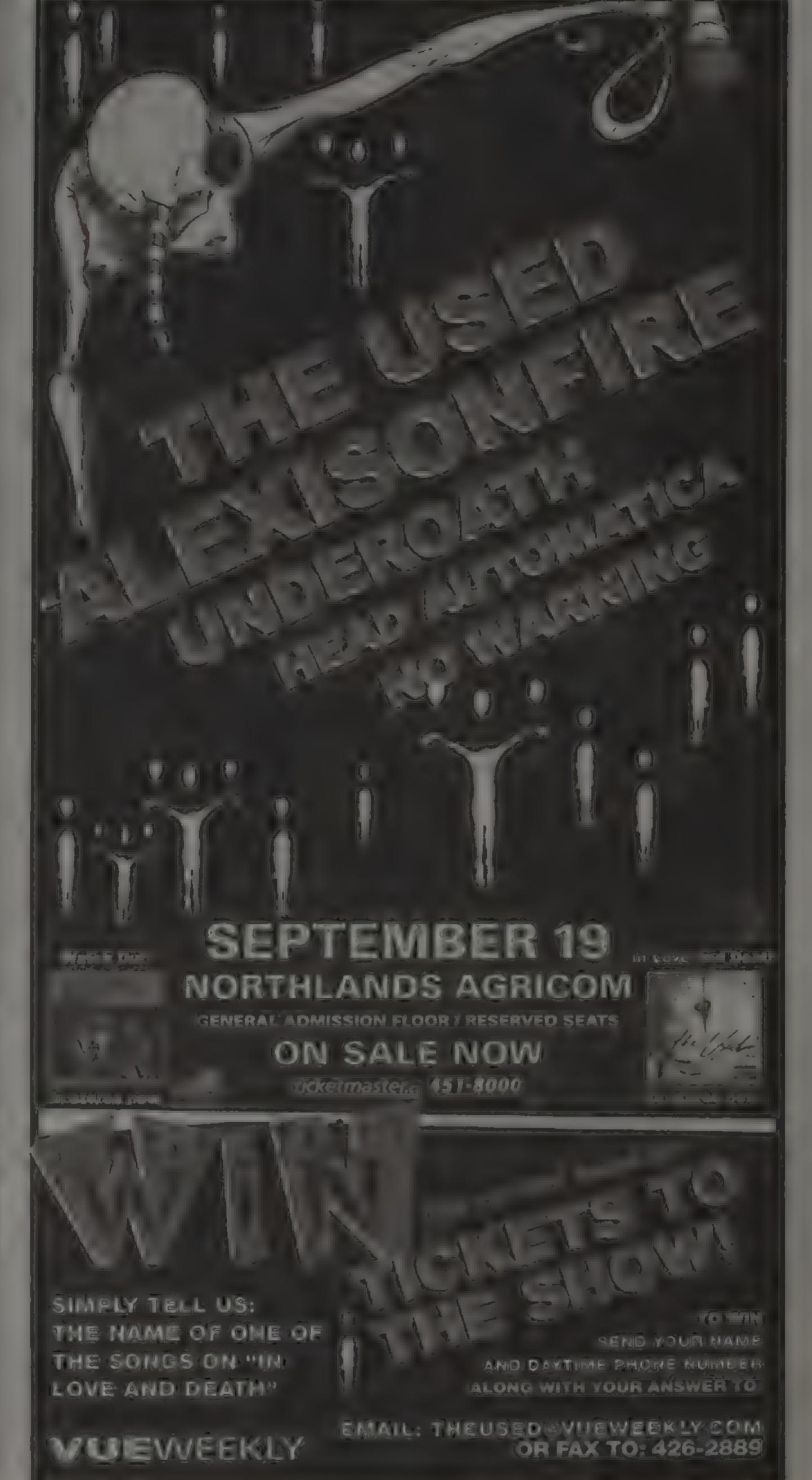
Now, several decades later, Campbell is considered to be one of the foremost performers of his instrument in the entire world. He splits his time between performing internationally, teaching at Indiana University and serving as Artistic Director of The Festival of the Sound in Parry Sound, Ontario.

During his Sunday evening performance he will be reprising Alan Gilliland's Dreaming of the Masters—a jazz suite written for and premièred by Campbell and the ESO a couple of seasons ago. Campbell loves the work and is grateful that the orchestra originally commissioned Gilliland to write it. He has seen increasing opportunities to perform the work elsewhere since its debut. "Bruce Hangen was conductor here [for the work's premiere] and he conducts the [Boston] Pops, and so he invited me down to do it there [in Boston], and we did it twice last summer and it went down really well."

Following his performance here, Campbell will be playing it with the Vancouver Symphony Orchestra later on in the season.

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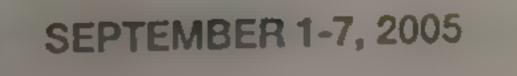


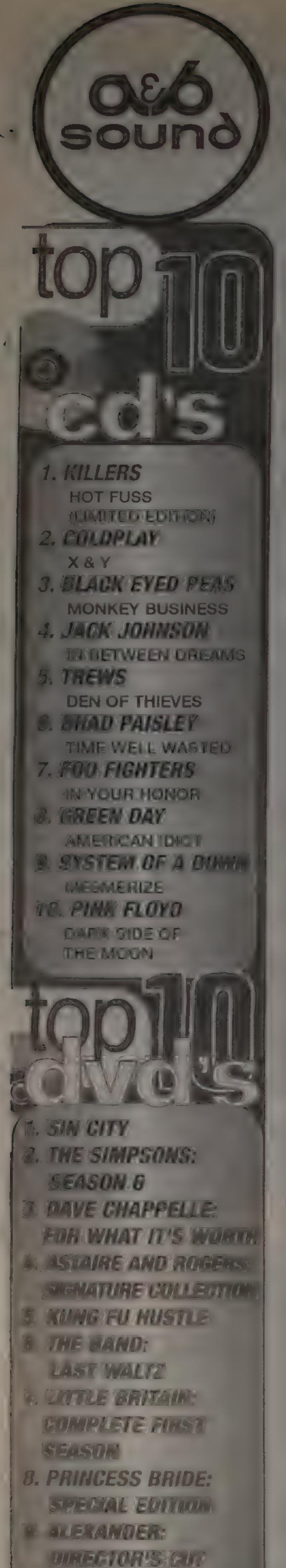






VUEWEEKLY





T. WEDDING DATE

ALTIMOS SUNDS

PLANS
(ATLANTIC)

I have to confess, I have only ever sat through one episode of The O.C. I spent the better part of the program trying to figure out where Brenda and Dylan were, and as such, apparently missed the deep cultural significance of the music tastes of the show's resident heartthrob, a non-threateningly cute Jewish boy whom my little sister assures me is named "Seth". According to her, Seth loves Death Cab for Cutie, and, apparently, it is this endorsement by a fictional character that is at least partially to blame for the proliferation of this ostensibly underground band's music in the college dorms and teenage bedrooms of North America. This publicity helped make Death Cab's fourth full-length release, 2003's Transatlanticism, a far bigger hit than anyone could have expected, and as much as Transatlanticism is a pretty decent album, it must be a little hard on a reasonably



respectable band to know that your greatest commercial success has more to do with a teen soap opera's cloying attempts to appear hip than any legitimate groundswell of fan support, especially considering *Transatlanticism* was probably a good enough record to break out on its own laurels.

Unfortunately Death Cab's new album, Plans, is nowhere near the album Transatlanticism was, although there is plenty to like about it. First single "Soul Meets Body" combines Death Cab's pop sensibilities with a new dance-pop aesthetic, and the opening track "Marching Bands of Manhatten" is surprisingly energetic. The problem with *Plans* is that, unlike Transatlanticism, this energy and creativity doesn't really apply to the whole album. Plans is basically a handful of catchy, listenable singles that have nothing to do with each other and are surrounded by too much filler, where as Transatlanticism was a fully realized album. Still, it's not like Plans is really all that different than any other pop album in this respect, and



besides, there's a better chance of getting a single played on *The O.C.* than a whole album. *** *** —Ross Moroz

THE ESSENTIAL (LEGACY)

The Essential is a sprawling set of forty of Marty Robbins best songs and comprehensive liner notes. The sheer mass of tracks here means that there are sure to be some misses, but those are more subjective than simply bad songs (the '50s teen pop of "A White Sport Coat (And a Pink Carnation)" doesn't do much for me, but it will for someone). What really becomes apparent when you hear all these songs together, though, is just how great a songwriter Robbins was. He wasn't just good at one style, either; Robbins was a master of several musical forms, varying the instrumentation and sound suitably between them.

Still, two styles stand out here as being particularly fine fits. Robbins was adept at singing cowboy stories, and that's well represented here with "El Paso" (you know: "Out in the west Texas town of El Paso/I fell in love with a Mexican girl"), "Big Iron," "The Cowboy in the Continental Suit," and many others. But as good as those songs are, it's Robbins's songs of heartbreak that truly impress. Check out this bit from "Cigarettes and Coffee Blues": "Sitting at a table/Where I carved my baby's name/Wondering how our love went wrong/Wondering who's to blame." Why complicate things when you can cut right to the painful bone? Robbins knew that and he stayed true to the philosophy in his music, leaving behind a legacy of damn fine songs. ****

—EDEN MUNRO

THE HERBALISER
TAKE LONDON
(NINJA TUNES)

There's something sad about being excited to hear a new album from one of your favourite groups, only to find that they haven't changed a bit since your last encounter. And in the case of The Herbaliser, it's been a full three years.

Ten years ago, the Ninja Tunes label had the market on the whole martini- spy-movie soundtrack kitsch, and it was good. These days? Boring. Jake Wherry and Ollie Teeba, the oncehip trip-hop duo, have been at this game for too long—not that they aren't really, really good at what they do, but aren't they bored of churning out the same sound?

The album is a pretty even balance: deeply layered instrumentals share airtime with guest rappers, and it's in the guest spots that the album really shines, what makes Take London worth listening to at all. The wonderful Jean Grae (a.k.a. the N.Y. rapper What What on previous albums) returns to MC four tracks, and Roots Manuva adds his deep soulful rhymes to "Lord, Lord." But the instrumental portions, while Teeba's turntables tend to be farther in the background, buried under horns and woodwinds, aren't anything you haven't heard from the Herbaliser in the last decade. ** ** -- CAROLYN NIKODYM

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MURDER CITY SPARROWS MURDER CITY SPARROWS (INDEPENDENT)

Murder City Sparrows used to be the lay Murphy Band. They changed the name because they felt the original one wasn't particularly indicative of their sound. The new one does suit them better, especially for their new Living, the songs about bad luck are self-titled EP, produced by Grady's Gordie Johnson (yes, the one who used to be in Big Sugar). The six new songs are heavy hitting slabs of rock and roll. Really heavy. Hurt-like-hell-when-youget-hit-by-them heavy. And these guys didn't bother to pretty up their sound with a bunch of overdubs, either. They just blast through the tracks with a practically lethal energy.

"Burn in Water" exists as a murderous groove, with stomping guitars and rattling drums. Yup, that name change was a good idea. The chorus of "You burn in water/I drown in flames" is not the catchiest one ever, but they make up for it with their energy. That's true of the second track as well; "Hammer Click" is full of repetitive lines that drag on a bit, but Murphy's straining vocals keep the song afloat over the band's fast, apocalyptic riffing.

"House of the Dawn" is where the Sparrows pull everything together in a song that lives up to their energy with another groove to kill for and lyrics that don't diminish the show. It's not quite that exciting anywhere else on the disc, but have a listen and you'll find there are plenty of glimpses of just how good this band might yet become. ** * -- EDEN MUNRO

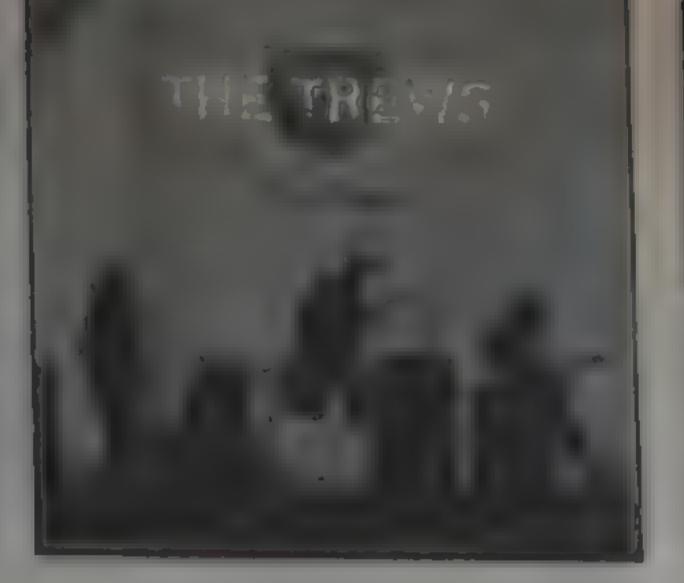


DELBERT MCCLINTON COST OF LIVING (NEW WEST)

According to Delbert McClinton, life is all about luck. You've either got it bad, or you manage to slide on through. That's kind of the way his latest album plays out too, except that, on Cost of the ones that come out the other side.

Of the more upbeat tracks, "One of the Fortunate Few" is a Texas-style celebration of hard loving, while "The Part I Like Best" covers similar territory, even down to McClinton's proclamation that he's a lucky guy. "Two Step Too" is the worst tune here, coming across like country music on life support. The playing is competent, if somewhat subdued, with the band serving up some slick riffing throughout, but, ultimately, these songs are too lightweight for someone of McClinton's caliber. Beyond the rollicking fun they offer on the surface, there's not much else.

It's when McClinton indulges his sadness that the album begins to shine. The musicians sound energized by the walking guitar riff of "Right to Be Wrong" and the barroom country of "Midnight Communion," and McClinton's voice drips with passion when he lays out lyrics like these: "When I make coffee/I still make coffee for two/But it should be for three/Your memory, me and the blues." And then there's "Down into Mexico," a noirish number decorated with some moody Spanish guitar licks. McClinton is at his best with material that pushes him and the band into the darker corners of life. It's just too bad he doesn't travel there a bit more



often. AAA -- EDEN MUNRO

THE TREWS **DEN OF THIEVES** (SONY BMG)

The Trews open Den of Thieves with "Fire Up Ahead," a stiff rocker with a cluttered guitar riff that never takes flight. Thankfully, they abandon that approach early on and focus on songs, rather than forcing a vocal overtop of frenetic riffing. The band has stretched out somewhat by assimilating other sounds into their own, though it's not always for the best: there are the soul horns on "Cry" (good), the grandiose vocal on "I Can't Say," recalling those Canadian rockers of yesteryear, Triumph (bad), and the Queen-sized vocal harmonies splashed throughout (good again).

There are definitely some spots where the album could be tightened up a bit—too many of the songs get buried under a wave of generic distortion, and fifteen tracks may be a bit much without a little more variety in the styles—but there are also moments of impressive clarity. "Poor Ol' Broken Hearted Me" puts the cowbell front and center for its first couple of minutes, while "Ana & Mia" eschews a standard hard rock riff in favor of a twisted blues groove. It doesn't get better than "Ishmael & Maggie," though, with its epic jungle drums and tragic tale of barstool love gone wrong.

Despite its flaws, Den of Thieves is a decent step forward for the band. Trews fans will no doubt eat this release up, but others might find something to their liking, too, if they dig through the songs. * * * -EDEN MUNRO

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Pic Ocasek

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FILM

Aliens and hutality

Neither zany characters nor extreme violence can Save the Green Planet

BY BRIAN GIBSON

Planet starts out like a stylish, slick, Grade-A thriller and ends as a B-movie sci-fi film, and its 110-minute route from A to B is a torturous ordeal involving zany characters, grotesque violence, zany characters dying grotesque deaths, and a bit more brutal violence thrown in for... well, the reason isn't clear. In fact, the movie's points are

as unclear as its style, which reels from slickly empty cop thriller to hollow J-horror to goofy '50s sci-fi.

The main problem is that we don't get any backstory that would make us care about broadly-stroked characters. Instead, we're launched immediately into Lee Byeong-Gu's (Shin Ha-Gyun) plot to kidnap Kang Man-Shik (Baek Yun-Shik). Lee tells his accomplice, girlfriend Sooni (Hwang Jung-Min), that Kang is in fact an Andromedan, one of an alien race that will arrive in a week.

It's strange that girlfriend and boyfriend never really had a conversation before where the trivial topic of, oh, say, the boyfriend's all-consuming obsession with an alien conspiracy might pop up, but that's just one missing piece of the movie's puzzle. After the pair abduct Kang



Man-Shik, disgraced Detective Chu (Lee Jae-Yong) somehow tracks down Lee in his mountaintop retreat—where he makes mannequins and

E FOREIGN

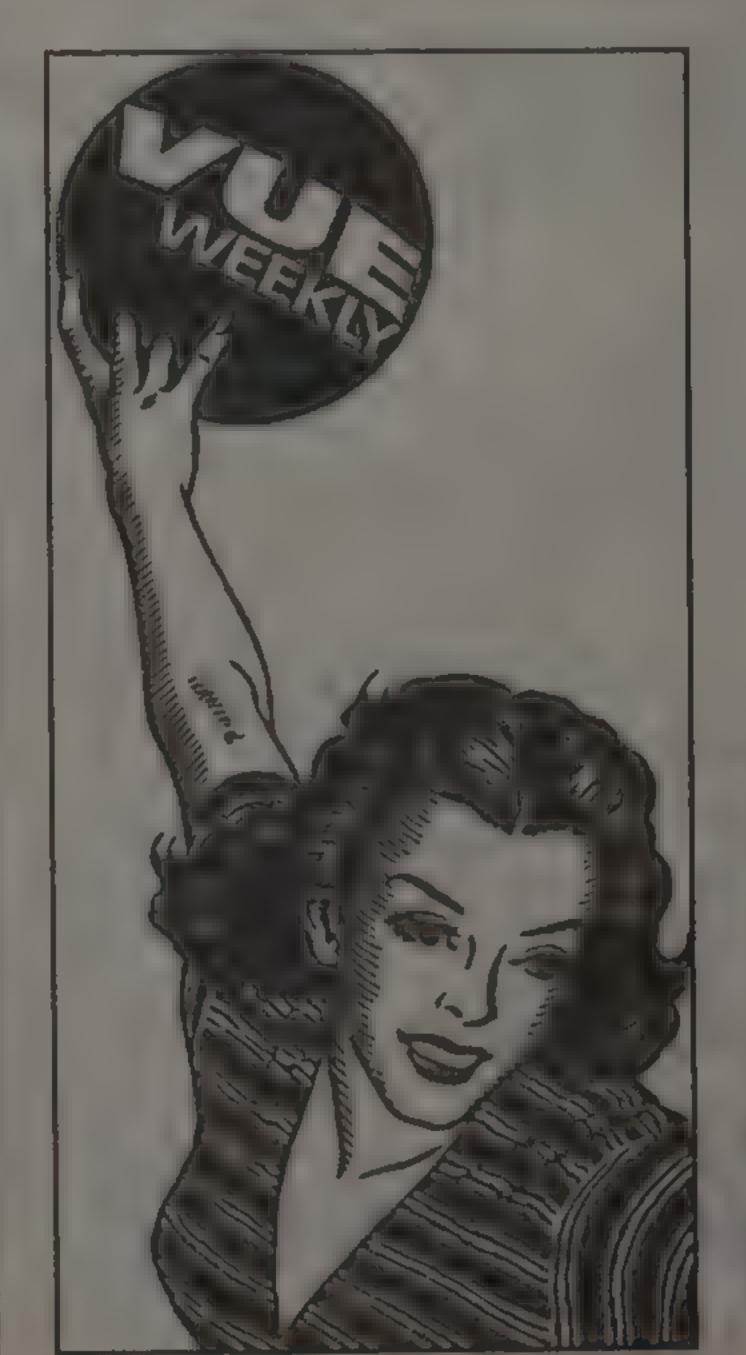
keeps bees—through incomprehensible feats of deductive reasoning. Then Chu's admiring junior colleague suddenly tracks down Lee, too. Sooni, meanwhile, has long ago left in tears, certain that Lee doesn't love her, because the tortured Kang has told her so, but she returns later on, just in the nick of time, because she senses that Lee's in trouble.

ALL THIS melodramatic wackiness might be entertaining B-movie material if it weren't dragged down by boringly deadly battles between cartoon characters. The callous corporate villain Kang is tortured in various ways, by menthol cream dabbed on wounds, crucifixion, drugs, and electrocution, but we learn the reason for Lee's derangement and his hatred of Kang only in luridly violent flashbacks that come long after every shredded nerve of empathy for the Norman Bates-ish bozo has been utterly numbed by mutilations, bloody deaths, and screams of agony. There's no suspense because it doesn't matter if any of these maniacal, Looney Tunes characters die.

There may be a small target demographic out there—maybe those people who are hardcore fans of both *The Wizard of Oz* and the

complete works of Marquis de Sade—who will love the shots of a tearful Sooni leaving Lee, intercut with Kang being tortured, as a woman croons, "Somewhere Over The Rainbow." But the violence throughout is duller than Lee's mannequins and requires a suspension of disbelief by meathooks, like when a dead man is resuscitated after his killer angrily kicks him in the chest, or when Kang rips his hands free from crucifixion nails.

Jun-Hwan tries to turn the confused, tone-muddled film around on itself in the last half-hour by throwing in an explanation of human history—involving dinosaurs, Atlantis, and the Tower of Babel—whereby we're all just alien-surveilled test cases turned horribly violent by our gene-experimenting ancestors. So, of course, a film where a man is almost raped with a steel dildo, is an ironic comment on violence... after it's subjected us to scene after scene of frenzied violence devoid of context, plot purpose, or emotion. This is like passing off George Bush as a self-conscious parody of American imperialism, or Paris Hilton's sex tape as a clever satire of pornography. In the end, Jun-Hwan's film seems like a genre-experiment in cross-breeding Saw and Mars Attacks! that went horribly awry.



Written and directed by Jang Jun-Hwan
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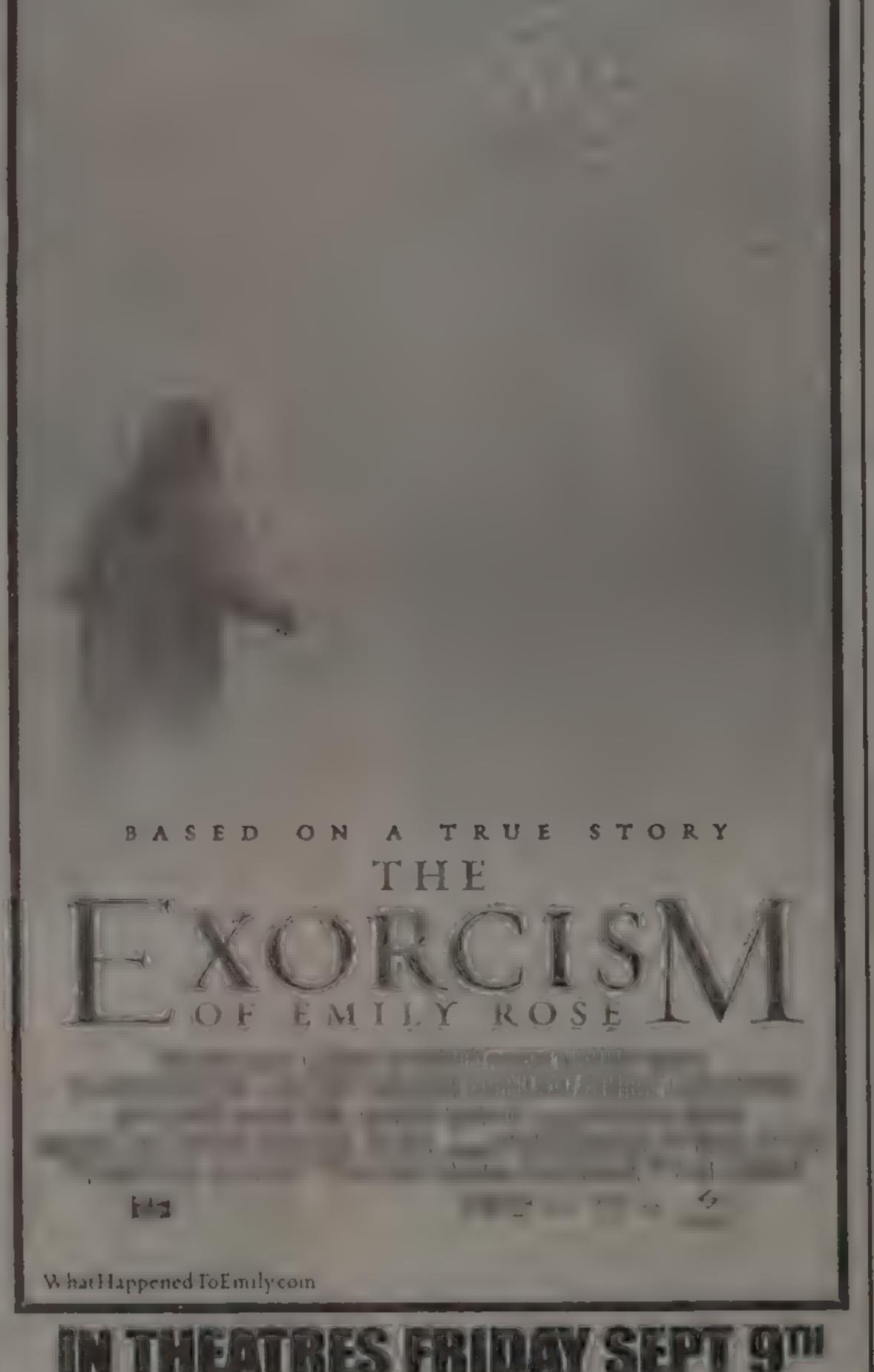




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God's spell

Dream-like Holy Girl a seductive and strange look at feminine sexuality

BY JOSEF BRAUN

met in a decaying hotel in Salta, an Argentine city tucked between the base of the Andes and the fringes of the rainforest, Lucrecia Martel's The Holy Girl (La Niña Santa) is a terrifically mysterious little film that playfully evokes both

addressed that noest envelope to Asia net Alia the Callanda Telescope

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transience and the transcendental. We encounter its heroine Amalia (María Alche) poised on an invisible frontier between adolescent wonder and adult knowledge, and in this ephemeral state, charged with

(Mercedes Morán), another character with odd tendencies toward prolonged pondering, though unlike Amalia, her thought process is completely open to anyone who listens to her carefully work through it out loud (especially the hotel banquet staff, the recurring audience for her short, funny monologues), and her sexuality is a lot more recognizable as good old fashloned adult horniness. That both of these women direct their attentions upon the same man, a doctor (Carlos Belloso) visiting the hotel as part of a medical convention, creates a wonderfully perverse triangle of intrigue and confusion. But Martel's melodrama is so swathed in mind-tickling ambiguities that you needn't fear that the scenario will result in any sort of predictable confrontation or resolution.

Growing up fatherless and in a hotel obviously precludes a certain sense of instability, but rather than manifesting this instability as nervousness, Amalia exudes an almost creepy serenity, or at least an owlish air of observation more likely to make others nervous. She seems as though her attitude toward life could still go in diverse directions and she's consciously taking whatever time she needs to decide between them. She whispers and giggles with her best friend Josefi-

tance of finding one's "vocation," it's difficult to determine the true nature of Amalia's response. But soon after the seed of saintly searching is planted, Amalia is drawn by the siren song of a Theremin-playing street performer into an encounter with the aforementioned doctor, who decides to discreetly give this 14-year-old the press from behind. This guy has no idea what he's getting into.

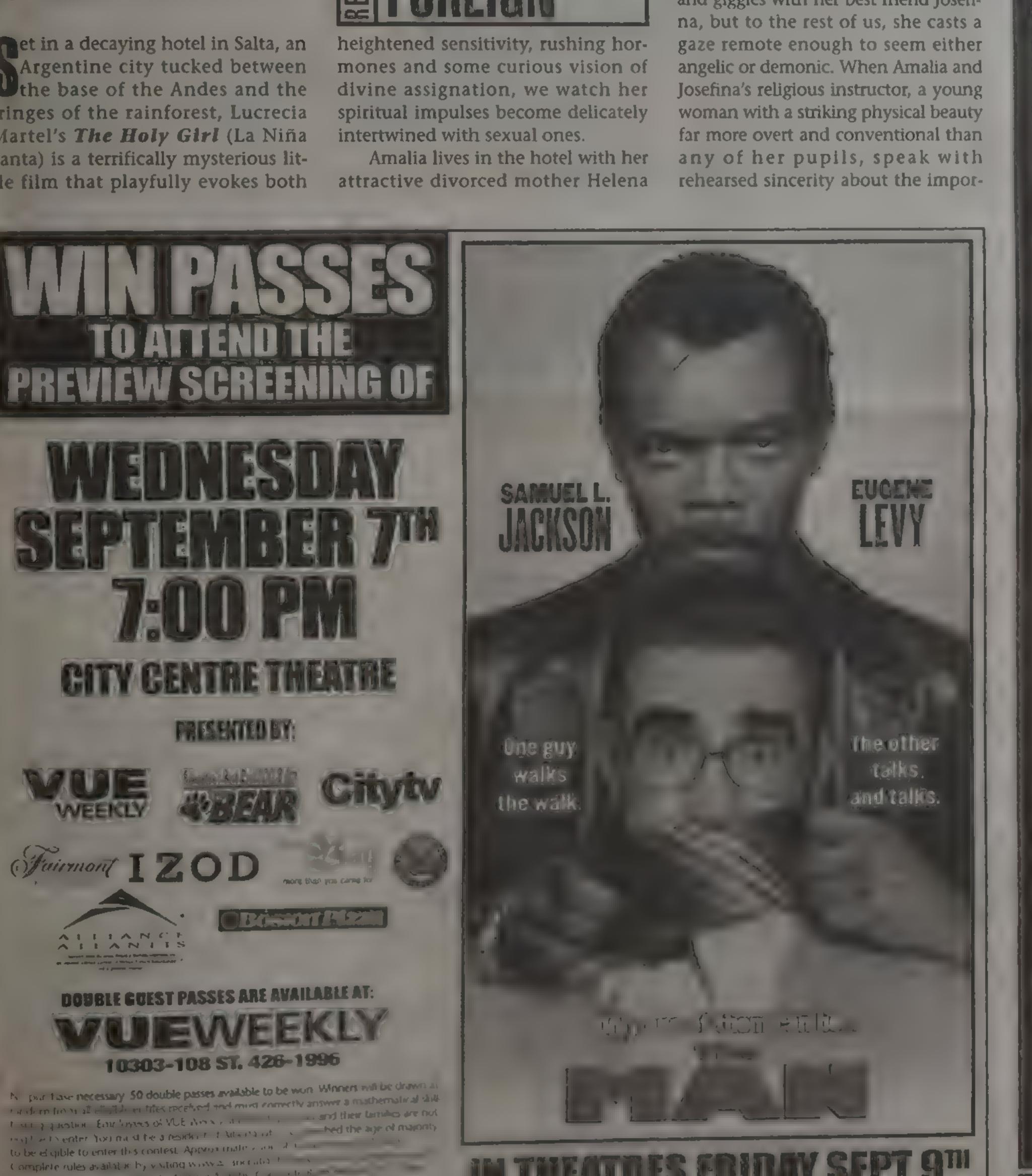
A TOTALLY UNFORCED dreaminess pervades The Holy Girl, arising more from Martel's peculiar selection of details than from direct efforts to disorient. Salta, Martel's hometown and the setting of her first film La Ciénaga, is seen only fleetingly and gives an impression of remoteness and claustrophobia. Questions about the lives of the main characters remain partially or completely unaddressed. The hotel environment is peppered with vaguely disconcerting elements, such as the chambermaids continually spraying some aerosol cans in every corner, or the swimming pool characters that share without even

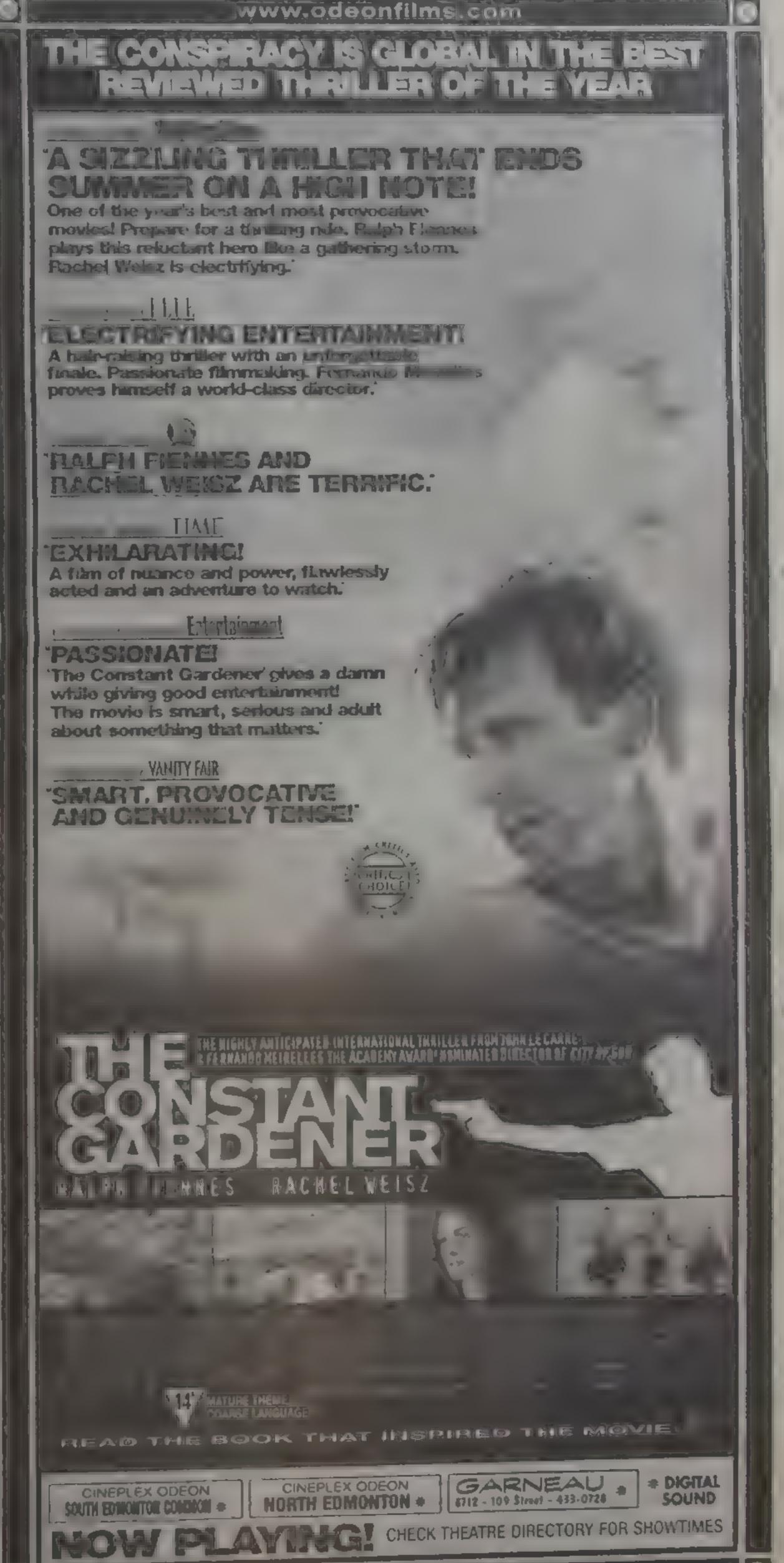
knowing it. Shots are arranged in such a way that bodies and faces are sectioned off into unusual, off-centre compositions. Sexual encounters between teens occur in a way that seems at once totally normal in its awkwardness and yet unsettling and goofy when the girl keeps instructing the boy to not talk to her.

Martel's focus is on the creation of a distinctive, seductive and strange atmosphere, but the palpable tension radiated by the cast firmly emphasizes the dramatic aspects of the story. Martel seems able to usher us into just the right space to make the familiar transporting, summoning humour and an elusive magic out of ordinary things. And when this story disappears into its own steam, she'll leave you with a weird tingle while you decide whether or not that was really an ending you just saw. O

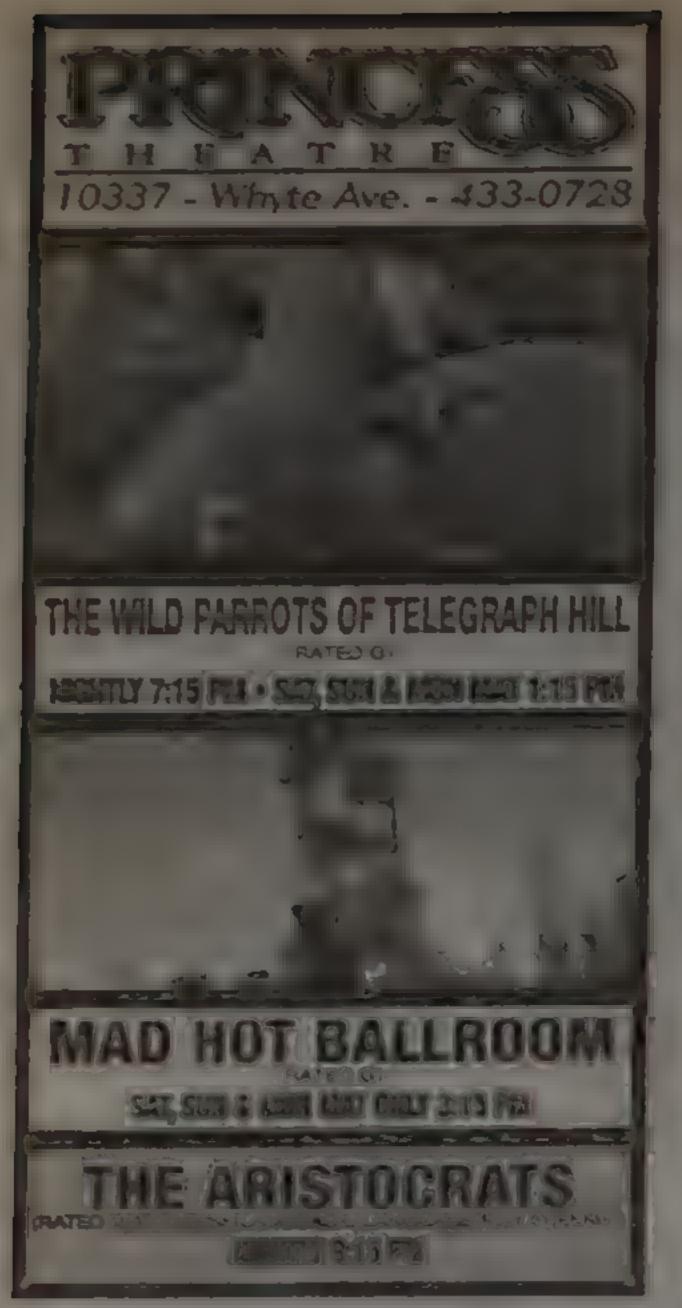
THE HOLY GIRL

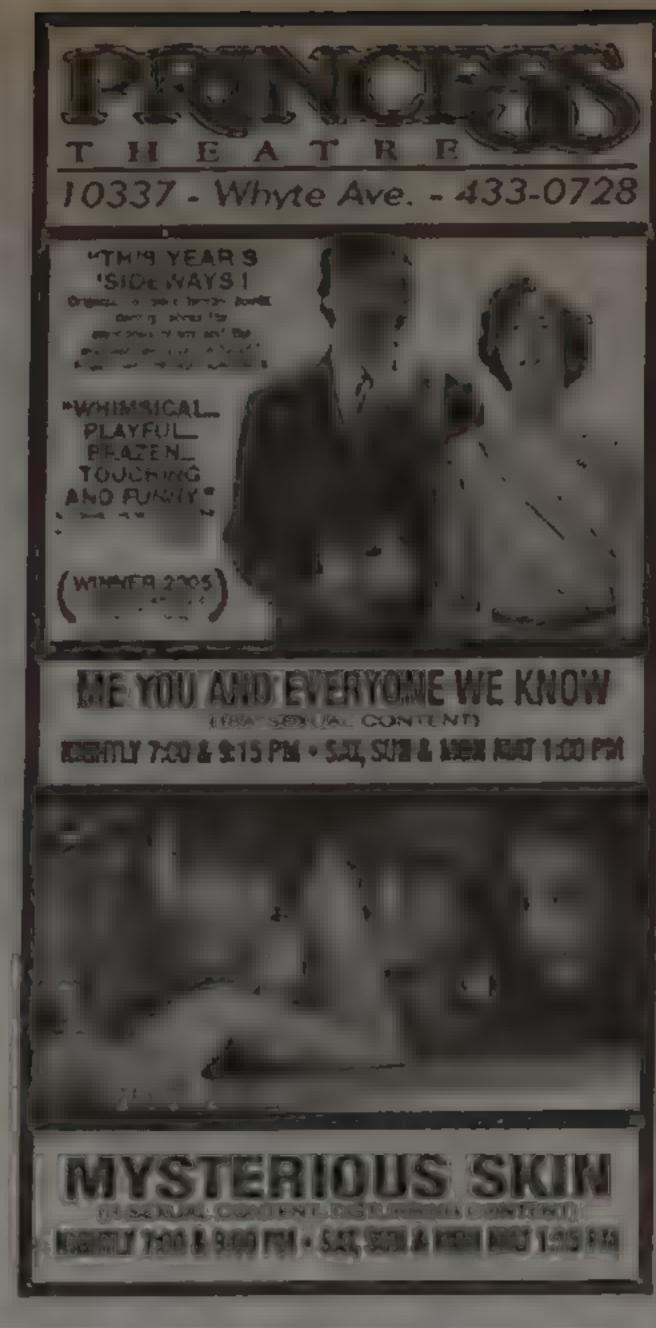
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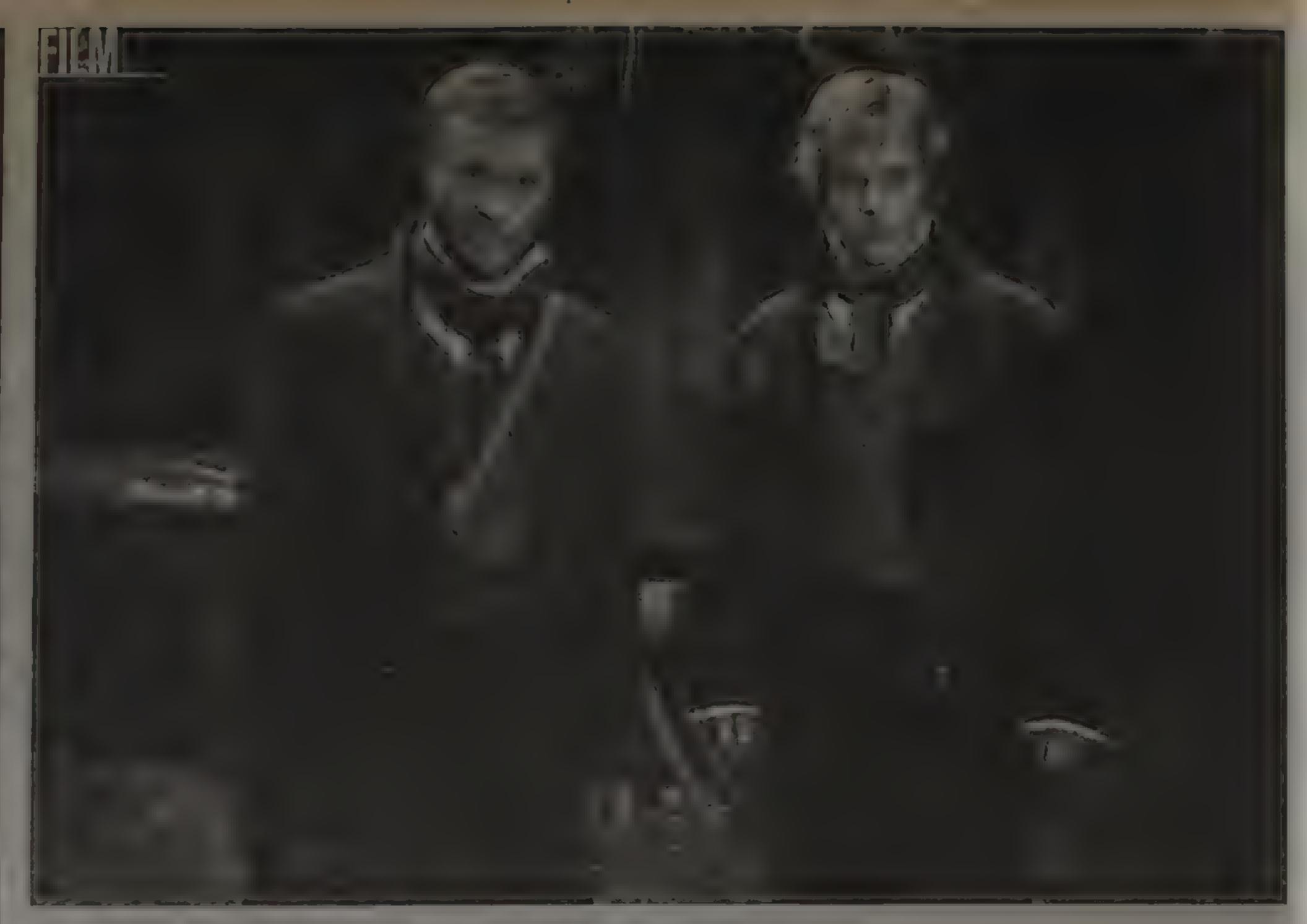




ODEON FILMS







THE SHAPE STATE OF THE STATE OF



Grimm business

Terry Gilliam's take on *The Brothers* Grimm's titlular duo less than legendary

BY COLLEEN ADDISON

attempt to earn a decent living leads to accusations of "selling out." But really: Terry Gilliam, the idiosyncratic director of Time Bandits and Brazil, at the helm of a Hollywood blockbuster?

To be fair, The Brothers Grimm isn't exactly your typical bombs-and-bombshells fare. It isn't a terri-



bly ambitious film, though, and not what the world was hoping from the next Gilliam film. Dreamy Jakob (Heath Ledger) and practical Will (Matt Damon) are 18th-century con artists who prey on the superstitious fears of Bavarian villagers, rigging up witches and then charging an exorbitant fee to rid the towns of these unholy devils. The pair,

though, falls afoul of the French, who have conquered the area and are trying to stamp out the superstitious traditional stories. General Delatombe (an over-the-top Jonathan Pryce) threatens torture and imprisonment, but he sets them free, on condition that they catch another tricky team, more swindlers who are terrorizing a nearby town. But is this a fraud or is it (cue the ominous music) the real thing?

The battle is on: scientific rationalism versus faith. Will sides with Delatombe's explanation, exclaiming over the special effects as a tree lifts its roots and walks towards him. But Jakob, long held in thrall by the wonder of folk tales, begins to believe. While this is an interesting idea, Gilliam never bothers to explore it fully, preferring to substitute image for ideas. And it isn't a terrible plan, for a while, and the curse starts out eerily enough: a few shifting trees here, a child's cloak fluttering there. But the film quickly degenerates into a CGI mess. A boy loses his eyes and teeth when a pile of mud turns into a cookie cutout, which then jumps around, exclaiming "Can't catch me!" It's imaginative, sure, but the images wander all over the place, without a single connecting thread.

A further problem arises in the

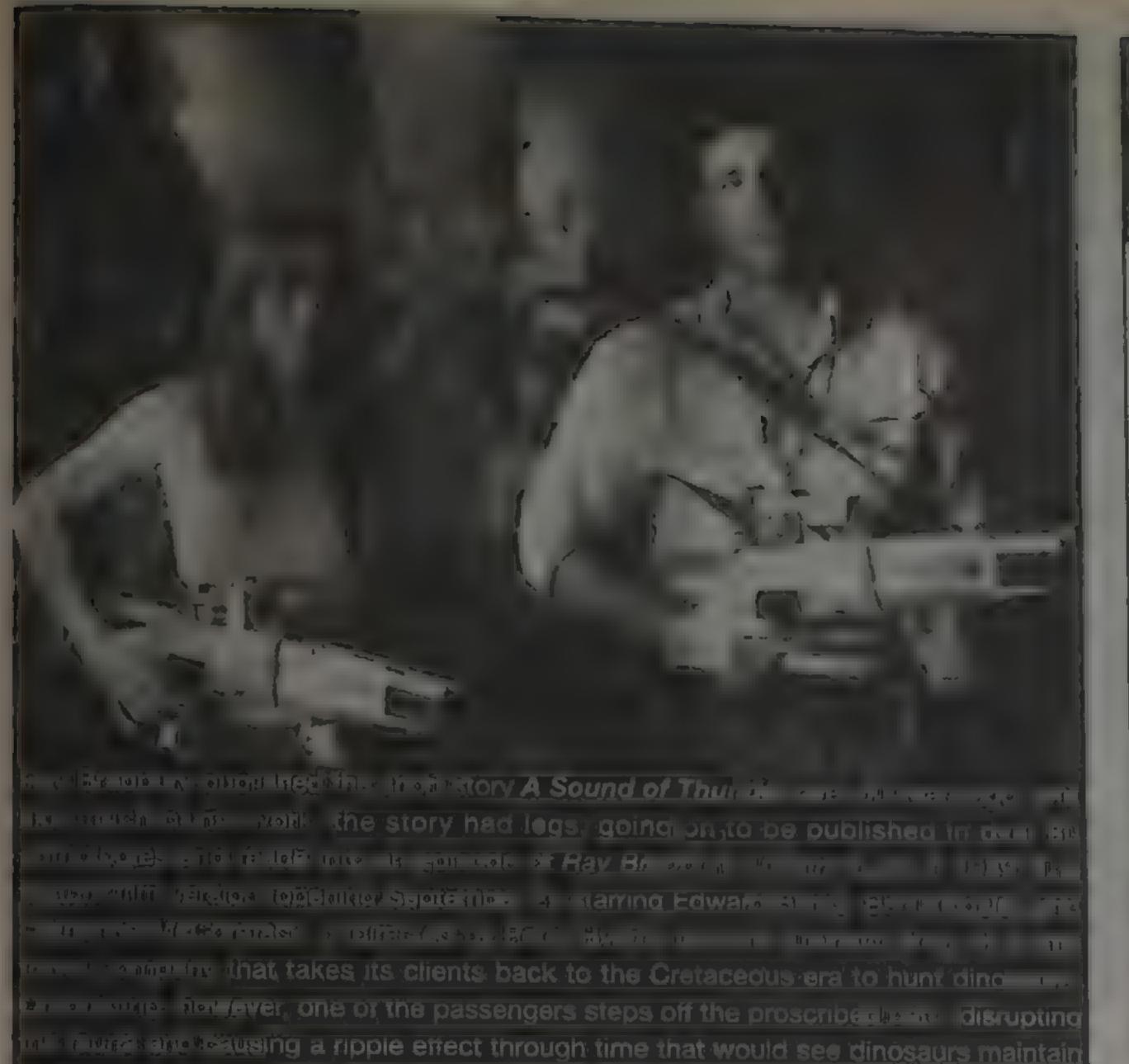
lovely Angelika (Lena Headey), a woman so beautiful that it's amazing the villagers don't fall down and worship her, much less label her, as they do, "accursed." This is the heroine of the fairy tales, a liberated Cinderella who hunts and traps for herself. Unfortunately, the woman's behaviour is so odd that it's hard to take her seriously. Lost in the woods, she licks a toad to help her find her way. This may be a reference to "The Frog Prince," or hallucinogenic frogs, but the allusion is never quite clear.

NEVERTHELESS, one bat of Angelika's baby browns and Jakob is smitten. Angelika, though, seems more swayed by Will, casting sidelong glances his way, which Jake does not fail to notice. This plot twist, though, is left by the wayside. Angelika hooks up with neither of them and, in any case, doesn't last long as a love interest; after about halfway through the film, she's rarely seen onscreen with the brothers. Instead, there's an enchanted queen (Monica Bellucci, oddly cast as an ancient German ruler with a French accent), condemned for her vanity to eternal life as an aging crone. She spends much of her time trying to recapture her beauty and ensnare men to be her king.

This is the central story, but it arrives way too late. And, by that time, the audience is a bit lost in all the scene shifting and fairy tale references that are made. The Brothers Grimm is not a great movie, but the real crime is that it's an ordinarily bad movie from a director who could have made a great, or even better, an interesting film. O

THE BROTHERS GRIMM

Directed by Terry Gilliam • Written by Ehren Kruger • Starring Matt Damon, Heath Ledger, Jonathan Pryce and Lena Headey • Now playing



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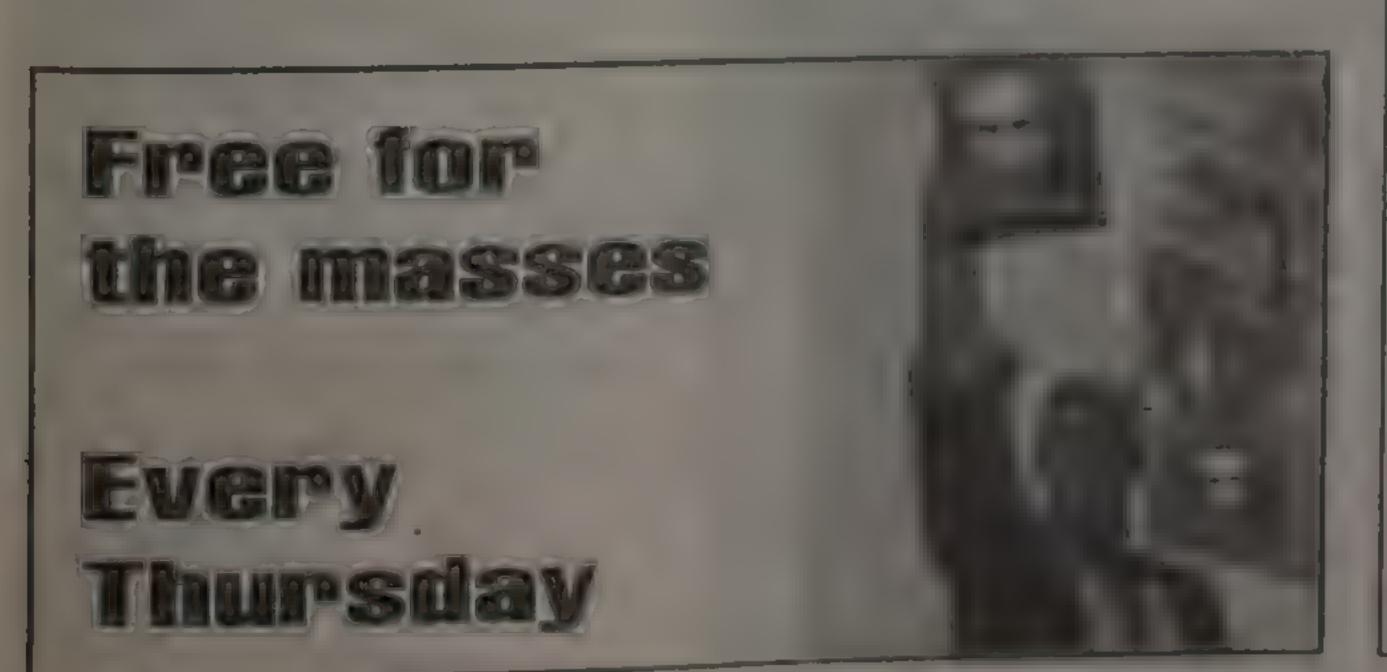
Alexander's Ragtime Band Tyrone Power, Alice Faye, Don Ameche and Ethel Merman star in Tender is the Night director Henry King's 1938 musical that tells the story of a young society man who decides to pursue popular music and trace the lives of three members of a ragtime band. Featuring the music of Irving Berlin. Royal Alberta Museum (102 Ave & 128 St); Mon, Sep 5 (8 pm)

The Holy Girl Maria Alche, Mercedes Moran, Carlos Belluso and Alejandro Urdapilletta star in Argentinian director Lucrecia Martel's understated coming-of-age film that explores the difficulties of hitting puberty in a religiously fervent society, in which a teenaged girl tries to save a visiting doctor from his sinful ways, not knowing that her divorced mother is falling in love with him. Read Josef Braun's review on page 37. Zeidler Hall, The Citadel; Fri-Mon, Sep 2-5 (7 pm)

Save the Green Planet Ha-kyun Shin, Yun-shik Baek, Jeong-min and Jae-yong Lee star in South Korean director Jun-hwan Jeong's sci-fi fantasy in which a beekeeper who believes that aliens are invading earth and stealing humans decides to save the planet from tragedy. Read Brian Gibson's review on page 36. Zeidler Hall, The Citadel; Fri-Mon, Sep 2-5 (9 pm).

Transporter 2 Jason Statham, Alessandro Gassman, Amber Valletta and Matthew Modine star in Transporter artistic director Louis Leterrier's sequel in which a mercenary gets pulled out of Miami retirement when the sons of his wealthy boss get kidnapped and injected with a potentially fatal virus, forcing him to rescue them and discover the kidnappers' master plan.

Underclassman Nick Cannon, Roselyn Sanchez, Shawn Ashmore and Cheech Marin star in Van Wilder co-writers Brent Goldberg and David Wagner's film about a baby-faced detective who has to go undercover as a student at an elite private school in order to solve the murder of a high-school journalist who was on the trail of an international car-theft ring.



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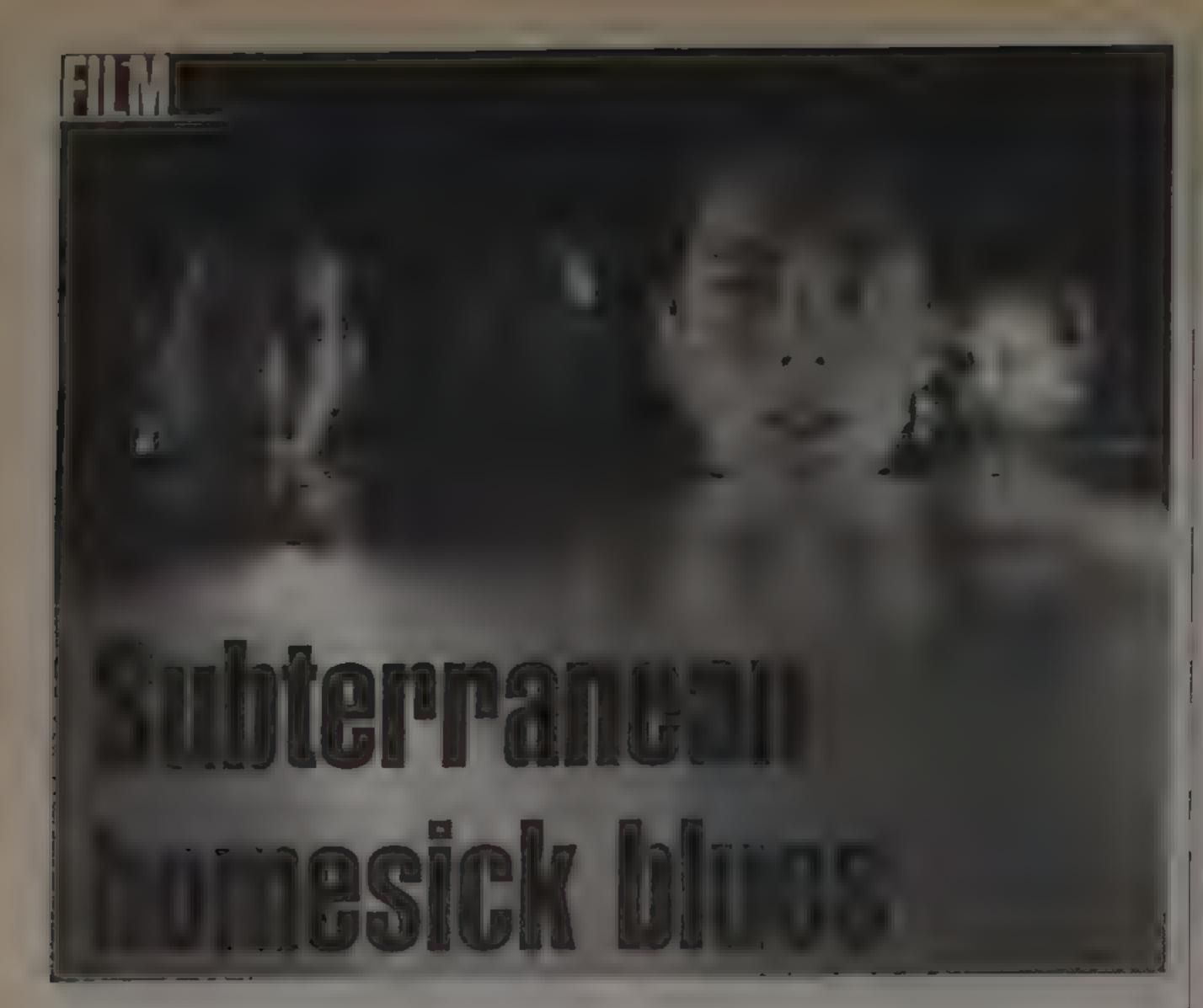
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SEPTEMBER 1-7, 2005



VUEWEEKLY



The Cave is a clunker about unlucky spelunkers

BY PAUL MATWYCHUK

august has always been Hollywood's traditional dumping ground—the month when the studios take their least amusing comedies, their cheapest, most uninspired action movies and their most lifeless sequels, load them all into a giant dumptruck, drop them all off at your

local cineplex and hightail it back to California before anybody can com-

plain about the stench. This year, however, with the release of such welcome surprises as Red Eye, The 40-Year-Old Virgin and Broken Flowers, August has actually been a pretty decent month for movies—so much so that you almost wondered if the studios had actually decided to start saving some of their best movies for the end of summer instead of the beginning.

And then along comes a movie like The Cave to remind us what a real August movie feels like. A horror/action hybrid modelled after James Cameron blockbusters like Aliens and The Abyss, The Cave is one of those movies that's so crushingly routine and ordinary that it winds up being even harder to sit through than an actively bad movie would be. Most of the film takes place within a vast, unexplored network of underground river caverns located miles below Romania's Carpathian Mountains, and this choice of setting is the film's first mistake—for close to 90 minutes we get nothing to look at except actors in goz des and interchangeable cave-div-11.2 gear shining flashlights down various dark tunnels. And the characters are as interchangeable as their costumes: if it weren't for the decision to make one of the crew members black, and two more of them women, I truly wouldn't have then able to tell any of them apart. Even with these four characters ruled out, the movie was still half over lefore it was finally clear which two of these musclebound spelunkheads were supposed to be brothers.

The brothers are Jack (Cole Hauser)

and Tyler (Eddie Cibrian); they're both top cave-divers--- Jack's the responsible one with the stick up his ass and Tyler's the envelope-pushing thrillseeker—and a scientist friend of theirs has hired them to fly to Romania and help him map out the cave system he's stumbled across, the entrance to which lies beneath the floor of a medieval church decorated with mosaics depicting the bloodthirsty, priest-eating demons that, legend has it, live underground. And sure enough, it's not long after our intrepid explorers lower themselves into the cave that a landslide traps them down there,

and they start getting picked off by a stealthy horde of sharp-fanged crea-

tures who have no intention of getting knocked off the top of the food chain by a team of C-list actors.

From here, the film devolves into a series of dull scenes of the actors walking through tunnels, arguing about which way the exit is and shouting out each other's names once they inevitably get separated. Director Bruce Hunt may have been a second-unit director on the Matrix series but, placed in charge of a film for the very first time, he doesn't show any flair at all for mapping out action; it's impossible to figure out the geography of the cave or where any of the characters are in relation worse when the creatures attack-Hunt basically throws together a flurry of quick edits and hopes we get the general idea. (Then again, maybe he's just trying to disguise the cheapness of the CGI—the creatures are they seem practically subliminal.)

The Cave offers no scares, no memorable performances, no fun lines of dialogue—not even a single good, gory death scene. Instead, with its dim lighting, lack of incident and the constant sound of water echoing against the walls, it may be the closest a movie has ever come to duplicating the feeling of lying inside a sensory deprivation tank.

THE CAVE

Directed by Bruce Hunt • Written by Michael Steinberg and Tegan West • Starring Cole Hauser, Morris Chestnut and Piper Perabo . Now playing



Saskia Aarts paints an immigrant's story of community in A Family Story

BY AGNIESZKA MATEJKO

he personal history Saskia Aarts depicts in her large, tranquil paintings is a story shared by many immigrants, in which a surrogate family is formed through steadfast friends. The relationships formed were often with people who, like her family, seemed alone, and it is they who had given her an inkling of what it means to have relatives. Aarts's exhibition is a tribute to this new found "family," as well as to her parents. But her show is about more than any one family's experience; it's about immigrants: all those people who have managed to create a warm enclave in a country that was a cold to the others, and things just get, and distant place when they arrived. Aarts's A Family Story begins with a painting of her parents standing alone on a snow-covered road, and like all the works in the show, it's based on a photograph Aarts culled from a family album. "It is their first glimpsed so fleetingly that at times, winter in Fredericton," explains Aarts. "in the first few months in their new country." She adds that in those days, they didn't expect to see their families soon. "When you left, you left. The idea wasn't that you were flying back and forth—when you left, you started over on your own." In this picture, they have just arrived from the Netherlands in 1969, and despite the icy landscape all around them, they are gazing into each other's eyes and smiling with an intimacy born of isolation; Aarts's parents are just at the beginning of their new life; the beginning of a long road that will lead them

sense of the journey, she painted the entire image on a tent instead of a canvas. And not just any tent—this one was a family "heirloom," belonging to her parents long before Aarts was even born. "They are still traveling. That's why it's on a tent," says Aarts as she gazes at her young parents with admiration. "I see that desolate country road, the sheer love

and communication that's going on between the two of them-it's nomadic bliss."

THE NEXT PART of the story Aarts depicts in her paintings are the people whose friendship became the mainstay of the small family. "I



value friendships very highly," says Aarts. "It's very different when you have siblings or cousins to visit in a summer cabin. We didn't have that at all. A lot of my parents' friends were immigrants." These friends gradually became Aarts's uncles, aunts and cousins, and all together they formed an unusual assortment of relatives—gathered in one room, they would create a miniature United Nations. But however far they traveled to get to Canada, the sense of bonding and belonging that her family shared with these friends left an indelible mark on Aarts, and she honors her family in the paintings by expressing their moments of intimacy. In each work, only two figures can be seen set against a vast background—as if a looming sense of loneliness served to bring people closer together. "It is isolating," admits Aarts as she considers her immigrant child history. "On the other hand, when you do have a one-on-one moment, all focuses on that moment. There is strength in that."

The strength and belonging we gain from friends is a sentiment that Aarts and, likely, all immigrants can attest to. For her, the friends more than compensate the loss of a "birth family." As Aarts's paintings express so graphically, moments of togetherness become all the more intense, more intimate and more precious for the sense of isolation that surrounds them. And in Aarts's "family," one that has gathered in Canada from all over the world, dinner-time conversations are never dull. "Being here, growing up with such incredibly interesting personalities around me," says Aarts, "I would not trade that!" O

A FAMILY STORY By Saskia Aarts • Propaganda (10808 -124 St) • To Sept 15



into the unknown. To reinforce the



theatre notes

BY PAUL MATWYCHUK

Fringe A-Go-Go: go-going, go-going, gone

It's always comforting to go to the Tringe and experience the same familiar sights and sounds: the multicoloured strips of tape, like sprin-Mes on a doughnut, that decorate all the stages; the annoyingly chipmunk-cheerful soprano-sax versions of "Comedy Tonight" and "You Are My Sunshine" played all day long by that busker in the wheelchair on 83 Avenue; the not-unmusical "clunking" sound of empty beer bottles getting knocked over onto the floor during every performance by Guys in Disguise; the fleeting glimpses of Liz Nicholls dashing across Gateway Boulevard, nearly out of breath as she tries to make it from the Varscona to King Edward School in time for the next show on her

packed schedule before the front-ofhouse people sell off her comp ticket; David Belke laughing at his own jokes from the back of the theatre.

And yet, somehow, it still seemed as though something was missing from this year's Fringe—and I don't think it was just the absence of the Nut Man or T.J. Dawe or Peter Brown's daily broadcasts from Casa Radio Active that made me feel this way. A lot of the fellow artists and playgoers I talked to over the last couple of weeks had the same vague sense that, while there's been no shortage of quality work at the Fringe over the last couple of years, there really hasn't been that sense of danger or surprise or discovery that the Fringe prides itself on, either. It was almost startling to go see a show like Kristine Nutting's The Three Sisters, for instance, and realize that I hadn't seen that kind of big, oldfashioned Fringe production-full of cross-dressing, cannibalism, music, off-colour jokes and outrageous, gofor-broke theatricality—in a very long time.

AS THE FRINGE APPROACHES its 25th birthday, is the Fringe audience becoming more conservative? Perhaps they are. If nothing else, the enormous success this year of shows like Pirates on the Fringe, The Great

PreTenors and The Cocoanuts suggests that there's a huge market for fun, G-rated, grandparent-friendly shows out there, especially if they have a musical component to them. And certainly, many of the playwrights with the most legendary Fringe track records—guys like David Belke, Stewart Lemoine and Marty Chan-built their success not on controversy or taboo-smashing outrage, but on almost unusually gentle, crowdpleasing comedies. (This year's biggest new-playwright success story, Linda Wood Edwards's Spring Alibi, was also a sweet, mild little romantic comedy in the Belke/Chan vein.) 1 certainly don't begrudge those plays their success, but it is a little odd that, in a festival with a reputation for risk-taking, fewer and fewer plays tackling hot-button topics seem to be getting added into the mix. It's amazing how apolitical the Fringe has become, for instance—you'd think surely someone (Wes Borg? Chris Craddock, maybe?) would have come up with a really smart, scathing satire about the Klein government by now, but curiously, nobody has even tried. And I bet there would be a big, receptive audience out there for the first company to pull it off.

I also suspect that, much as I hate to say it, seeing as how I've

built my entire Fringe career on them, the era of the one-man show is on the wane—the well-deserved success this year of An Unfortunate Woman, Bonhoeffer, Emily Dickinson and I and Antoine Feval notwithstanding. There's a dangerous glut of solo shows at the Fringe these days, and I doubt whether even the most dutiful Fringegoer can maintain their concentration all the way through them anymore, especially if they've already seen one earlier in the day. Plus, so many one-person shows set out to dazzle you with the performer's virtuosity, but so few of them actually tell a coherent, satisfying story—and I think Fringe audiences are really getting hungry to see stories, surprising, involving, actedout stories unfold in front of them again instead of being narrated to them by an actor on a bare set. It doesn't need to be fancy, either; it can be as simple as a one-set comedy like Collin Doyle and James Hamilton's utterly fresh and hilarious Nighthawk Rules or a two-hander like Afterplay (a heartbreaking Chekhov "sequel" that's my pick for the best production of the entire Fringe, not to mention an auspicious directing debut for erstwhile stage manager Wayne Paquette).

Maybe we'll be seeing an even greater number of ambitious new

plays next year; Fringe A-Go-Go already saw a much larger crop than usual of significant new plays by local writers, Adrian Lackey's Breathe, Tracy Penner's Simple Gifts, Chris Bullough and Jared Matsunaga-Turnbull's Penelope, Twilla MacLeod's The Cloister and the aforementioned Nighthawk Rules chief among them. The success of Nighthawk Rules was especially gratifying to me; Doyle and Hamilton have been doing excellent plays together for years, but until now they've never had a true "hit" show—even the original version of Nighthawk did slow business when they mounted it as a coop last year. If it hadn't been for the Fringe, the show might very well have been completely forgotten.

EVERYONE who participates in the Fringe can give you a long list of ways in which the whole festival is fucked up—the controversial lottery system, the crazy schedules with too many midnight shows, the ungodly heat in the venues, the increasingly arbitrary reviews from the daily papers. But the Fringe, for all its inevitable faults, still works. It's like what Winston Church!!! said about democracy; the Fringe has the worst system in the world for running an arts festival, except for all the others. God, I can't wait to take part next year. O

Dear Diary III: The Wrap-Upening

Local actor/playwright shares his Fringe experience

BY TRENT WILKIE

AUGUST 25 THEIR TOKEN BIT OF COD

What would a diary be without a poem? What would a poem be without a diary? What would Ben Mulroney be without a punch in the face? Answer: Worse off. Ahem:

THE PILLOWS OF DESTINY

BY SIR EDMUND DISTILLERY

And then there was lightning...
So many stages all at once.
Could everyone keep up with the madness?

137 shows,
137 flavours of flavour.
To my right,
a busker pops a balloon and swears.
He is scorned by parents,
and loved by children.
To my left,

a four-year-old vomits too many mini donuts into his hand,

hoping his mother,
who works so hard,

does not see her good money go to waste.

Then there was a plague.

Wasps.
Root Beer!
Wasps.

Then came the silence... and a hum. We are cultured. We are culture. We are a whole bunch of meaning. Please stop making that kid play the fiddle.

AUGUST 27 WALKING ON BROKEN GLASS

Our second-last show, and we were nearly through it all. Nobody got hurt, we had really wonderful turnouts and most of our reviews were supportive. It was the secondlast scene in "Boner Cat and the Cavern of Lame" when Gordetta and Wondermellon were having their last goodbyes in the "Cavern." The scene before, Superbob jolted Mrs. Fishes so much that she dropped her wine glass, leaving it shattered on the floor in the middle of the stage. Being the professionals we were, we left it there and pretended it didn't happen, but little did we know that Gordetta was without her boots and walking around drunkenly.

Now, I've been on stage with a man cooking his own body fluids; I've even been on stage with a fellow who was threatening to drive a nail through his scrotum. But never have I ever been so nervous as when Gordetta walked slowly towards the broken glass in our final scene. I was in a wheelbarrow at the time, having been carted off by the Red Dragon, and sat stage left to watch in horror. I could feel it in the audience as well. They were aware that there was broken glass on stage and nary a

layer upon Gordetta's feet. This "play" was becoming too real for all, including myself.

I jumped to my feet and waved and flailed in hopes to catch either Gordetta's or Wondermellon's attention but to no avail. At the very last moment, at the play's last moment, I saw Gordetta's foot raise above the glass and I could hear a deep inhale from the audience and my sphincter tightened and I yelped as I turned my back for fear of what I may see. But, just like in the movies, Gordet-

& FRINGE

ta's prince was there. Wondermellon became aware of Mrs. Fishes broken dishes and pulled Gordetta's body back, just in the nick of time. Well, let me say, to put it simply, I nearly pooped a lot.

Note to all those out there: when acting under precarious circumstances, wear a diaper.

ARTISTS AS THEMSELVES PORTRAYING ARTISTS

In reality, the name of my play was "Beneath Solid Ground" and it turned out to be a wonderful Fringe experience. I saw some very wondrous things which you may or may not approve of and met some very wonderful people.

One such show that was wondrous but got mixed reviews was "The Chronologues." Even though some people think that there isn't

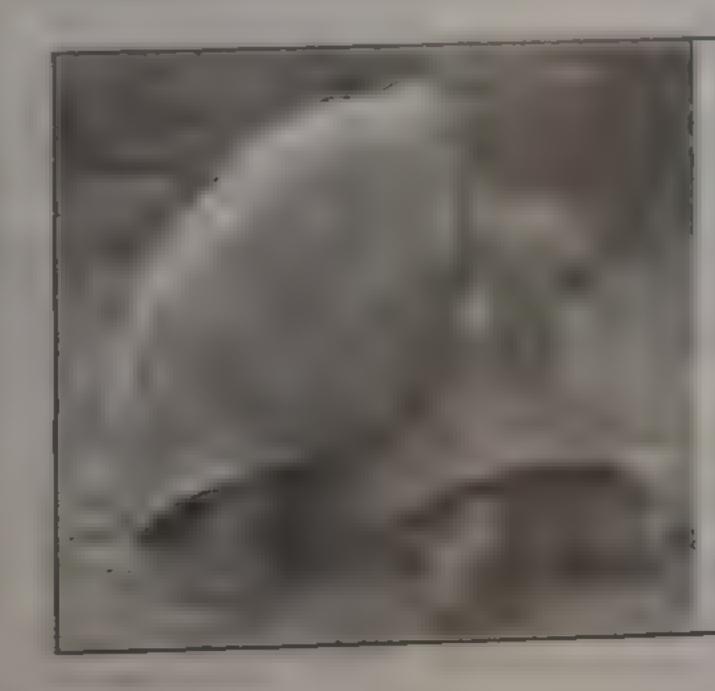
any room in the Fringe for comedy (and in some cases I agree), I do think "The Chronologues" got the short end of the stick. Their take on sketch comedy was true to form: they did not pull their punches, and they did not hold their swears. Even after a crappy review, they came out rocking hard and kicked some asses and took said asses' names, and then re-kicked and did not hold back. After all, reviews are reviews and it is up to the artist to decide how relevant they are. You can put that in your pipe and smoke it outside of the building and in the cold.

AUGUST 29 FINALLY, AND WHAT THE EFF DO YOU CARE

It was a party where everyone is invited. The theatre community invited all to come and watch them be awesome and some were and some couldn't even spell it. To some, it's a spiritual fulfillment laden with symbolism and decadence, and to

others it's just another notch on a résumé's bedpost. And to even others, it's both.

It goes back to what I was saying before about it being up to the artist to find merit in criticism or to pass it by. These things we do, that every Fringer does and did, with heart on sleeve or shot from the chest as if it were a cannon, are just in passing. It Is what the artist does with whatever experience they had that justifies their efforts. It is about those that have been here in Fringes of the past that have built the legacy of the festival. It is those that put it on every year. And for fear of being a nerd and getting the proverbial wedgie in the dressing room, it is the volunteers who deserve the love as well. It is everyone as a whole. And by "whole," I mean "hole in the ground." And by "ground," l mean "beneath it." And by "beneath it"... okay, I'll shut up. You all look really awesome today. And I don't say that a lot. O



Problems??

Check out alt.sex.column every week for answers

Can a few people make a difference?



...we think so.



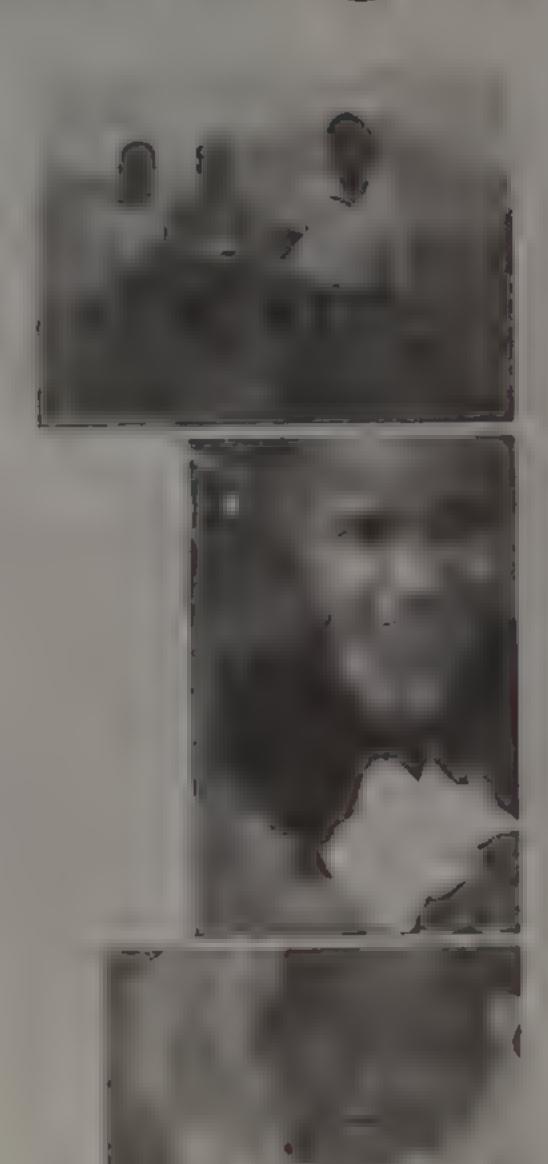
Hands Across Africa
South Africa · Tanzania · Sierra Leone

A Fundraising Journey: Climbing Mount Kilimanjaro

.Who are we?

Our Mission

poverty and abuse.



Hands Across Africa has formed

a partnership with Change for Children which

enables all donations to be tax deductable.

Who will benefit?

rehabilitation projects in Africa.

1. Sierra Lenne

Rural rehabilitation clinic offering services to people affected by war.

The Hands Across Africa project was started by colleagues at the Glenrose

Rehabilitation Hospital in Edmonton who had a desire to improve the lives of

others. It has now evolved into a group of participant-volunteers who will be

climbing Mount Kilimanjaro in Tanzania in an effort to raise money for three

To provide financial support for grassroots initiatives that empower

children/families in Africa who are affected by the results of war, HIV,

2. South Africa

Rural community development and AIDS outreach project.

3. Tanzania

Amani Children's Home which offers education, vocational training and housing for abandoned and abused children.

How can I become involved?

Come join us and experience the trip of a lifetime!

1. Climb Mount Kilimanjaro in Fall 2006

Participant-volunteers will be responsible for the cost of their trip as well as raising \$2000 towards the fundraising goal.

2. Volunteer to assist with the fundraising

A series of events will be held in Edmonton up until the climb in October 2006.

3. Make a donation

Your contribution will assist one of three rehabilitation projects supported by Hands Across Africa.

email: kili4kids@yahoo.ca or www.handsacrossafrica.org

HANDS ACROSS AFRICA . PO BOX 65063 . WILS STON HILL PLAZA . ST. ALBERT, AB TEN 5Y3

ARTS WEEKLY

Fax your free listings to 426-2889 or e-mail Glenys at listings@vueweekly.com
Deadline is Friday at 3pm

DANCE

RANGOLI Trans Alta Arts Bams, 10330-84
Ave (438-4122/988-6534/420-1757) • A
mosaic of Indian classical, folk dances presented by Usha Kala Niketan • Sat, Sept. 10
(7pm) • \$20 (adult)/\$15 (student/seniors)
at TIX On The Square, door

GALLERIES/MUSEUMS

AGNES BUGERA GALLERY 12310 Jasper Ave (482-2854) • FIRE GARDENS: Floral puntings by Jane Adams and Jamie Evrard • Sept. 3-16

10186-106 St (488-6611) • Open Mon-Sat 10am-Spm (closed all hols) • SOJOURN OF FIRE: Pottery by Jim Etzkorn; Sept. 3-Oct. 15; opening reception: Sept. 8 (S-7pm) • LINKS • ARTICULATION: Group show of fibre arts; Sept. 3-Oct. 15; opening reception: Sept. 8 (S-7pm) • NOMINEES: An exhibition featuring the winners & nominees of the ACC Fine Craft Awards; Sept. 10-Nov. 19

ART BEAT GALLERY 26 St. Anne Street St. Albert (459-3679) • Open Tue, Wed, Fri 10am-6pm; Thu 10am-8pm; Sat 10am-5pm

BEARCLAW GALLERY 10403-124 St (482-1204) • Artworks by Norval Morrisseau, Daphne Odjig, Roy Thomas, Jane Ash Poitras, George Littlechild, Joane Cardinal-Schubert, Jim Logan, Maxine Noel, Aaron Paquette and others

CENTRE D'ARTS VISUELS DE L'ALBERTA 9103-95 Ave. (461-3427) • ART CORNU-COPIA: Artworks by Marie-Florence, Damien Manchuck Rivard, Rowan Scott, Suzan Woolgar, and Clint Cuehler • Until Sept. 7

CHRISTL BERGSTROM'S RED GALLERY
9621-82 Ave (439-8210) • Open Mon-Fri
11am-5pm • FALL PAINTING SHOW:
Paintings by Christl Bergstrom • Until Nov.

STATE OF THE ART 100: Artworks by the members of the Alberta Society of Artists • Sept. 10-27 • Opening reception: Sun, Sept. 11 (2pm)

DEVONIAN BOTANIC GARDEN (422-7150/987-3054) • KURIMOTO NIGHT:
Photographs by Chantal Thorlakson • Sept.
2-4 (11am-5pm)

Stony Plain (963-2777) • Open Mon-Sat

10am-4pm; Sun 10am-6:30pm • ALBERTA

LANDSCAPES: A tribute to Alberta's

Centennial by Shirly Stewart • Until Sept. 8

EDMONTON ART GALLERY 2 Sir Winston Churchill Sq (422-6223) • Open Tue-Wed and Fri 10:30am-5pm; Thu 10:30am-8pm; Sat, Sun 11am-5pm. Closed Mon • 5TH ALBERTA BIENNIAL OF CONTEMPORARY ART Until Sept. 4 • THE ROAD: CONSTRUCTING THE ALASKA HIGHWAY: until Oct. 2 • NAT. URAL PHILOSOPHY: until Jan. 8 • Children's Gallery: TIR-NA-NOG (FOREVER YOUNG): By Spider Yardiey-Jones • \$9 (adult)/\$6 (student/senior)/\$3 (child 6-12)/free (member/child 5 and under)

Plain Rd (482-1402) • Open Tue by appt. only; Wed-Fri 10am-5:30pm; Sat 10am-4pm, closed long weekends • COLLECTION 2005: Rotating show of artists works

EXTENSION CENTRE GALLERY 2nd Fl, University Extension Centre, 8303-112 St (492-0166) • Open: Mon-Thu (8:30am-8pm), Fri (8:30am-4:30pm), Sat (9am-noon) • NAKED VS. NUDE • Until Sept. 21

FORT DOOR 10308-81 Ave (432-7535) • Open Mon-Wed, Sat 10am-6pm, Thu-Fri 10am-9pm; Sun 12-5pm • Eskimo soapstone carvings, Inuk by C. Inukpuk, Eskimo and Indian silver and gold jewellery by J. McDougall

FRINGE GALLERY 10516 Whyte Ave (432-0240) • MORBID ANATOMY: Installation by lan Forbes • Until Sept. 30

HARCOURT HOUSE 10215-112 St (426-4180) • Open Mon-Fri 10am-5pm; Sat 12-4pm • N.A.F.T.A? (NOT A FAIR TRADE FOR ALL): Photo/text installation by Fred Lonidier, representing work, life, and labour struggles by Mexico's maquiladora workers • Front Room: IN ONE'S OWN TIME:

Photographs and posters by Lee Anne Pellerin • Until Sept. 24 • Reception: Sept. 15 (7-10pm)

JEFF ALLEN ART GALLERY 10831
University Ave (433-5807) • Artworks and crafts by the instructors of the Strathcona Place Centre • Until Sept. 22

JOHNSON GALLERY 7711-85 St (465-6171) • Open Mon-Fri 9am-Spm; Sat 10am-Spm • Artworks by Mary Pemberton, Waltraut Unbekannt-Lafleur, Kerry Milligan and others; sand art by Helen Grifith; sculptures by Kay Wilson; masks by Noboru Kubo and Richard St. Amand • Through September

JOHNSON GALLERY 11817-80 St (479-8424) • Open Tue-Fri 9:30am-5:30pm; Sat 9:30am-4pm • Watercolours by Jim Painter; acrylic paintings by Remie Genest; etchings by Thelma Manary; prints by Toti; wood carvings by Adi; African masks • Through

LATITUDE 53 10248-196 St, 2nd Fl (423-5353) • Posters by Seripop • Until Sept. 2 (10am-6pm)

September

MANDOLIN BOOKS 6419-112 Ave (479-4050) • Paintings by Andrea Donini • Through September • Reception: Sun, Sept 11 (2-4pm)

MCMULLEN GALLERY U of A Hospital, 8440-112 St (407-7152) • Open Mon-Fri 10am-8pm; Sat-Sun 1-8pm • NOT JUST CHICKENS: Artworks depicting Alberta's diverse landscapes • Until Sept. 11

MCPAG 5411-51 St, Stony Plain (963-2777)

• Open Mon-Sat 10am-4pm; Sun 10am-6:30pm • EARTH, FIRE WIND AND WATER.
Installation by Sherri Chaba • Sept. 3-Oct. 1

• Opening reception: Sun, Sept. 11 (1-3:30pm)

NINA HAGGERTY CENTRE FOR THE
ARTS Stollery Gallery, 9702-111 Ave (4747611) • Open Mon-Fri 10am-2:30pm •
TRANSUBSTANTIATIONS—IN MEMORY OF
DAVID HUGGETT: Multi-media artworks, celebrating the life of poet and artist David
Huggett; Sept. 2-Oct. 14; opening reception
and readings: Thu, Sept. 15 (4-8 pm)

PICTURE THIS 959 Ordze Rd, Sherwood Park (467-3038) • Metal sculptures by Rogelio Menz, landscapes by Audrey Pfannmuller, Dean McLeod and florals by Karoll Dalyce Brinton • Through September

PROFILES PUBLIC ART GALLERY 19
Perron Street, St. Albert (460-4310) •
Open: Tue-Sat (10am-Spm), Thu (10am-8pm) • DRESS CODE: Artworks by Elizabeth Clark; until Sept. 3 • MYRIAD: Membership show; Sept. 8-23; opening reception: Thu, Sept. 8 (7-9pm), with music by Stephen Tchir

PROPAGANDA 10808-124 St • Mon 9am-5pm); Tue-Fri 9am-8pm; Sat 9am-4pm • A FAMILY STORY: Paintings by Saskia Aarts • Until Sept. 15

PYGMALIAN SCHOOL OF FINE ART 12, 44 St. Thomas Street, St. Albert (460-1677) • THE DIRECTOR'S CUT—A TRIBUTE TO VAN GOGH: Dixie R. Orriss shows her latest works • Until Sept. 4

Wetaskiwin (1-800-661-4726) • LIFE AND TIMES OF THE MOTORCYCLE • Until Sept. 17, 2006

ROWLES GALLERY Mezz Level, 10130-103
St. (426-4035) • Open Mon-Fri 9am-Spm;
Sat 12-Spm • Watercolours, oils, acrylics,
sculptures in bronze, soapstone and metal,
glass works and ceramics by Western
Canadian artists • Alternate spaces: WESTIN
HOTEL: acrylics by Kathryn Sherman • SCOTIA PLACE: watercolours and acrylics by
Frances Alty-Arscott • SUN LIFE PLACE: oils
by George Schwindt and acrylics by Bi Y
Cheng • Alf shows ongoing

THE ROYAL ALBERTA MUSEUM 12845-102 Ave (453-9100) • Open Mon-Sun 9am-5pm • FROM HOOF PRINTS TO TANK

Regiment's role during the first and second World Wars; until Sept. 18 • TERRACE:
ALBERTA CENTENNIAL SCULPTURE EXHIBITION: Sculptures by Andrew French, Ryan McCourt, Rob Willms; until Sept. 25 •
ALBERTA COMMUNITIES: THEN AND NOW: until Nov. 13

SADDLERY GALLERY 10137-104 St (423-4484) • Open: Tue-Sat 10am-7pm • REMIXED: Group show; until Sept. 6 • IMMORTALIZING THE NUDE: Sept. 9-Oct. 5; opening reception: Fri, Sept. 9 (7-11pm)

SNAP GALLERY 10309-97 St (423-1492) •
Open Tue-Sat 12-Spm • BOMBSHELL.
Artworks by Jennifer Yorke; until Sept. 3 •
SYNTAX OF RESIDUE: BITS AND PEACES
Ontario artist, John Ford, uses found images to create his artworks; Sept. 8-Oct. 15

URBAN ROOTS GALLERY 10143 Whyte Ave, 2nd Fl (438-7978) • Sculpture by Ritchie Velthius, drawings by Burke and photography by Orianna • Until Sept. 30

VAAA GALLERY 3rd Fl, Harcourt House, 10215-112 St (421-1731) • Open Tue-Sat 10am-S:30pm • ASPECTS: Artworks by Shelley Rothenberger, Ruby J. Mah • Until Sept. 24

VANDERLEELIE GALLERY 10183-112 St (452-0286) • RENEWAL: Abstract paintings by Phil Darrah • Until Sept. 7

WORKS GALLERY Commerce Place, 1015S-102 St (426-2122) • THROUGH ALBERTA EYES: Photographs by Orest Semchishen, curated by Gordon Snyder • Until Sept. 16

MIERARY

CITY ARTS CENTRE 10943-84 Ave (433-2932) • Tellaround: Storytelling every second Fri of each month • Sept. 9 (8pm) • \$3/free first time

St (432-9427) • Reading by F.T. Flahill author of Always Someone to Kill the Doves: A Life of Sheila Watson • Fri, Sept. 9 (7:30pm)

NAKED CYBER CAFÉ 10354 Jasper Ave • Music, poetry, and performance art open stage hosted by the Naked Eclectic Electric Orchestra • Every Thu (8pm)

UPPER CRUST CAFÉ 10909-86 Ave (433-2932) • A Festival Feast: T.A.L.E.S. Story Café • Thu, Sept. 1 (7-9pm) • \$5

STANLEY A. MILNER LIBRARY Centre for Reading and the Arts, Sir Winston Churchill Sq (433-2932) • Under The Wide Blue Sky: T.A.L.E.S. concert featuring local storytellers • Sept. 11 (2pm) • Free

LIVE COMEDY

BLUE CHICAGO 14203 Stony Plain Rd (451-1402) • Comedy open mic hosted by Kathleen McGee • Every Mon (9pm) • Free

THE COMEDY FACTORY 3414 Gateway

Boulevard (469-4999) • Thu 8:30pm, Fri (8:30pm), Sat (8pm and 10:30pm) • Cory Harding; Sept. 1-3 • Jon Charles; Sept. 8-10

THE COMIC STRIP 1646 Bourbon St.
WEM, 8882-170 St (483-5999) • Show
times nightly at 8pm; weekends 8pm and
10:30pm • Kivi Rogers with Rob Pue and
Paul Brown; Sept. 1-4 • Get Hypnotized
with Sebastian Steel; Tue, Sept. 6 • Improv
Extravaganza with Skit For Brains with the
Fresh Faces of stand-up; Wed, Sept. 7 • East
Indian comedy sensation Sugar Sammy with
guests; Sept. 8-11 • Silly Sunday; Sun, Sept
11 (12-1:45pm)

WUNDERBAR HOFBRAUHAUS 8120 101 St (436-2286) • The Lederhoosers Super Comedy Dryhump • Every Fri (8:30pm) • Free

YUK YUK'S KOMEDY KABARET
Londonderry Mall (481-9857) • Thu-Fri
(8pm) Sat (8pm and 10:30pm) • Pro-Am
Comedy Jam every Thu • Howie Miller
Thu, Sept. 1 • Kelly Dixon with Paul
Myerhaug (host); Sept. 2-3

THEATRE

BEARING WITNESS 2nd Playing Space, Timms Centre for the Arts, U of A Campus (420-1757) • Stories centred around the lives of a man tortured for his political beliefs and a younger woman who remembers her sexual abuse. Presented by the Faculty of Nursing and Department of Drama • Sept. 10, 14-17 (7:30pm) • \$20 (adult)/\$10 (student) at TIX on the Square, door • Contains explicit material on sexual abuse and torture, not suitable for all audi-

Arts Barns (497-1164) • Darrin Hagen's new comedy held-over from the Fringe • Thu, Sept. 1 (9:15pm), Fri, Sept. 2 (10pm)

A CLOSER WALK WITH PATSY CLINE
Mayfield Dinner Theatre, Mayfield Inn,
16615-109 Ave (483-4051) • A musical
biography of Patsy Cline from her days as a
teenage singer to her appearances at the
Grand Ole Opry • Until Sept. 5

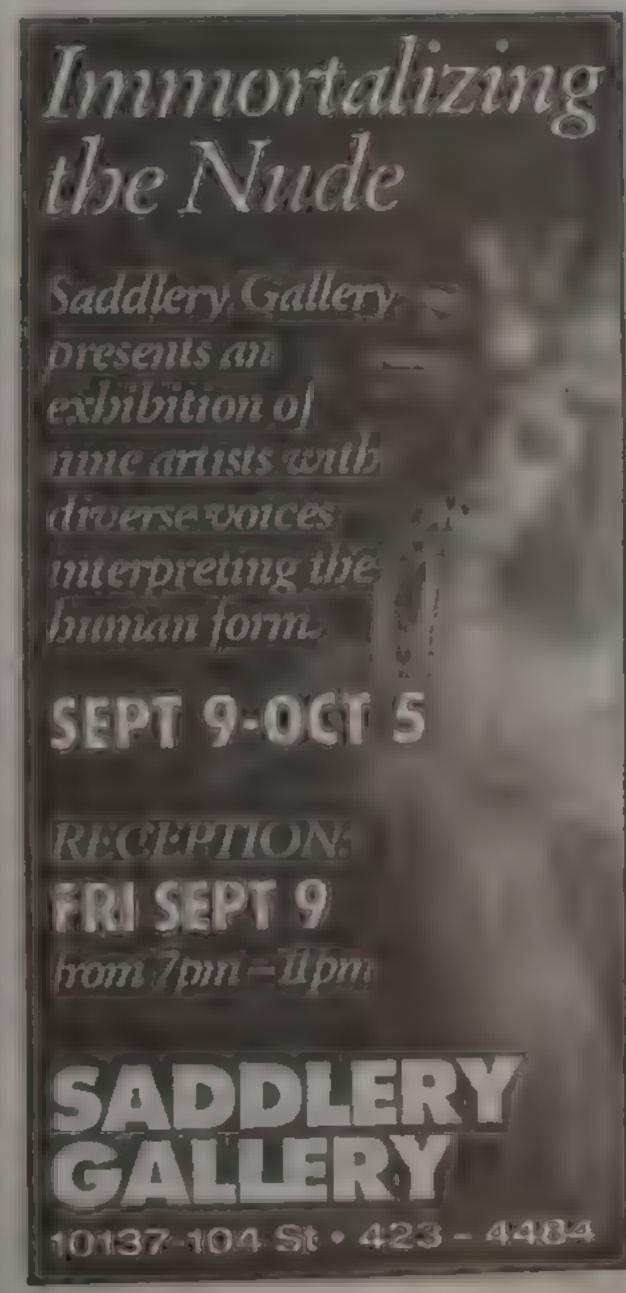
MAMMA MIA! Jubilee Auditorium, 11455-87 Ave (451-8000) • Broadway musical by Catherine Johnson. A daughter brings three men from her mother's past back to the Greek island they last visited 20 years earlier On the eve of her wedding she tries to discover the identity of her father • Sept. 6-9 (8pm), Sept 11 (2pm and 7:30pm) • \$59-\$79 at TicketMaster

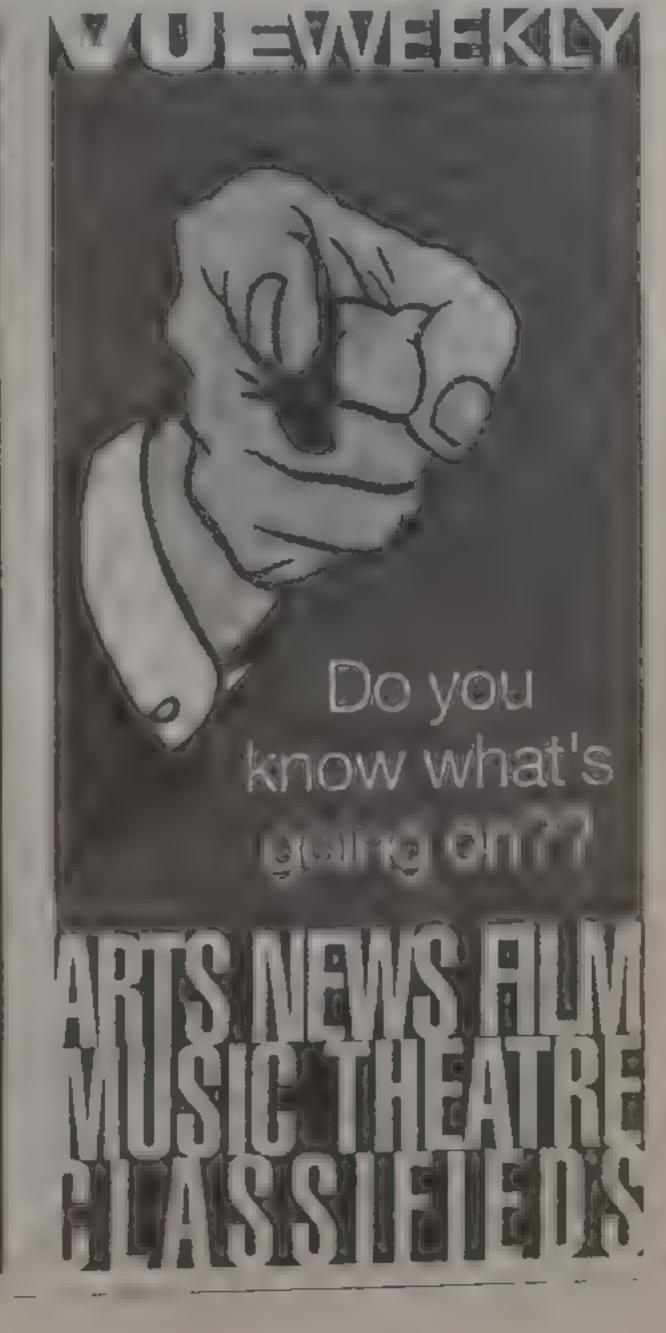
TOUGHE Azimuth Theatre, 11315-106 Ave (420-1757/454-0583) • By George F. Walker, presented by Mischief and Mayhem Theatre • Sept. 8-11, 15-18 (8pm) • \$12 (adult)/\$9 (student)

THE PIRATES OF THE NORTH
SASKATCHEWAN Jubilations Dinner
Theatre, 8882-170 St, WEM (4842424) •
Until Oct. 23











BY ROB BREZSNY



Here's how rock critic Aidin Vaziri described the stage set when hip-hop artist 50 Cent played in San Jose: "... an urban wasteland that looked like it was designed by Disney (complete with an overturned police car, graffiti-covered trashcans and the decapitated head of the Statue of Liberty)." I hope you don't take this the wrong way, Aries, but there's a certain resemblance between that environment and yours. The so-called chaos you're surrounded by is either imaginary or artificial or both. It may be seductively well-made, and therefore hard to resist, but you can walk away from it any time you choose.



You have the potential to be a great wizard yin the coming week. Here's how to fulfill that promise: (1) Renounce grandiose fantasies of transforming lead into gold or frogs into soulmates. (2) Think small, be specific, get extremely pragmatic, and don't make up stories based on inconclusive evidence. (3) Take everything that's dreamy and hazy and bring it down to earth. (4) Don't bitch about the limitations; love them and use them to your advantage.

(5) Treat idealism as a distraction unless it can be translated into concrete acts that do some good for actual human beings.



A respected medical journal reports that one out of four people thinks that "scientists have already found a cure for cancer, but that this cure is being withheld by the health care industry because it makes more money treating the illness." There are a lot of paranoid theories like this going around. Millions believe in the existence of elite puppet masters who manipulate our shared resources to serve their own power and wealth rather than the public good. I'm not smart or crazy enough to evaluate these theories. But I do know that for you right now, Gemini, it's crucial to be extremely skeptical of every authority, expert, and leader. You should express similar discernment toward those who present themselves as hip, high-status, or special. It will be to your advantage to disrespect hierarchies and become a devotee of pure democracy.



June 21 - July 22

"All I learned in the three colleges I attended," says my friend Davey, "was how to beat the system by using its own rules against it." "All I learned in college," declares author Miravi Bhuna-Giva, "was how to make up sh---." "All I learned in college," asserts late-night TV talk show host Jimmy Kimmel, "was how to drink while standing on my head." All these educational experiences are highly recommended for you in the coming weeks, Cancerian. You're in a phase when you'll have luck and grace if you act like an eager student, whether you're trying to perfect the art of squeezing more perks out of the game of life or mastering goofy tricks that will make more people want to invite you to their parties.



Do you have total confidence in your ability to swing lawn chairs around with your teeth? Can you safely eat broken glass, withstand people riding bicycles over your belly, and smash bricks with your head? If so, you don't need my advice this week. But if you're not sure you're capable of pulling off the kinds of feats I named, please resist the temptation to try them. For that matter, don't even think of submitting to other strenuous tests that are at the edge of your ability. This is a time for you to lay low and recharge, not throw yourself into trials by fire. Be modest and self-protective, not brazen and reckless.



Aug 23 - Sept 22

You have weathered a turning point in your relationship with darkness, and will never again be tempted by its strange attractions. Did you hear what I said? You have had your last encounters with hellish monsters that unleash torment for the fun of it. You will never again get mixed up with events that resemble crawling through caverns filled with the souls of the damned. In the future, you may on occasion have weird dreams about owls and spiders and snakes, but they will be good weird. Congrats, Virgo.



Sept 28 - Oct 22

"If the Angel decides to come it will be because you have convinced her, not by tears but by your humble resolve to be always beginning; to be a beginner." So said the poet Rainer Maria Rilke, as if speaking to your exact needs right now. Let me offer this addendum: The Angel wants to come very badly. She is passionate about offering you the novel assistance she has dreamed up just for you.

Oct 28 - Nev 21

Painter Henri Matisse (1869-1954) departed so recklessly from the traditions of his art form that some critics believed he threatened to undermine civilization. That seems unbelievable to us today. Can you imagine any modern painter, musician, writer, or filmmaker being accorded power like that? I can't. Those whose creative expression carries the greatest clout do their work in the areas of business and technology. Having said that, I'll now make an exception: You currently have the potential to wield a dramatic influence with your creativity in every realm except business and technology.

"Dear Rob: Two years ago I had intimate relations with a mountain. I was driving toward the Cascades when I became aware of a physical longing for Bonanza Peak, which lay ahead of me. As I got closer, I rolled down the windows and sucked in the cool air. I had the exact same sensation as loving someone so deeply that breathing in their breath fills me with erotic images and naughty tingles and lusty compassion. I thought you should know. —Earth Lover" Dear Earth Lover: Thanks for your testimony. It's the perfect message for Sagittarians to hear right now, so I'm advising them to learn from your example.



There's a connection between Al Qaeda and actor Kevin Bacon, according to Tatsuya Ishida at www.sinfest.net. Al Qaeda was trained by the CIA, he says, which was established by President Harry Truman, who dropped the atom bomb which was cooked up by the Manhattan Project, which was the name of a movie starring John Lithgow, who was in the

film Footloose with Kevin Bacon. I invite you to make liberal of this kind of logic in the coming days, Capricorn. The astrological omens say it will be healthy for you to let your imagination run away with you as long as you don't take as gospel truth all the conclusions it leads you to. So please feel free to ramble down the fine line between creative storytelling and total BS.



When your plane takes off and the flight attendants give you their lecture on what to do in case of emergency, they remind you that "your nearest exit may be behind you." That's good advice for you to keep in mind during the coming week, Aquarius. I don't mean to imply that you'll be facing some literal danger that will require you to make a quick escape. What I do suggest is that you remove yourself, at least temporarily, from a certain process that's barreling full-speed ahead. The best way to do it is to go backward, into the past, or in reverse.

110000

Feb 18 - Ntar 20

When I went to a hardcore rock festival recently, all but one of the bands made abundant use of the F-word. They invoked it so often, both in their songs and between-song patter, that it got boring. The lone group that departed from the norm did express gleeful rage, but it was with a phrase I rarely hear anymore. "I don't give a damn," the singer shouted at the end of one song. I chuckled at the archaic modesty of the expression, but it stayed with me more than the histrionics the other bands preferred. That brings me to the advice I have for you, Pisces: Get to the root of your anger and then render it with an understated craft that sets it apart from the overwrought venting that everyone has grown numb to. •

Fax your free listings to 426-2889 or e-mail Glenys at listings@vueweekly.com Deadline is Friday at 3pm

CLUBS/LECTURES

BOREAL ENVIRONMENTAL ACTIVISM 7, 6328A-104 St; every Thu (6:30-8:30) • Organic Roots, 8225-122 St • Every third Thu (6:30pm)

PRIMITION AND DISTRICT LARQUE COUNCIL Giovanni Caboto Park, 95 St, 108 Ave (474-4747) • Annual Labour Day Barbeque for the Unemployed and underemployed • Mon, Sept. 5 (11:30am-3:30pm) • Free

ENERGY AWAKENINGS Crafters and Artisans, Capilano Mall (428-5456) • Free Feng Shui based personal consultations with Francis Young every Sat

KARATE Grandin Elementary School, 9884-110 St (975-6910) • Every Tue/Fri (6:30-8pm) starts Sept. 6; for kids over 10, teens, adults

LAUGH WITH ME (457-5601) everyonelaughwithme@yahoo.ca · Montreal's Laughter Lady is now here to offer her chuckles to Edmontonian's. Learn how to stress a little less, reduce anxiety, decrease insomnia, lighten that heavy humdrum feeling and meet new faces using Tamra's R.E.D. program • Until Sept. 4

LIVING POSITIVE www.edmlrvingpositive.ca (1-877-975-9448/488-5768) • Edmonton Persons Living with HIV Society • Every Tue (7pm): Peer-facilitated support groups • Daily drop-in, peer counselling

MAKE POVERTY HISTORY (469-6088) 8 Sir Winston Churchill Sq; march, rally, featuring Bill Bourne, The Manhattan Project, Vinyl Experiment and Harry Glasbeek; Sept. 10 (1-4pm) • Edmonton March for Global Justice (12 noon) starting at Beaver Hills House Park, 105 St, proceeding down Jasper Ave; wear a white shirt; Sept. 10 (12:30pm)

MEDITATION . Gameau United Place, 11148-84 Ave (412-1006) Drop-in meditation

with with Gen Kelsang Phuntsog; every Thu (7-9pm); \$10 (donation) • Diamond Way Buddhist Centre, 4th Fl, 10314 Whyte Ave (455-5488) free meditations every Wed (8pm) City Arts Centre, 10943-84 Ave; The Way of Life meditation; last Tue each month (7pm) door) • Transmission Meditation, Stillpoint Healing Centre, 10350-124 St (433-3342) every Tue, Thu, Sun (8-9:30pm); free • Emily Murphy Park, East side; every Sun (11:30am) until Sept. 8

PERSONAL VMELLINESS MATURALLY Crafters and Artisans, Capilano Mall (428-5456) • Free consultations with Joanne Chan, every Thu/Fri (10am-3pm)/Sat (10:30-5:30pm)

TOASTMASTERS St. Paul's Church, 4005-115 Ave (476-6963) • Learn public speaking; every Thu (7-9pm) • Baker Centre, 10th Fl, 10025-106 St (477-2613) Upward Bound Toastmasters; every Wed (7pm) • University of Alberta, Business 1-23 (492-0910) Business and Beyond Toastmasters Club, practice and enhance your skills; every Monday (6:30 pm)

V OF A Riverdale Hall, 9231-100 Ave • Potluck supper • Sun, Sept. 11 (5.30pm dinner, 6.30 speaker) • \$2 (member)/\$3 (non-member) bring a vegetarian or vegan dish for at least 6

WASKAHEGAN TRAIL ASSOCIATION Meet at Bonnie Doon Recycle, 85 St, 85 Ave (962-3215) • Free guided hike, approx. 10km at Wanisan Lake; Sept. 4 (9am)

WEALTH BY STEALTH . Lecture on corporate crime, corporate law, and the perversion of democracy by author, professor Harry Glasbeek Law Centre, Rm 231, U of A Campus; Sept. 13 (noon) • Alberta Federation of Labour, Meeting Room, 10802-172 St; Sept. 13 (7pm) • Free

QUEER LISTINGS

AGAPE Faculty of Education, U of A Campus • Sex, sexual, gender differences in education and culture focus group • Contact Dr. Andre Grace (andre.grace@ualberta.ca) for info

AXIOS (454-8449) • A support group, local chapter of the international organization of Eastern Orthodox and Eastern Rite Catholic Gay and Lesbian Christians

RISEXUAL WOMEN'S COFFEE GROUP barest. feegroup@yahoo.ca • Social group for bi-curious and bisexual women • Second Wed. each month (7:30pm)

BOOTS AND SADDLES 10242-106 St (423-5014) • Large tavern with pool tables, restaurant, shows. Members only.

BUDDYS NITE CLUB 11725 Jasper Ave (488-6636) • Open daily 9-3, Fri 8pm • Mon: Amateur strip (12:30); DJ Alvaro, Ashley Love • Tue: retro, top 40 with DJ Arrowchaser, malebox night, free pool • Wed: DJ Eddy Toonflash; Drag shows (12:30) • Thu: Wet undies contest (12:30) w/Connie Lingua and DJ Squiggles • Fri: Dance party with DJ Alvaro • Sat: DJ Arrowchaser, pool tournament • Sexy Sundays with DJ Eddy Toonflash, all request dance party

DOWN UNDER 12224 Jasper Ave (482-7960) • Steambath

EDMONTON RAINERVY BUSINESS ASSUCE ATION (422-6207) • An organization for gay men and lesbians in business and their non-gay friends to share business knowledge, learn, make friends and network in a positive, proud space where being yourself is the norm

HIV HETWOEK OF EDMONTON SOCIETY 300, 11456-Jasper Ave (488-5742) or con-

tact7@hivedmonton.com • Programs and support services for people affected and infected by HIV/AIDS and related illnesses. Counselling, referrals, support groups, harm reduction, education, advocacy and public awareness campaigns

INSIDE/OUT U of A Campus • Campus-based organization for lesbian, gay, bisexual, transidentified and gueer (LGBTQ) faculty, graduate student, academic, straight allies and support staff . Third Thu each month (fall/winter terms): Speakers Series. Contact Kris (kwells@ualberta.ca) or Marjorie (mwonham@ualberta.ca) for schedule

MADELEINE SANAM FOUNDATION Faculté St. Jean, 8406 Marie-Anne Gaboury (91 St) Rm 3-18 (490-7332) • Program for HIV-AIDS prevention, treatment and harm reduction in French, English and other African languages •

Every 3rd and 4th Sat (9am-5pm) • Free (member)/\$10 (membership) • Pre-register

MAJERIC WAVES SWILLIAMENG CLUB

www.geocities.com/makingwaves_edm • Recreational and competitive swimming with coaching, beginners encouraged to participate. Socializing after practices • Every Tue and Thu

MEN TALKING WITH PRIDE Pride Centre, 10010-109 St (488-3234) • Every Sun (7pm): A safe, supportive, confidential discussion group talking about all gay related issues, for men at any stage of coming out . Free . talkingwithpride@hotmail.com

PFLAG Pride Centre, 10010-109 St (462-5958) Meetings every third Tuesday of the month at 7:30pm • Support/education for parents, families and friends of lesbians/gays/bisexuals/transgenders

PRISM BAR AND GRILL 10524-101 St, back entrance (990-0038) • Lesbian and gay bar/restaurant

THE ROOST 10345-104 St (426-3150) • Open Sun-Thu 8pm-3am, Fri-Sat 8pm-4am • Wed: Amateur strip with Weena Luv, Sticky Vicky, DJ Alvaro • Thu: Rotating shows: Sticky's open stage and the Weakest Link game second and last Thursday with DJ Jazzy • Fri: Upstairs: Euro Blitz: New European music with DJ Outtawak Downstairs: DJ Jazzy • Sat: Every Sat like new years: Upstairs: Monthly theme parties with DJ Jazzy Downstairs: New music with DJ Dan and Mike • Long weekend Sundays: Betty Ford Hangover Clinic Show: Every long weekend with DJ Jazzy • Tue-Thu \$1 (member)/\$4 (nonmember); Fri-Sat \$4 (member)/\$6 (non-member); Sun \$2

STEAMWORKS 11745 Jasper Ave (451-5554) • Steam baths open daily (24hrs)

WOODYS 11723 Jasper Ave (488-6557) • Open Daily (noon) • Sat-Wed: Karaoke with Annie and Tizzy (7-12pm) • Tue, Sat-Sun: Pool tournaments

YOUTH UNDERSTANDING YOUTH Pride Centre 10010-109 St.

www.members.shaw.ca/yuy • Every Sat (7-9pm) • An adult facilitated social/support group for lesbian, gay, bisexual, transgendered, and straight youth under the age of 25

ALEBERT ASPIRIT EDINOHITON Provincial Legislature, albertacentennial.ca/events • Starting with pancakes at 7am and various events until the to the Alberta Spirit party in the evening • GALA Jubilee Auditorium, Featuring KD Lang, lan Tyson, Paul Brandt, Jann Arden, Rebecca Jenkins and others • Sept. 1

COSHAOPOLITAN MUSIC SCICIETY OF EN HOUSE 8426 Gateway Blvd • Sept. 10 (11:30am-2pm)

ECO TREK Kananaskis Country, wwwalbertaecotrek.com • Race for a greener future • Sept. 10-11

FASHION WEEK Planet Ze Design, 10055-80 Ave (428-3499) • Fall/winter fashion show with a preview of spring 2006 featuring Edmonton designers, industry leaders, photographers • Sept. 9-16

INTERPATION CENTERNIAL CELEBRATION McDougall United Church, 10025-101 St (487-3381) • Patriotic Service • Sun, Sept. 4

THE LANDING PAD OPEN HOUSE #201, 10923 101 St (424-1573) • Join Mile Zero Dance as they celebrate the grand opening of their new studio • Sept. 10 (1-4pm)

(1:30pm) • Free

ROUND DANCE Hangar at Kingsway, 11410 Kingsway Ave (471-1122) • Hosted by Catholic Social Services • Sept. 3 (4pm pipe ceremony, Spm feast)

STORYTELLING FESTIVAL Reed's Bazaar, 1905 St, Fort Edmonton Park (797-3949/481-4381/987-2503) • Presented by T.A.L.E.S. featuring workshops (10:30am-noon), and festival activities (1pm-5pm); Sept. 3-4 • Storytelling concert upstairs in the Egge's Barn, featuring Andrea Spalding; Sept. 3 (8pm); \$10 (door)/\$8 (adv)

TAOIST TAI CHI INTERNATIONAL AWARE-NESS DAY (489-4293) • Sir Wilbur McIntyre Gazebo, Old Strathcona, 103 St, 83 Ave; Sat, Sept. 3 (10am-noon) . Under the Pyramid, City Hall; Sat, Sept. 10 (10am-noon) • 15740 Stony Plain Road, 8927 Whyte Ave, and 11850-145 Ave; Sat, Sept. 10 (1:30pm) • Demonstrations of Taoist Tai Chi and other Taoist arts, free introductory class

VUEWEEKLY

If you want to place your Classified ad in Yue Weekly please phone Carol at 426-1996. Deadline is noon the Tuesday before publication.

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LEARN TO MEDITATE Thurs, 7-9pm University area. Drop in for meditation \$10 - \$5 for students 412-1006 www.meditationalberta.org

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garage sale

The Old Strathcona Community Garage Sale. Sat. Sept. 10th, 8:30am-2pm. 84th Ave between 103 & 104 St. North of the Library. Table booking \$15. Call Sarah 439-3654. Everyone welcome!

models

International Model and Talent agency requires extras, actors and models of all ages. Please call 432-4601.

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sex

BY ANDREA NEMERSON

Dry dreams

Dear Andrea:

All my female lovers ejaculate consistently, expelling quite a bit of fluid at a time, all over my linens. While making girls come all over the place is hot, my laundry bill, not to mention my incessantly wet towels, linens and bathrobes, is beginning to be a problem.

Those rubber sheets at the S/M stores are a bit out of my price range, and I'm not sure I want to put my ladies on anything plastic and crinkly. Any suggestions? Love, Damp Dyke

Dear Damp:

Ooh, aren't you quite the lady's... lady....There really isn't a good phrase for this, is there? I like the question, though—so hardware-y. I don't quite have the heart for another round of "female ejaculation: biological phenomenon or humorless-feminist myth?" but I'm always up for an engineering question.

Of course I could send you back to the S/M shop and get you the sexiest packaging for the highest price, but how stupid is that? A full-sized "nasty pig play sheet" at Mr. S Leathers isyeesh!-\$199.00. I think not. On the far other end of the product-appeal spectrum, you could buy a roll of cheap-ass plastic sheeting at Home Depot and try to eroticize the distracting rustling sounds and the little rivulets of moisture which would sheet off the plastic and form post-sex puddles on the bedroom floor. Nah. We're not doing that, either. Instead, we're going to pull up a search engine and go shopping at some of the internet's dreariest or sexiest retail outlets, depending on your level of kink. Incontinence supplies, here we come!

First, though, we need to figure out what you're really trying to achieve. Anything completely nonabsorbent will leave your lovely lady flopping around in a puddle like a freshly-landed fish. Is that what you want? Doesn't a nice rubber/flannel sheet like the ones I found on all the sad little sites dedicated to adult incontinence solutions sound more comfortable? They're a hell of a lot cheaper, too. I'd say get a couple of those, put one down before you usher the next lady into your gracious flat. Then make the bed normally. An apartment-pod stripped down to its utilitarian, moisture-repellent, anti-fungal, autoclavable bones may appeal to certain girls, but most will wonder just exactly what they've gotten themselves into. Make a love-nest, just not one which will smell bad after the lady has gone home and cost you hours of cleanup and way too many quarters.

Before you really get going, throw the top sheet, comforter, and, of course, your own clothes as far from the bed as you can manage without getting up and making a fussy little scene out of folding the counterpane over the back of a chair. Skip the bathrobe, and resist temptation to pick up a squirting girl by the ankles and deposit her on top of a pile of your own clean bath towels, silly! Use chux pads, which are cheap, disposable, and like everything else we've talked about, either depressing or kinky-doctor-scene hot, depending. I even found various non-disposable pad options, in case you're concerned about the landfill or something. I'd recommend keeping a few of these around and sliding one in under the lady whenever possible, which means whenever you can manage it without breaking the mood. You' can't make an omelette without breaking some moods, though. There's no way you're getting out of this without doing some laundry, but if you limit it to a couple of flannel/rubber sheets per session it shouldn't break the bank. A great sex life has to cost you something, doesn't it? And by the way, keep reading-you've got company.

Love, Andrea

Dear Andrea:

This may seem like complaining about the best Christmas present ever, but recently, I have been blessed with the gift of gushing—frequently (usually several times per session) and in large amounts. While this is fun and exciting, it does wear thin when you have to clean layers of bedding continuously and, even with extra blankets, still soak through to the mattress. I'd like to allow this precious gift to be fun without worrying about laundry and stains.

Is there anything that you can recommend? And a note to the squirt-haters: too bad for you, you narrow-minded pricks; it's the highest compliment a woman can give you if you can make her squirt, or even better, gush!

Love, Wet and Wild

Dear Wet:

Oof! Way to bring the politics back into this, just when I thought we'd finally gotten away from all that and moved firmly into the realm of subtext-free physical problem-solving. Yow! Anyway, yes, sure, of course. Hit the incontinence-supply houses, and if you run into Damp, say hi. No, really, say hi. She sounds like she might make it worth your while.

Love, Andrea 0

Continued from previous page

help wanted

Are you unemployed and have a disability? On Site Placement Services assists individuals to achieve their employment goals. For information please ph 488-8122, check out our web site: www.osp.ab.ca

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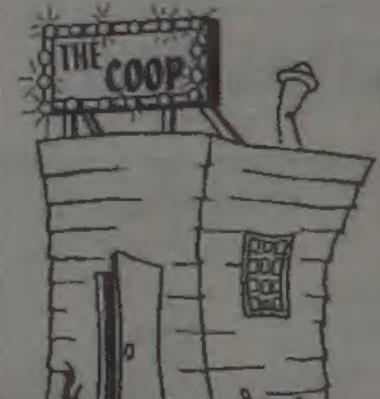
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workshops

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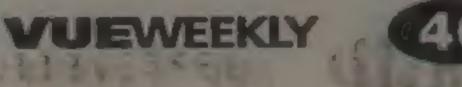
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KILLING THE ROMANCE

Heralded by lead single "Bang," an aptly named, sheet-shredding anthem of lust and abandon, Armchair Cynics are making the break from their popular stronghold on Vancouver Island. Killing the Romance is the band's seven-song debut EP for 604 Records. Label co-founder Chad Kroeger of Nickelback co-produced two of the tracks alongside Joey Moi. The equally potent team of Dave Genn (ex-Matthew Good Band, now with 54-40) and renowned producer/mixer Warne Livesey (Midnight Oil, MGB, Talk Talk) were at the helm for the other five.



SHOT DOWN SATELLITES

Wide Mouth Mason returns with the release of "Shot Down Satellites" their first new album in 3 years. "Shot Down Satellites" proves yet again, that Wide Mouth Mason rightfully own their position in the Canadian Rock Music pedigree. From the first single "Love Not Loving You" to the other 11-tracks on this new CD, "Shot Down Satellites" is a triumphant return for Wide Mouth Mason.



The debut CD from Vancouver poprock act Hedley, featuring Jacob Hoggard on vocals. What some people might not expect from Jacob, who made 2004's season of Canadian Idol a cooler affair with his punk approach to cover songs and said goodbye after climbing to the top 3, is that the lip-ringed ham is hardworking and knows when to buckle down, as he did in the studio for the self-titled album. With a melodic rock style that can be heard on both singles, "On My Own" and "Villain", this highly anticipated debut CD is sure to a hit.

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